

**CHIT**

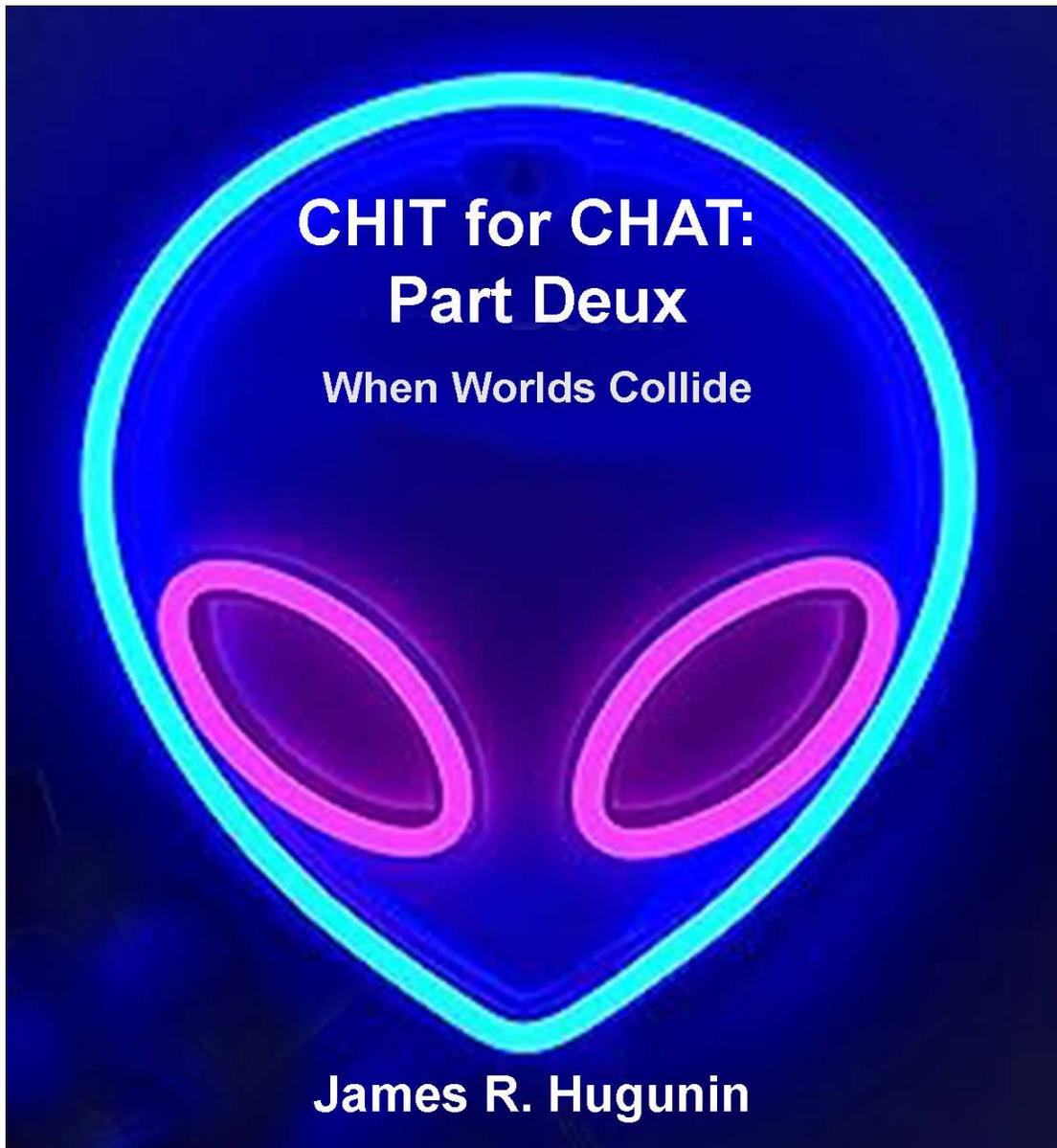
**for**

**2**

**CHAT**

by  
**James R. Hugunin**

**HANDMADE WORK OF ART**  
You are holding a limited  
edition piece of handmade  
art. Any imperfections  
which may be present are to  
be revered as a mark of  
original art.



# CHIT for CHAT: Part Deux

When Worlds Collide

James R. Hugunin

A handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to read 'James R. Hugunin'. The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal line extending to the right.

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# DEDICATED TO FILMMAKERS

**Yoni Goldstein & Meredith Zielke**

*If life on Mars were to be proven, that would make TWO planets in a single solar system that had sustained life, so with billions of planetary systems in our own galaxy, that makes it nearly impossible for life NOT to have arisen elsewhere.*

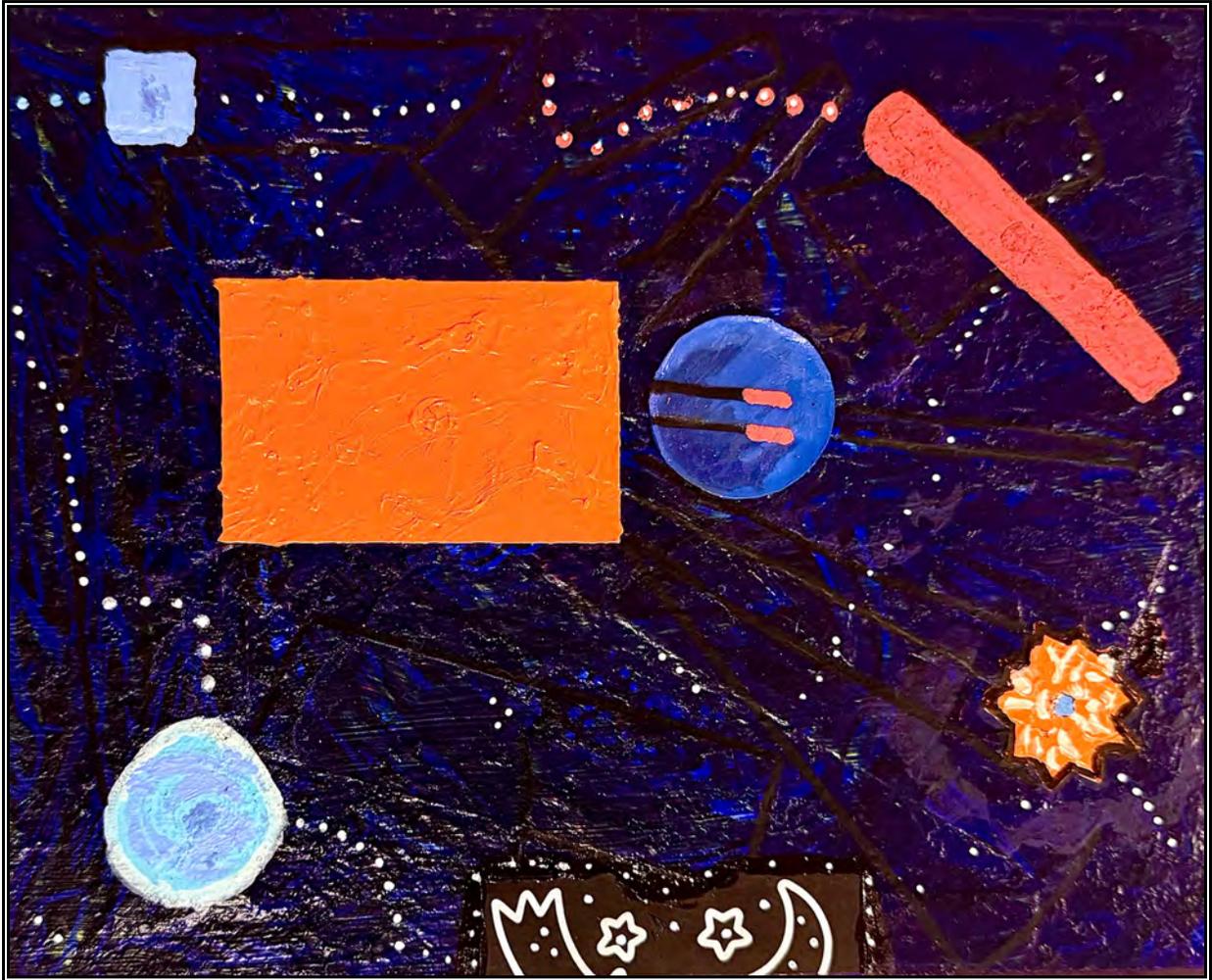
— The Playwright

Chicago-based filmmakers Yoni Goldstein and Meredith Zielke are on a journey into the factual and fictional space-age past in their jam-packed, wildly adventurous hybrid documentary, ***A Machine to Live In*** (2020), has a thesis statement: Brasília, the capital of Brazil and a city built from scratch with intention of becoming a utopia, has become imperfect. Architect Oscar Niemeyer started designing that city in 1956. Four years later, the city was complete.

The film explores the architecture of Brasília and how it shapes its denizens. The film compares the city, as it exists on paper, to its reality. Crisp lines, white walls, curves that cast no shadows — Niemeyer's otherworldly architecture is the Petri dish in which **UFO cults**, biker gangs and other countercultures have flourished. The Directors tell their story through heavy use of technology, including deepfakes and drone footage that represents the point of view of **a wandering UFO**.



Scene from *A Machine to Live In* (2020), Goldstein and Zielke., Dirs.



*In Search of Other Worlds* (print, 2025) A. Ross

*It is hard to know what to make of some of the information Scott [an abductee] reported in his second regression with me. Like other abductees he speaks of another planet from which the aliens have come, one that has been made arid and lifeless by “science,” and he warns of the depopulation of the earth through natural causes, especially a more communicable forms of AIDS.*

— *Abduction: Human Encounters with Aliens*, John E. Mack, M.D.

*Imagination dead imagine.  
Imagine a place, that again.  
No visible source, strong at full,  
spread over, no shadow . . .  
Never ask another question.  
Imagine a place, then someone in it again.  
— Faux Départs, Samuel Beckett*



*Beckett's Amnesia . . . is characterized by  
meditation on the absent, circular, and amnesiac  
nature of human existence, as well as on the  
indifference of the universe to matters of identity.  
— The Vintage Book of Amnesia, Jonathan Lethem, Ed.*

*The Empty is space's broken, secret heart.  
— Space Oddity, Catherynne M. Valente*

*The only reaction against an unbearable  
society is equally unbearable nonsense.  
— Kathy Acker, writing on Goya*

*Very enjoyable to play with them [words].  
Language is a playground, an 'amusement park'.  
— Francis Ponge*



# LINKS

- ❑ *Chit for Chat* (volume one):  
<https://www.uturn.org/Chit-ChatBK.pdf>
- ❑ *Chit for Chat* (volume two):  
<https://www.uturn.org/Chit-ChatDeuxBK.pdf>
- ❑ *Chit for Chat* (volume three):  
<https://www.uturn.org/Chit-Chat3BK.pdf>
- ❑ James Hugunin's "Foreword" to Eckhard Gerdes's *Cistern Tawdry* (2003):  
<https://www.uturn.org/GerdesRevu.pdf>
- ❑ James Hugunin's review of Eckhard Gerdes's *Marco and Iarlaith* (2018):  
<https://www.uturn.org/Reviews/GerdesMcManusRevu.pdf>
- ❑ James Hugunin's "Introduction," to Carla Wilson's *Curious Impossibilities: Ten Cinematic Riffs* (2017):  
<https://www.uturn.org/HugIntro2.pdf>
- ❑ James Hugunin's review of Yuriy Tarnawsky's *Claim to Oblivion: Selected Essays and Interview* (2017):  
<https://www.uturn.org/Reviews/YuriyRevu.pdf>
- ❑ James Hugunin's catalogue essay: "*L'a,b,c du faux cinématique de René Fendt*":  
<https://www.uturn.org/FendtEssay.pdf>
- ❑ Eckhard Gerdes's Experimental Fiction Home Page:  
<https://www.experimentalfiction.com/collections/eckhard-gerdes>
- ❑ Eckhard Gerdes, Wikipedia:  
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eckhard\\_Gerdes](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eckhard_Gerdes)
- ❑ *The Lone Ar-ranger Goes Sax Mad* performed by the Sax Family  
(Chat and Chat love it, recommend it.)  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DUMTN8lipjQ>

# TRACES OF ANCIENT ALIENS?

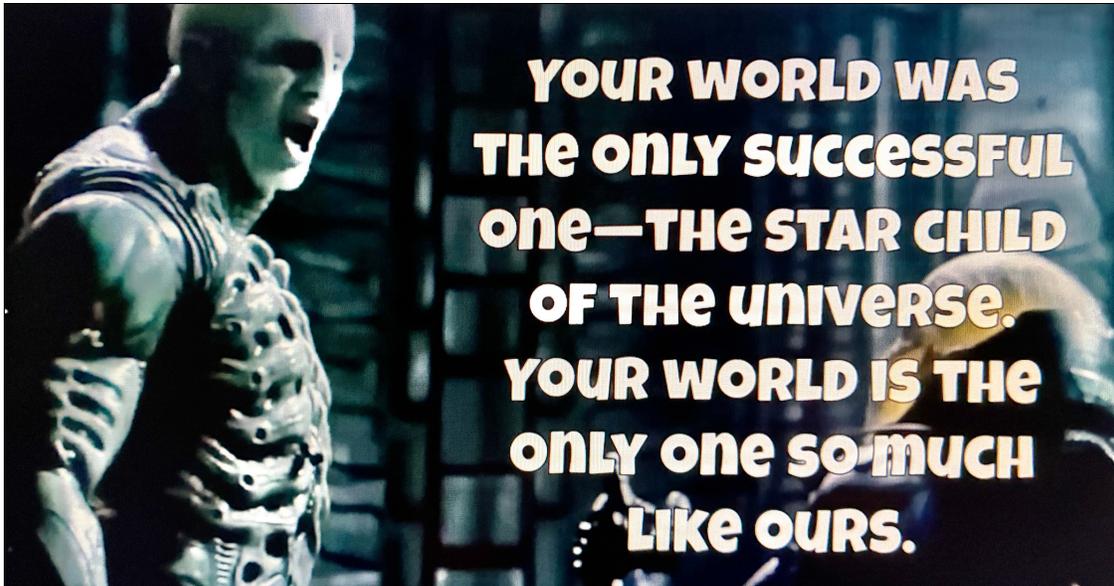


**CHIT:** Hey! In J. G. Ballard's *Atrocity Exhibition* a lecturer tells his students aliens may have visited Earth two thousand years ago. So maybe ancient aliens kept a digital record of what a political argument was like in a Syrian tavern in 750 B.C. Some believe Egyptian Pharaoh Akhenaten was genetically modified by aliens. What do you think, Chat?

**CHAT:** Ach, nottin'! And it's BCE! The point is . . .

**CHIT:** *[Interrupting.]* You're merciless. I'm paranormal.





Scene from Ridley Scott's 2002 sci-fi film *Prometheus*. Set in the late 21st century, the film centers on the crew of the spaceship Prometheus as it follows a star map discovered among the artifacts of several ancient Earth cultures. Seeking the origins of humanity, the crew arrives on a distant world and discovers a threat that could cause human extinction.

*There are beings with powers and attributes higher than Man has ever dreamed of the gods possessing. And yet these beings were once as you, and still lower — and you will be even as they, and still higher, in time, for such is the Destiny of Man as reported by the Illumined.*

— *The Kybalion: Hermetic Philosophy, The Three Initiates* (1908)



The Director uses this scene from *Prometheus* to train Chit in his dramatic arm and hand gestures.



Paired ancient Meso-American figures that gave inspiration to the Playwright's characters and confirmed the Director's belief that Chit and Chat embody archaic figures.



Young Chit's night fears post his first abduction.

# PARTS UNKNOWN



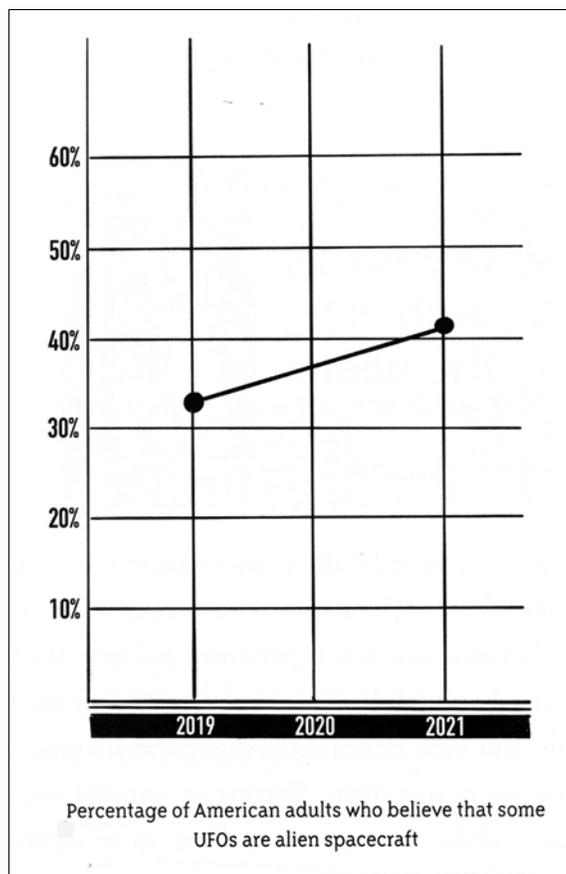
Types of aliens as reported by abductees: the Greys on both sides of a Nordic-looking Pleiadian (center figure); the pale, near translucent Arcturians exhibit gender duality (middle right). Chit and Chat saw them all.

*My own suspicion is that the universe is not only queerer than we suppose, but queerer than we can suppose.*

— John B. S. Haldane (d. 1964).



The Greys approaching.

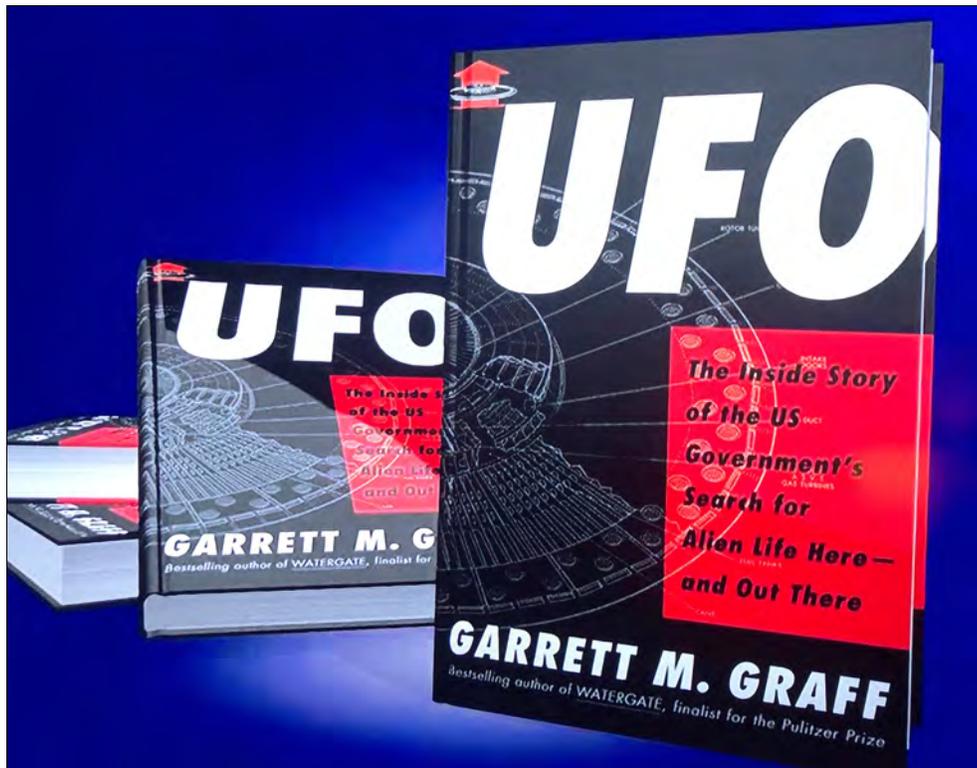


Statistics from Kirsten Mayer's *What Do We Know About Alien Abduction?*



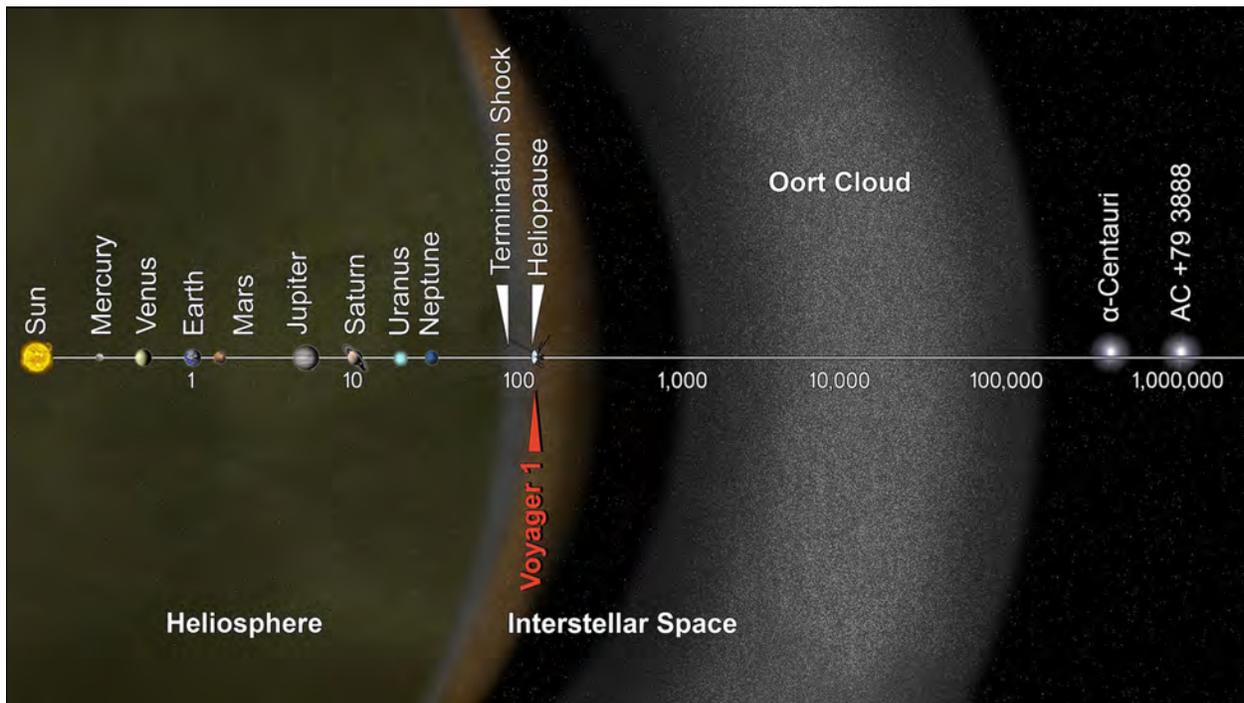
*When the abductee's time on board the craft is over, the aliens unceremoniously tell her, "It's time to go now."*

— David M. Jacobs, PH.D., *Secret Life: Firsthand Documented Accounts of UFO Abductions* (1992)



*Not everything is intelligible to men.*  
 — Giambattista Vico

BTW, 23 percent of our universe is dark matter, 72.1 is dark energy, which leaves the measurable cosmos — what we experience — at about 4.6 per cent.



## Arizona man reportedly carried off in spacecraft 'in a ray of bluish light'

HOLBROOK, Ariz. (AP) — The mother of a man who reportedly vanished "in a ray of bluish light" after chasing an unidentified flying object says he son was carried off in a spacecraft.

Mrs. Mary Kellet said Monday night that further search for her son, Travis Walton, 22, would be futile.

Her views were given to reporters by another son, Duane Walton, who lived in nearby Snowflake, disappeared last Wednesday after leaving work with six other woodcutters in the Sitgreaves-Apache National Forest. His six companions said Walton jumped from their truck when he saw a light overhead and followed it down the forest road.

Moments later, the men said, the light ray struck him and he vanished.

Navajo County Sheriff Marlin Gillespie said all six men told the same story. All were undergoing voluntary lie detector tests given by the State Department of Public Safety, and Gillespie said they should be completed today. But Gillespie said he doubted that the results would be made public "at least for now."

One woodcutter who took the test Monday said he was told "unofficially" that he passed it.

Gillespie said a ground search aided by a helicopter combed the forest but found no trace of the missing man.

Kenneth Peterson, 25, one of Walton's companions, said all the men were frightened by what they saw.

"It kind of lifted him up off the ground," said Peterson.

"His arms were outstretched and he was knocked to the ground."

Peterson said he and the others sped away in fear, but returned 15 minutes later and found Walton and the hovering object gone.

Gillespie, who describes himself as a UFO skeptic, concedes there's a chance the story might be true.

"We have not been able to find anything to discount their story," he said.

The men all came voluntarily to Holbrook, in northeast Arizona, to take the test.

Gillespie identified them as Michael Rogers, 28, Snowflake, head of the tree-thinning project under a Forest Service contract; Allen Dalis, 21, Phoenix; Dwayne Smith, 19, Glendale; Steve Pierce, 17, Snowflake; Peterson, and John Goulette, 21, Glendale.

Rogers said the polygraph operator told him unofficially that both he and Dalis passed the lie-detector test.

Gillespie said the men remain insistent about what they saw and their stories have not changed. Nor are their discrepancies between them, he said.

The sheriff said he is convinced that the men had not used intoxicants that night.

"It's an interesting case, but exasperating," Gillespie said.

If the polygraph tests show the men to be telling the truth, he said they will probably under truth serum tests and

hypnosis. He said the men have agreed to further tests.

Goulette described the object as about 15 feet in diameter and 8 to 10 feet thick. He said it was about 15 feet above the ground and about 20 yards from their truck. It had no windows, but had what appeared to be darker "dividers" outlined in a dim, yellowish glow, he said.

The beam came out of the bottom of the object "in a saucer shape just like you'd see in a movie," Goulette said, adding,

"It hit him like a jolt."

Ray Jordan, a U.S. Geological Survey photogrammetrist in Flagstaff and an investigator for the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, a private group, said, "Basically, all the witnesses are telling the same story."

"I haven't found anything to indicate a hoax," said Jordan, who visited the scene Saturday.

"The young men I've interviewed so far are all visibly shaken by the experience," he said. "I'm inclined to believe they're telling the truth."

Reno Evening Gazette Friday, Nov. 14, 1975—19

### A new puzzle for flying saucer followers

HOLBROOK, Ariz. (AP) — Flying saucer fans have a new mystery to puzzle over a man who reportedly vanished in a "bluish ray of light" returned to earth and was hospitalized.

Meantime, five of his six companions passed a lie detector test, prompting Sheriff Marlin Gillespie to say, "I'm nearly stumped now."

Travis Walton, 22, was found this week on the floor

of a phone booth in the White Mountain town of Heber, not far from where he vanished. His brother Duane, 26, of Phoenix, said he got the call and took Travis to a hospital, reportedly in Tucson, about 250 miles southwest of here. The only report given about Travis's condition was that he appeared "confused and hurting."

# THE AUTHOR



The author, James Hugunin, Santa Fe, NM (photo by Marianne Nathan).

*It is by ink of the well that thoughts acquire speed, the fingers  
acquire stains, the stain becomes a warning. It is by will alone I set  
my mind in motion.*

— “Inkspiration,” James Hugunin  
(a riff on Piter De Vries’s chant in *Dune* (1985))



**Beginning as a teen**, I've loved Art, Film, Literature, Dinosaurs, UFOs, and New Mexico. I was born very close in time to the famous Roswell UFO crash incident of July 1947 and paleontologists' discovery of a very rich fossil quarry of *Coelophysis* skeletons near New Mexico's famous Ghost Ranch, home to artist Georgia O'Keeffe.

My interest with extraterrestrial life was given a second-stage boost when I and my father — a Senior Design Engineer at Lockheed Aircraft's top-secret "Skunk Works" aircraft design division and whom his first words, his mother claimed, were "Boeing, Boeing" — one night both witnessed a cigar-shaped (Tic Tac type) of UFO hovering over Rocketdyne-Atomics International's atomic reactor and Saturn V moon rocket engine test site in the San Fernando Valley's famous Santa Susana Mountains, not far from the infamous Spahn Ranch, home to The Manson Family. My father claimed the military had nothing like that even on the drawing board. I took that as his confirmation we'd seen *something* not easily explained away as of this earth. In my earlier twenties, I became a fan of the TV series *Star Trek*. Later, of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* with its envisionment of time / dimension travel. In my thirties, was hired to work on Douglas Trumbull's special effects for the first *Star Trek: The Movie* (1979).

Art, Film, Lit, Dinosaurs, UFOs, the Land of Enchantment — topics caught up in the flow of time. I was immersed in the Past, projecting toward the Future, reading utopias and dystopias (on which I taught a class). Always rooted in "database aesthetics". In film, I was drawn to: Hitchcock, Jean Cocteau, Truffaut, Fellini, Éric Rohmer, Godard, Tarkovsky. In literature: François Rabelais, Alfred Jarry, Raymond Roussel, Ionesco, Beckett, Robbe-Grillet, Flann O'Brien, John Barth, Harold Jaffe, Ronald Sukenick, Donald Barthleme, Stephen Dobyns, Raymond Federman, and Eckhard Gerdes who accused contemporary fiction of being the literary equivalent of program music.

All became delightfully entangled when I retired from teaching Photo History and Theory at The School of the Art Institute of Chicago and moved to a place I had visited several times in the past and now wanted to be site of my future creative endeavors, Santa Fe. Along with my retired psychoanalyst wife who is my constant companion and stimulating interlocutor.

I am now where I want to be, absorbing the power of Indigenous, Hispanic, and Anglo culture, only an hour from Los Alamos. It seems appropriate reading up on the latest quantum theories of particle entanglement, string theory, and ten dimensions, wrestling with the implications of physicist David Bohm's mind-boggling monistic theory espoused in *Wholeness and the Implicate Order*, which posits psyche and matter as two aspects of quantum waves. Persian poet Rumi put it simply: *Smash all the jugs, the water is one*. To re-read Ray Kurzweil's transhumanist classic *The Singularity is Near* as an antidote to the Dark Mountain Project's pessimistic anti-humanism.

Besides experimental novels that puncture the boundary between fiction and theory, I've been drawn to plays and films in which dialogue is "mapped out" in the script. This sequel to *Chit for Chat: a Dialogue Between* took my research deeper into UFO and Alien Abduction theories. A PoMo mash-up of various texts — Montaigne confessed: "I go about cadging from books . . . the sayings that please me" — all the volumes making up *Chit for Chat* attempt to blur the boundaries between genres, texts and characters.

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Tic Tac-shaped UFO seen at night.

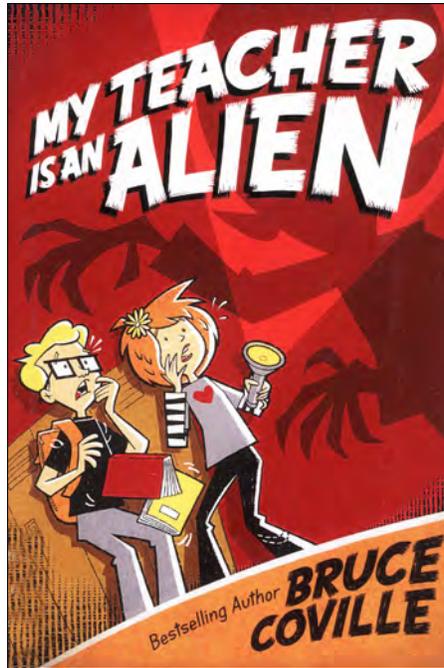
— James R. Hugunin, Santa Fe, NM



Show curated by Tim Jag and Mike Abatemarco (photo by Marianne Nathan).

*In Eva's descriptions of her abduction experiences there emerges a consistent picture of the evolutionary purpose of the alien-human relationship, at least as it affects our consciousness. She repeatedly describes the access she gains during her abductions to another dimension (or other dimensions) of existence, an expanded reality in which human concepts of space and time do not apply. . . . She would speak from the perspective of a cosmic "we" or "us"*

— John E. Mack, M.D., *Abduction: Human Encounters with Aliens* (1994)



Alien abduction, force fields, telepathy.

### My Teacher Is an Alien

stepped forward and tried to reach out to touch her.

"Don't!" cried Peter, when he saw what I was doing. But it was too late. I had already laid my hands against the blue light. I felt a tingle run through my body. For a terrible instant I thought I was going to be drawn into the force field, too. But it didn't happen.

What did happen was I heard a voice inside my head. *Susan, don't worry about me. You've got to warn the others!*

It was Ms. Schwartz.

"Peter!" I yelled. "Come here. Touch the force field. You can hear Ms. Schwartz!"

I suppose it sounded crazy. But by this time he was ready to believe anything. He pushed through the heavy air that surrounded the force field and put his hands next to mine on the column of light.

*Hello, Peter,* said Ms. Schwartz.

"Telepathy!" whispered Peter in awe. "These guys are amazing."

*Yes, they are,* said Ms. Schwartz inside our heads. *Amazing, and dangerous.*

"What do they want?" I asked.

### Bruce Coville

*You!* she said.

I yelled and jumped back from the force field. The air around me felt so thick. It was hard to move through it. I realized I had lost my connection with Ms. Schwartz. Pushing forward, I pressed my hands back against the force field.

*I'm sorry,* said Ms. Schwartz. *I didn't mean to frighten you.*

I looked at her face. Her eyes were staring straight ahead. It was weird to hear her voice inside my head when she was standing there like that, looking as if she had been frozen.

*Don't worry about me,* she said. *Your job right now is to warn the others.*

"Warn them of what?" asked Peter.

*About Broxholm! His mission here is to find five students to take back with him. He plans to select the best, the worst, and the three most average kids.*

"What's he going to do with them?" I asked.

The voice inside my head sounded worried. *I don't know for sure. The plan is to bring them back here and head out into space on the night of May twenty-sixth.*

"But that's next week!" I cried.



*The next discovery will not be made by water, land, or air, but in time.*  
— W. G. Sebald in *The Head of Vitus Bering* (1970)

### The Washington Flap

On July 19-20th and July 26-27 (weekends) in 1952, UFO's constantly circled the Washington Mall, the White House, the Capitol building, and the Potomac River. This was front page headlines for weeks, but then dropped



Many groupings of UFO sightings are called "flaps"; the years 1973 and 2008 saw many such "flaps". The seemingly impossible erratic flight of UFOs are akin to the chaotic pattern of rabbits fleeing predators. UFOs seem capable of generating similar chaotic dynamics. Are they then "bio-machines"?



The Lakenheath-Bentwaters Incident was a series of radar and visual contacts with unidentified flying objects flying at 12,000 m.p.h over airbases in eastern England on the night of 13 –14 August 1956, involving personnel from the Royal Air Force (RAF) and the United States Air Force (USAF). The incident has since gained some prominence in the literature of ufology and the popular media.

At 21:30, radar operators at the base tracked a target, appearing similar to a normal aircraft return, approaching the base from the sea at an apparent speed of several thousand miles per hour. They also tracked a group of targets moving slowly to the north-east which merged into a single very large return (several times the strength of that from a B-36) before moving off the scope to the north, as well as a further rapid target proceeding from east to west. A T-33 trainer from the 512th Fighter Interceptor Squadron, crewed by 1st Lieutenants Charles Metz and Andrew Rowe, was directed to investigate the radar contacts, but saw nothing. No visual sightings of the objects were made from Bentwaters in this period with the exception of a single amber star-like object which was subsequently identified as probably being Mars, then low in the south-east.

# UFO SIGHTINGS

## LAKENHEATH, ENGLAND

1956

The final phase of the 1956 incident in Britain was described in some detail by Technical Sergeant Forrest Perkins, who was the Watch Supervisor in the Lakenheath Radar Air Traffic Control center, and who later wrote to the investigating Condon Committee in 1968 about it.



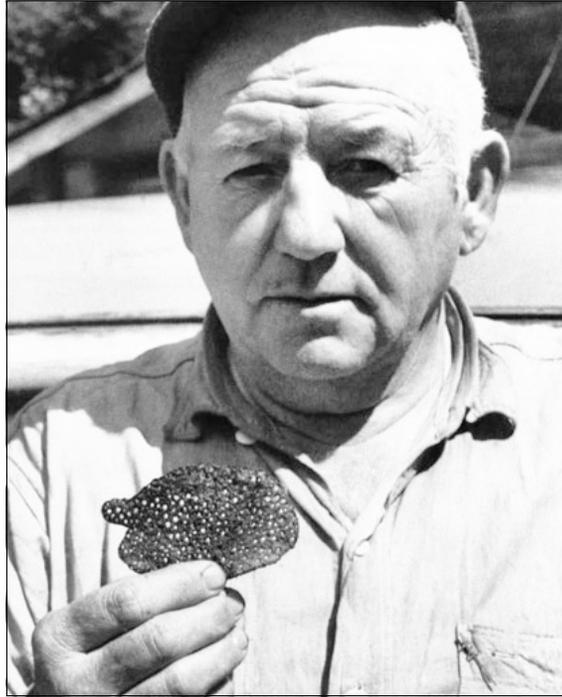
RAF De Havilland Venom Interceptor.

Perkins claimed that two RAF De Havilland Venom interceptors were scrambled and directed towards a radar target near Lakenheath. The pilot of the first Venom achieved contact, but then found that the target maneuvered behind him and chased the aircraft for a period of around 10 minutes despite the latter's taking violent evasive action; Perkins characterized the pilot as "getting worried, excited and also pretty scared". The second Venom was forced to return to its home station due to engine problems; Perkins stated that the target remained on their screens for a short period before leaving on a northerly heading.

The commonly cited sequence of events is recorded in the original Project Blue Book file by the USAF, subsequently analyzed by the Condon Committee's report and by atmospheric physicist James E. McDonald.

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## Bizarre UFO Encounter Of U.S. Farmer: Three Aliens Gave Him Pancakes



*[T]he difference between friends and enemies is so often articulated through food — and often the most commonplace, humble, domestic sorts of food . . . that those who have shared bread and salt must never harm one another.*

— *Debt: The First 5,000 Years*, David Graeber (2014)

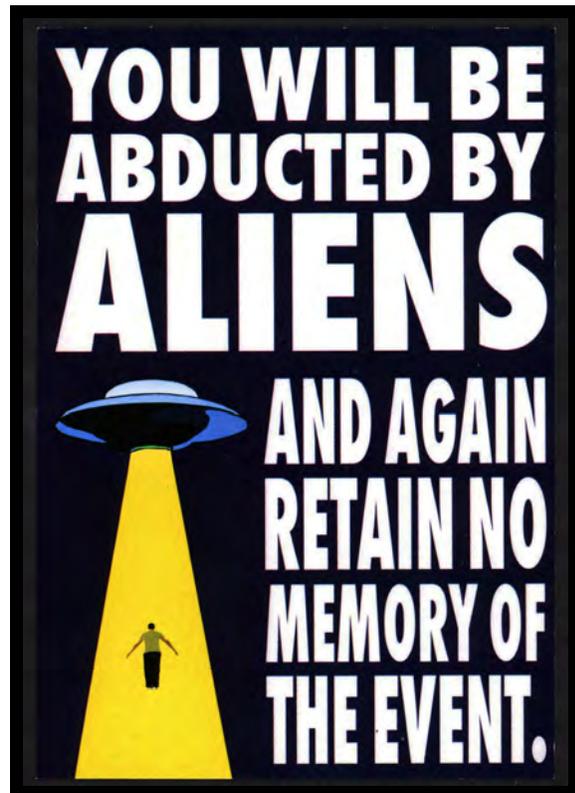
**Joseph Simonton**, a poultry farmer was sixty years old at the time of his encounter with a flying saucer and its occupants, who made him pancakes inside their craft. The farmer lived near Eagle River, Wisconsin, United States, an area that Chit once visited in the 1960s. On April 18, 1961, Simonton was having breakfast in the late morning in his home when he heard a confusing noise near his farm. He looked out his window and stunned after seeing a silver disc hovering over his backyard. The UFO was 4 meters high and 10 meters in diameter. Simonton was rather curious to check on the object. When he stepped outside, a hatch on the disc opened and three dark-skinned humanoid figures appeared. According to the farmer, they were mute, about 5 feet tall, dressed up in tight clothes from head to toes. The farmer said that one of the aliens had some vessel (like a bucket) and signaled him to fill it with water. He took the bucket, filled it with the water from the nearby pump, and returned it to the alien. Simonton noticed that inside the ship

it was dark yet could see that a crew member was busy with the dashboard while others seemed to be prepared for cooking on a flameless grill. The creatures looked nice and offered him four pancakes that had tiny holes.

After that, they closed the hatch, started the ship, and slowly rose some distance from the ground, and flew away toward the south. Simonton, holding four pancakes, watched this amazing scene with his eyes wide open. Simonton tasted a pancake but was not impressed by the friendly aliens' cuisine. According to him, it tasted like cardboard.

Normally, such stories are called fake due to their bizarre nature but this one got the attention of the US authorities. After the neighbors spotted a UFO over Simonton's farm, they called the U.S. Air Force. They arrived with the members of Project Blue Book. One of the aliens' pancakes was given to a local judge by Simonton who vouched for his honesty and reliability. The second pancake was received by Dr. J. Allen Hynek, and the third one was handed over to the Food and Drug Administration by the Air Force. After some analysis, it was found out that the pancakes were made from completely earthy products. Within a few days, this strange story turned from an interesting UFO encounter into a nation-

wide joke. The newspapers spoke of the incident in a derisive tone, but the people who had known Simonton for a long time believed him. When Dr. Hynek met Simonton for the first time, he was quite impressed by his behavior. He wrote in one of his Project Blue Book reports that Simonton knew that they would not believe him but he did not care. He simply assured that whatever he witnessed had happened in reality.



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## The Varginha UFO incident

The Varginha UFO incident involves a series of events in January 1996 when residents of Varginha, Brazil claimed seeing one or more strange creatures and at least one unidentified flying object (UFO) which had crashed. Oddly, an 1897 copy of José Maria de Eça de Queirós's *Adam and Eve in Paradise* (in Portuguese) was found at the crash site along with one alien. A second was found in town, both were captured by Brazilian military. A soldier later died after handling the slimy, foul-smelling alien. A doctor admitted he X-rayed one creature under military supervision. The military then handed over the alien body to American agents aboard an USAF transport jet. These reports have garnered extensive media coverage as well as a documentary film by James Fox, *Moment of Contact* (2022), which probes this startling event in detail.

According to media reports and interviews, after the crash, one creature was sighted in town on the afternoon of January 20, 1996 by three young women ranging from 14 to 22 years old. They described the entity as a large headed biped with "spots like veins on the skin and some bumps on the head [ . . . ] eyes were two red balls." The creature (later called the "E.T. de Varginha") seemed to be wobbly or unsteady, and the girls assumed it was injured or sick. The four women said that they fled and told their mother that they had seen the "devil". Their description, though, matches that of the ancient Hispanic boogeyman *El Cucuy*. So the girls may have drawn on that figure to describe something too, too horrible for them to accurately describe. Or, the mythical figure itself is rooted in an alien appearance witnessed in ancient times.



## The Ruwa, Zimbabwe Encounter at the Ariel School



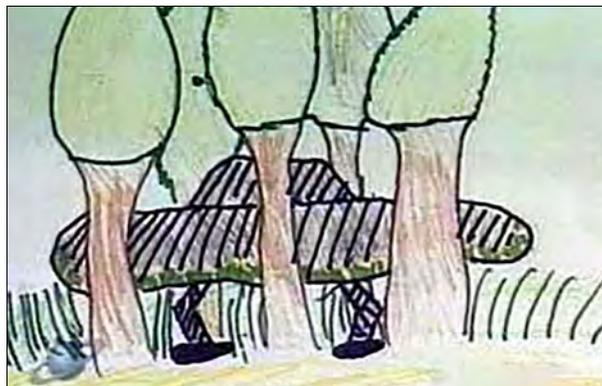
Drawing of the "Ruwa, Zimbabwe school encounter" alien compared to the "KGB footage" of an alien.



Both hairless, slender, dressed in a black uniform from neck to feet, and possess a big cranium/head with almond shaped black eyes.

On 16 September 1994, there was a UFO sighting outside Ruwa, Zimbabwe. Sixty-two pupils at the Ariel School aged between six and twelve said that they saw one or more silver craft descend from the sky and land on a field near their school. Some of the children claimed that one or more creatures dressed all in black then approached and telepathically communicated to them a message with an environmental theme, frightening them and causing them to cry.

The sightings at Ariel occurred at 10 a.m., pupils were outside on mid-morning break. The adult faculty at the school were inside having a meeting at the time. The entire incident lasted about fifteen minutes. When the children returned to class they told the teachers what they had seen but were dismissed as the rants of children. But, universally, it was reported that 62 children, with no reason to lie and no prior exposure to the concept of space aliens, would never all make up (and stick to) exactly the same story.



School child's drawing of the alien vessel.

The Ariel School UFO incident quickly became one of the most famous UFO cases in Africa. On a June 2021 episode of the BBC's *Witness History*, the event was described as "one of the most significant events in UFO history". Ufologists continue to cite the case as providing compelling evidence of extraterrestrial visits to Earth. Skeptics have suggested the incident could be explained as mass hysteria, a prank, or even confusion with touring puppet shows designed to promote awareness around AIDS.

Harvard Professor of Psychiatry, John E. Mack, M.D. , abduction investigator, eventually visited the school and interviewed the witnesses. His conclusion was to confirm the authenticity of what the children told of their experiences.

Mack: What was the feeling when you looked at the eyes?

Girl #1: It was scary.

Mack: Scary why? What made it scary?

Girl #1: The eyes looked evil.

Mack: Evil? What was evil about them? Say what you mean by evil.

Girl #1: It looked evil because it was just staring at me.

Mack: Staring at you as if what? As if to do what?

Girl #1: As if it wanted to come and take us.

Mack: How did those thoughts come to you? Did they come to you from the craft or from. . . ?

Girl #2: From the man.

Mack: And did the man say those things to you? How did he get that across to you?

Girl #2: He never said anything. It was just the eyes.

Mack: What was the sense you got from those eyes?

Girl #2: He was interested.

With most UFO case stories, we can trace it back to a single person who became its primary advocate and "creator of the legend". In this case, there were two. One was John Mack, and the other was UFO writer Cynthia Hind, editor of the periodical *UFO Afrinews*, and also the African representative for MUFON — the Mutual UFO Network.

Traditional therapy regards human experiences such as anxiety, alienation and depression as implying the presence of mental illness (why reports of alien abduction are relegated to that category). Existential psychotherapy, such as John Mack's approach, sees these experiences as natural stages in a normal process of human development and maturation. In facilitating this process of development and maturation existential psychotherapy involves a philosophical exploration of an individual's experiences (such as abduction by aliens) while stressing the individual's freedom and responsibility to facilitate a higher degree of meaning and well-being in his or her life.

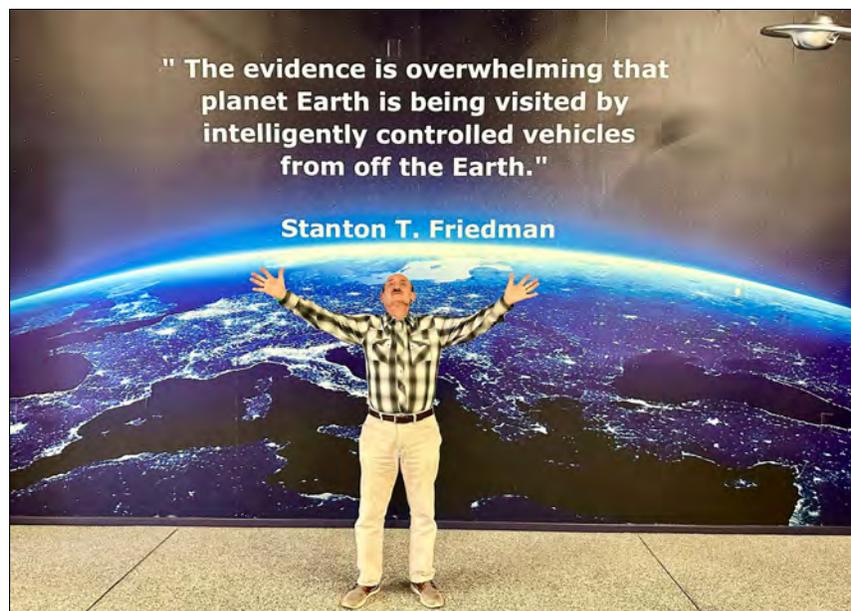
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## "Tic Tac" UFO incident witnessed by army pilots and radar in 1987 in Czechoslovakia



A Tic Tac-shaped UFO at night. On November 28, 1954, Wilhelm Reich and his son Peter claimed they saw a cigar-shaped UFO through his 3.5 inch telescope, it had a pair of portholes.

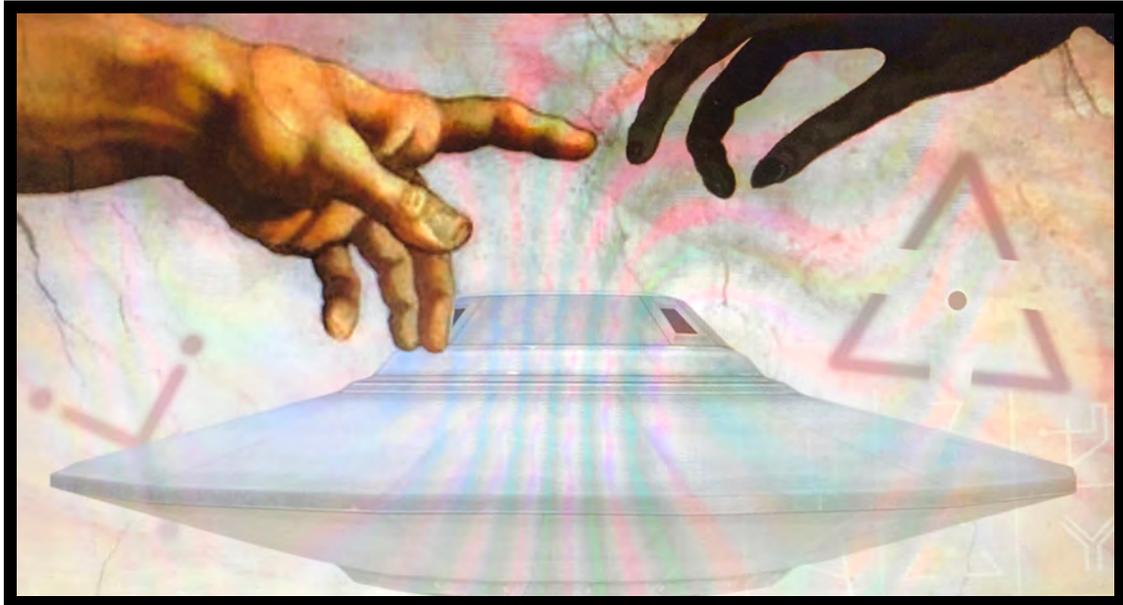
On July 1987 radar operators detected an incoming cigar-shaped UFO flying towards the Czech border from Austria. Ground control scrambled Mi-24 Hind attack helicopters ASAP to intercept as their base was closest. This incident is featured in the new Netflix documentary *Top Secret UFO Projects: Declassified*, "Episode 5". There are also interviews with the pilots translated to English.





Belgium, waves of sightings of triangle-shaped UFOs: The Belgian UFO wave began in November 1989. Reports were filed, most many weeks after the events. Many of the reports related a large object flying at low altitude. Some reports also stated that the craft was of a flat, triangular shape, with lights underneath.





Human - Alien Contact.



Interview with abductee Kim Carlsberg, April 1993.



## Breaking News





*Of the title for his 1986 orchestral work, Short Ride in a Fast Machine, John Adams quipped: "You know how it is when someone asks you to ride in a terrific sports car, and then you wish you hadn't."*

— The Playwright

*No viable alternative theory has emerged that takes into account the totality of the data in the abduction experience.*

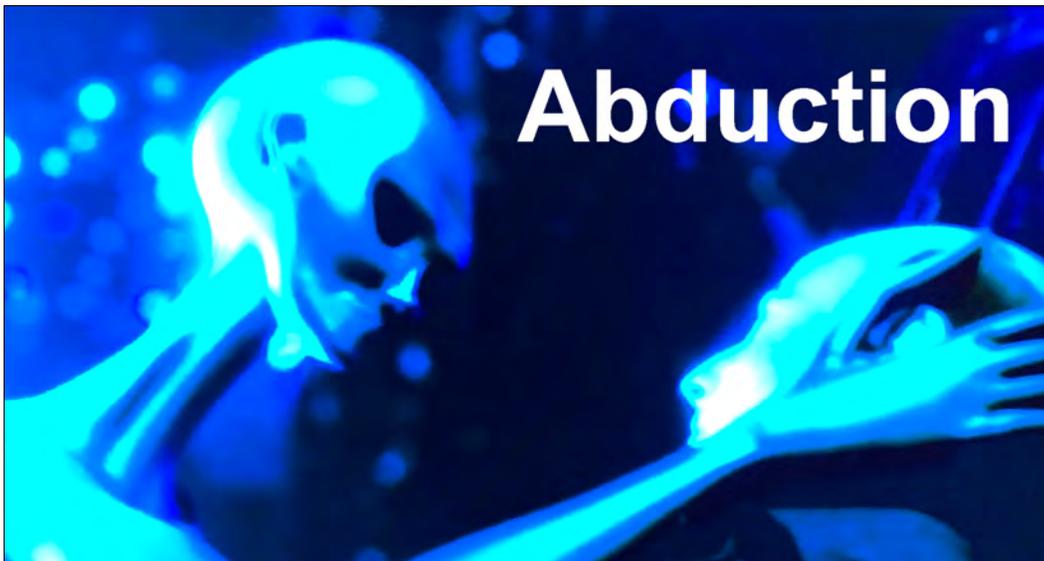
— *Secret Life: First Hand Documented Accounts of UFO Abductions*,  
David M. Jacobs, Ph.D.

*Listen to the earth. Listen to the earth. You can hear the anguish of the spirits. You can hear here the wailing cries of the imbalances. It will save you Umans, you who every one is some one inside them and every one reminds some one of some other one is or was or will be living.*

— Odná to Chit and Chat during their ride in a fast machine.

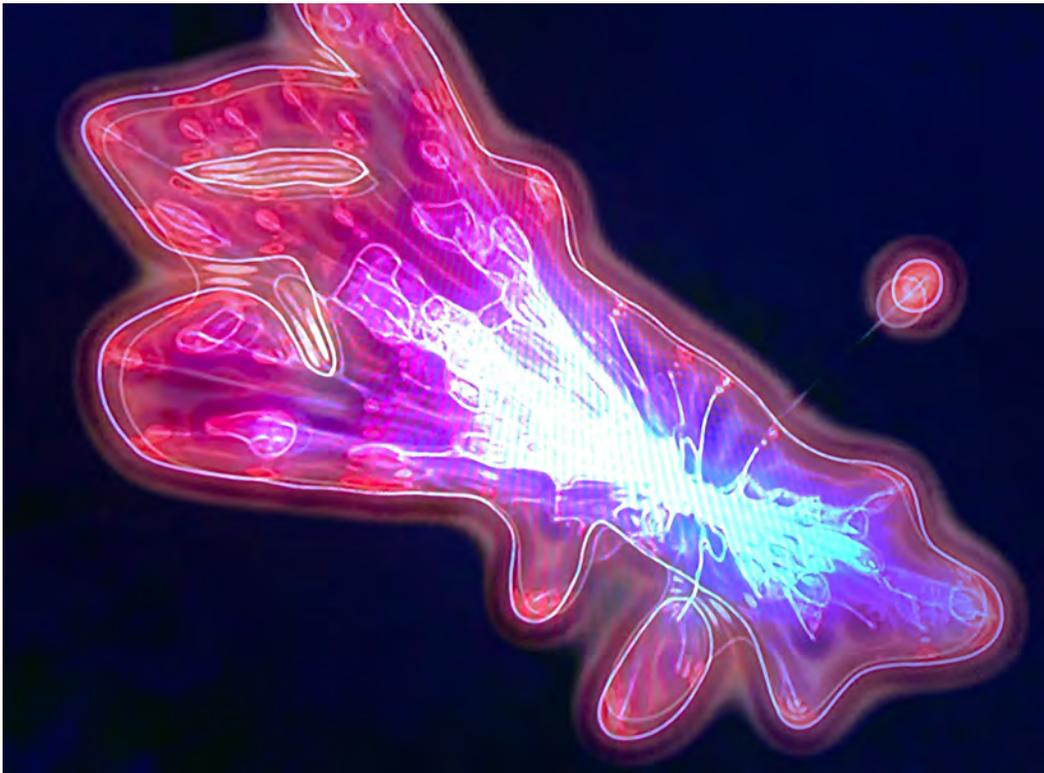


Artist rendition of an alien examination room.

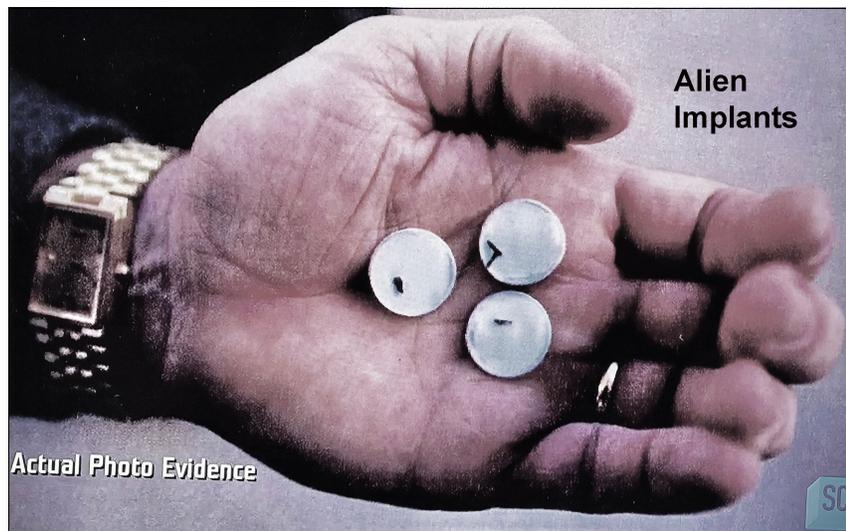


*These beings were not genetically compatible with humans but were able to splice their DNA onto a human chromosome to create a human form that possessed the characteristics they found desirable.*

— *The Alien Abduction Files* (2013) Kathleen Marden and Denise Stoner



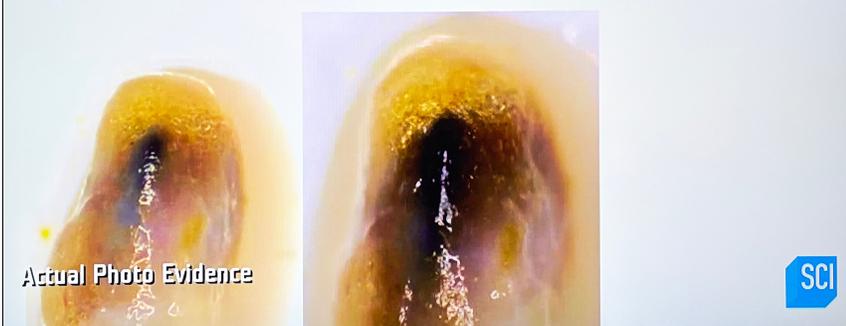
Artist's rendition: Alien DNA in Chit; his alien-self, Genou, as a coagulum of three selves. "Subtly, obliquely, something alien is stirring in my body; never felt at home in this world, an impenetrable other self" (Chit). Similarly, Wilhelm Reich thought he himself might be a "Spaceman". Indeterminacy of one's own biography.



### Light Microscopy

The object is shown in Figures 1 and 2, at 10X and 20X magnification, just after removal from Mr. Noel. The outer layer of the object was a capsule of tissue, resembling epithelial tissue, which clung tightly to the metallic core. Numerous small vesicles or what appeared to be a yellow liquid were evident in the tissue layer.

### Alien Implants analyzed



**ANALYSIS OF METALLIC IMPLANT SHOWS IT IS OF METEORIC ORIGIN AND IS AN ADVANCED FORM OF NANOTECHNOLOGY**



Elements found in the metallic implant taken from alien abduction victims.



Directed by Edward D. Wood, Jr.

"The worst film ever made," Harry and Michael Medved so dubbed it in their book *The Golden Turkey Awards*. This 1958 sci-fi/horror film's story-line is about extraterrestrials seeking to stop humanity from creating a doomsday weapon that could destroy the universe. The aliens implement "Plan 9", a scheme to resurrect the Earth's dead. By causing chaos, the aliens hope the crisis will force humanity to listen to them; otherwise, the aliens will destroy mankind with armies of the undead. The Playwright requires Chit and Chat to watch it on YouTube after their abduction.

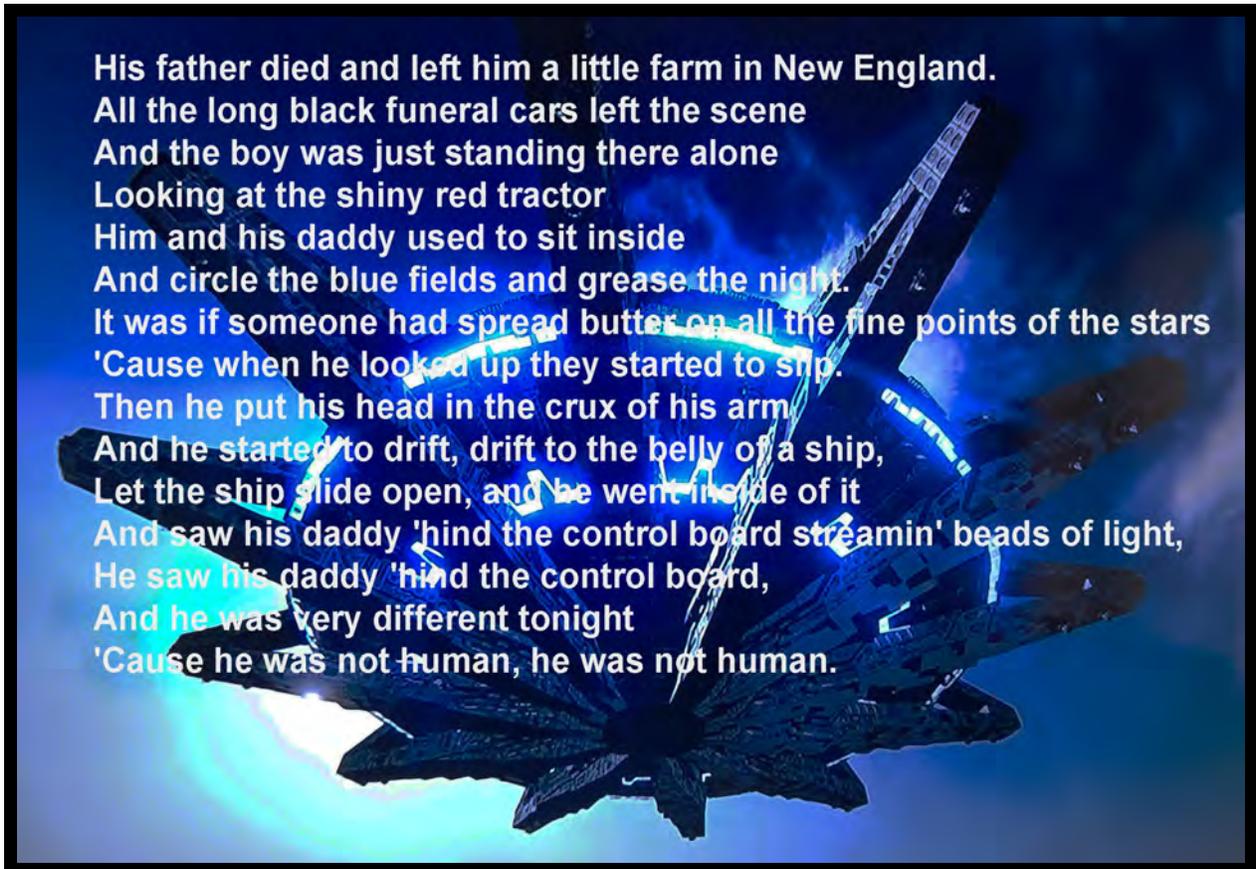
If aliens ever do land on Earth, half of humanity will worship them as gods, a fourth will try and kill them, an eighth will deny it happened, and the rest will text about it on their iPhones.



**First Contact**

Because people are largely gullible, very violent, quite stupid, and have the priorities of a child.

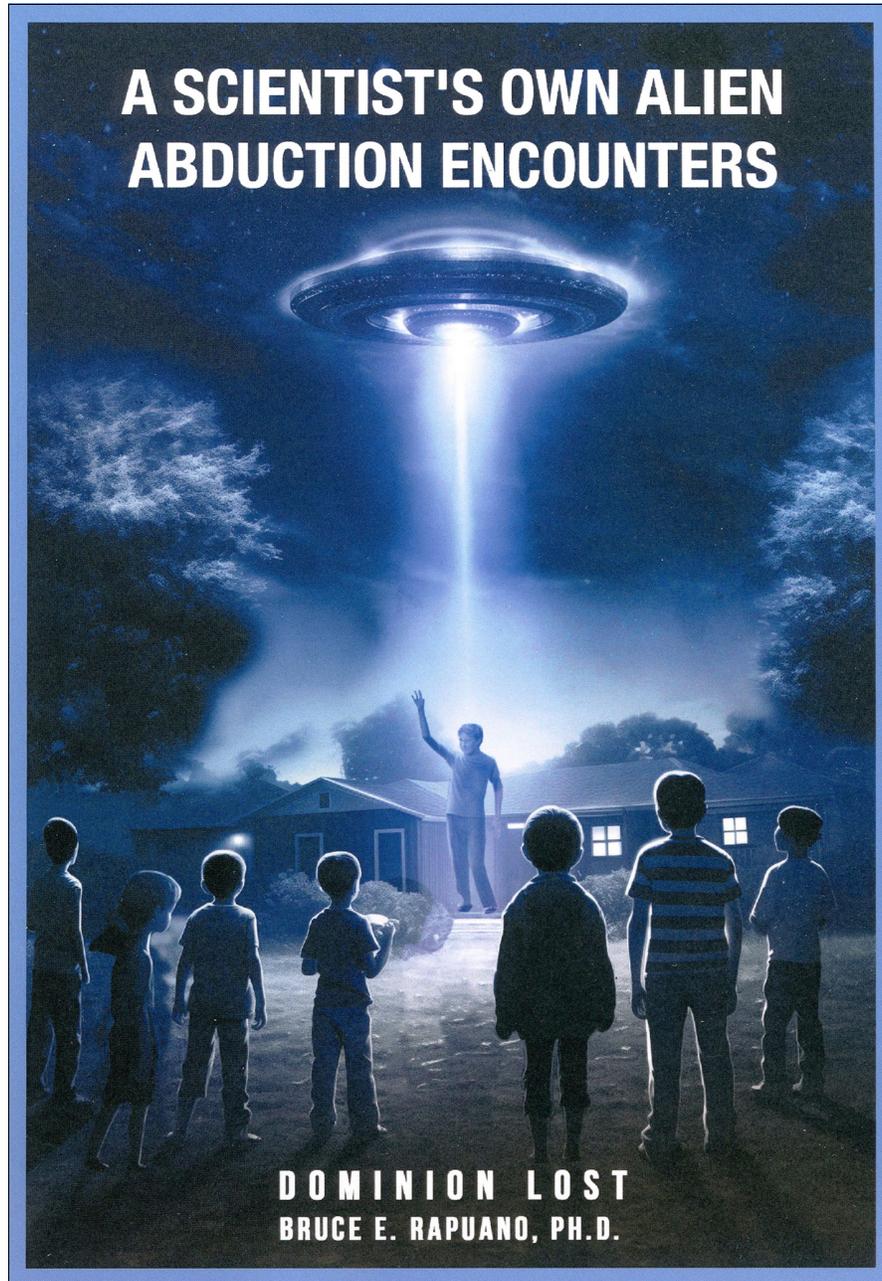
- Carl Sagan (1934-1996)



"Birdland" from Patti Smith's 1975 album *Horses*. Chit always identified with this enchanting chanted song.



Clapper board for the final scene in Part I where Chit and Chat are abducted, suspended at a dizzying height above a hungry abyss before sucked into a No Man's Land between the cosmos and the earth. A Beckettian void?



*This book is a wake-up call to our species to finally accept the reality we are now sharing our world with a technologically superior alien race and a new transgenic human species that the aliens have created.*

— Bruce E. Rapuano, Ph.D.

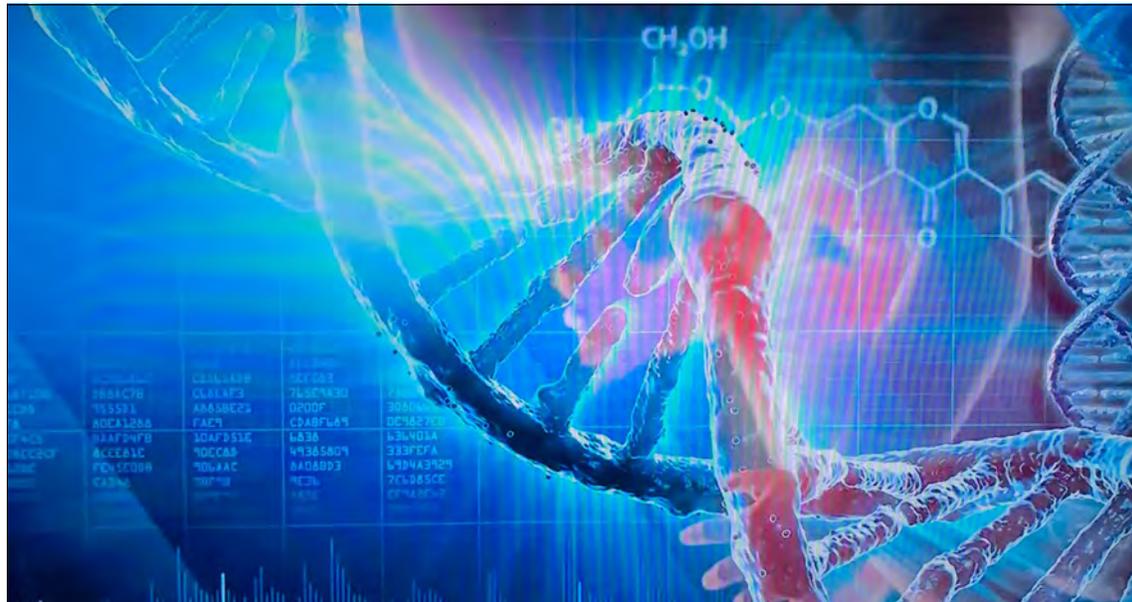
*“Imagine! ... whole body like gone ... just the mouth ... lips ... cheeks ... tongue? ... mouth on fire ... stream of words ...”*

— *Not I*, Samuel Beckett, recited by Chat in the ICU post-abduction.



*Why do I also believe that a program of alien experimentation on human beings has actually been happening? I have seen the aliens and their flying machines at close range and been inside those vehicles. I have met these beings. I have been an unwilling subject in their science project [accelerated evolution]. . . . But all of my experiences were consciously recalled without regressive hypnosis and I have used the platform of this book to go on record as a scientist about what happened to me and place my narrative within the proper scientific context.*

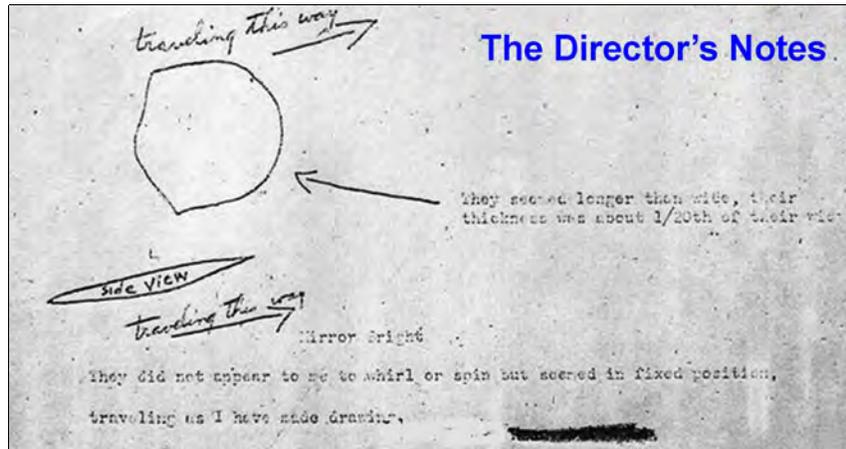
— *Dominion Lost: A Scientist's Own Alien Abduction Encounters* (2023)  
by Bruce E. Rapuano, Ph.D.



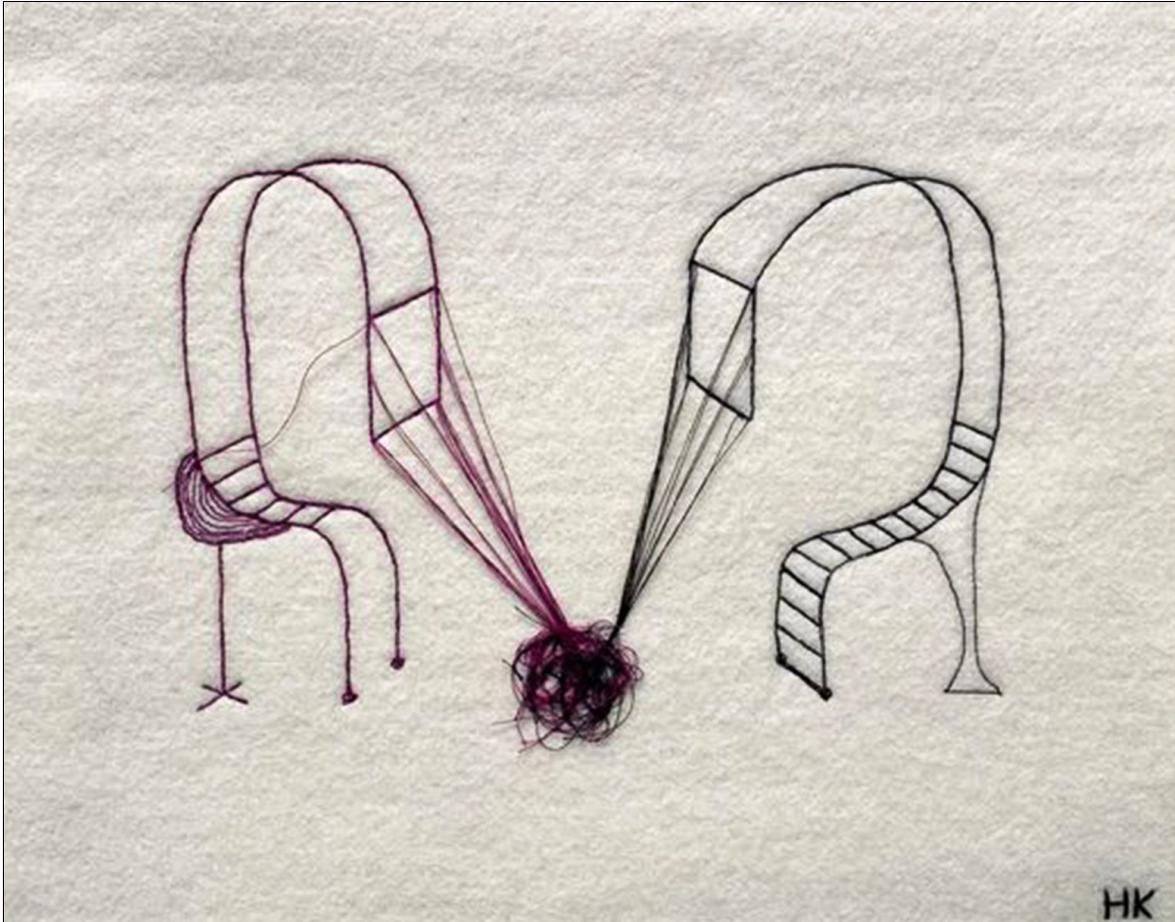


## THE DIRECTOR AND CREW

### THE DIRECTOR'S NOTES FOR *CHIT FOR CHAT: PART DEUX*



Flight route of alien ship and where Chit and Chat were recovered.



*Chit & Chat Entangled Dialogue* (colored thread stitching on felt, mounted on wood. 7.75 x 16 x 1 in. (2020) Heidi Kumao.

[More information on Heidi Kumao's artwork](#)

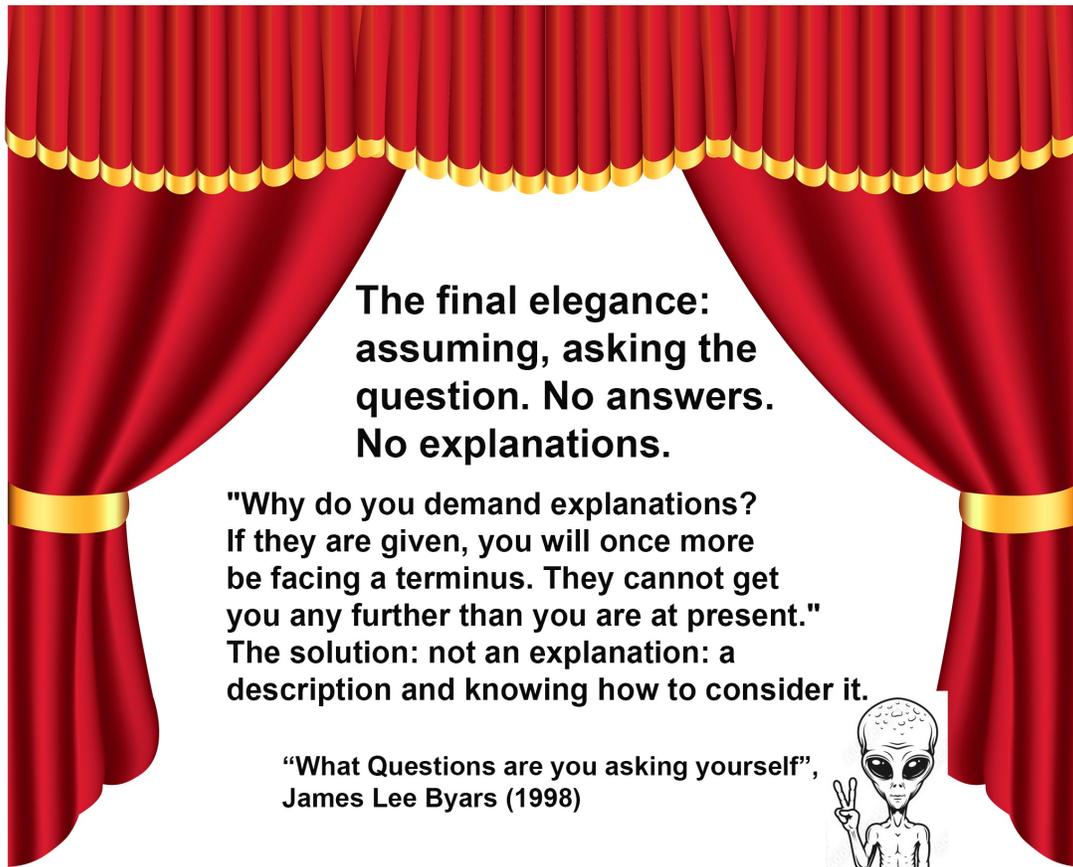
[Website: https://www.heidikumao.net](https://www.heidikumao.net)

[Excerpts from the 2020 exhibition catalogue \*Heidi Kumao: Real and Imagined\*](#)

*I once thought Chit 'n Chat's special dialogic relationship a product of shared over-exposure to cosmic rays, a sort of mutation, but it is more like a quantum swap of microtubules around one another like strings forming braids that form the quantum background of two particles. A bond that gives them the closeness of their collaboration and quick verbal interplay.*

*Chit told me Chat was the only woman whose thoughts could keep pace with his. Chat told me Chit was an intransigent individualist, subject to mood swings and impulses hard to comprehend by most because of his "character armor" (characteristic postures, gestures, speech, movements, attitudes, and reactions). After abduction from my film set and post-hypnotherapy, it was discovered both of my actors had been child abductees. That was most likely why their thespian pairing evolved so spontaneously.*

— The Director, Notebook #2023.



**The final elegance:  
assuming, asking the  
question. No answers.  
No explanations.**

**"Why do you demand explanations?  
If they are given, you will once more  
be facing a terminus. They cannot get  
you any further than you are at present."  
The solution: not an explanation: a  
description and knowing how to consider it.**

**"What Questions are you asking yourself",  
James Lee Byars (1998)**



Scene from British TV mystery series *Rebus* (2001)



**CHIT:** Some tings not good to talk.

**Chat:** Some dings not good to listen to.



**Top:** Missing UFO expert. As a key, private adviser to Tom DeLonge regarding UFO-related projects and was rumored to have knowledge of extraterrestrial materials due to his role commanding the Air Force Research Laboratory at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. Did he know too much and was “disappeared”, or was he abducted for his knowledge of alien technology, or did he purposely rendezvous with extraterrestrials to escape our global situation?

**Bottom:** Award-winning

Diné artist James Duhon's print on display in the exhibition *Makowa: The Worlds Above Us* at the Museum of Indian Arts and Culture, Santa Fe, NM in 2025.

# PREVIOUSLY



**Final Scene from *Chit for Chat: Part One* (2023):** Conversationally “cross-pollinating” Beckett-esque clowns, Chit and Chat, stretched out on the trunk and rear window of a 1970s red Pontiac — an allusion to the red Pontiac in Truffaut’s film *Day for Night*, in Kieślowski’s famous film *Red*, and in J. G. Ballard’s short story *Zone of Terror* — in a deserted area surrounded by the Director and film crew. Darkness and starlight intensify each other during the night shoot. An “Event” (in Alain Badiou’s sense of that term) occurs: a roaring noise, a bright snaking light swoops down from a glowing disc, winds its way down onto the set, circling the Jenny Holzer-like electronic word sign used as a film prop, then crosses before three astonished film crew members. It does three circuits around the set then disappears. A wider, even brighter beam then emerges from a craft illuminating Chit and Chat lying frozen with fear on the trunk of the Pontiac. “Light in August” the Playwright will tell police (it will become a proposed title for his next play).

**CHIT:** [*Eyes large as deviled eggs*], Move, moved, moving closer! Don’t think this is scripted, Chat! I mean there is supposed to be trunk show held at the denouement, but I don’t think this was what the Playwright had it mind, yet ... Can’t lose this beam or . . . or back is through . . . or . . .

**CHAT:** [*Palms of hands over her closed eyes.*] Seems we’re off to the Land of Oz. Whoa, I just remembered! It’s Palm Sunday Eve! Bbbet the Gggoyim have something to dddo with this steepest angle of twist! Close your eyes!

**CHIT:** [*Eyes large as deviled eggs.*] Wanna Shin Bet?

**CHAT:** [*Eyes closed.*] Whoa! Up we . . . Distant memory!

**DIRECTOR:** [*Citing Roberto Rossellini’s famous line*] DON’T CUT! DON’T CUT! [*as Chit and Chat’s bodies rise from the car trunk, arms and legs dangling, crew watching in stunned silence. A scene right out of Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*]



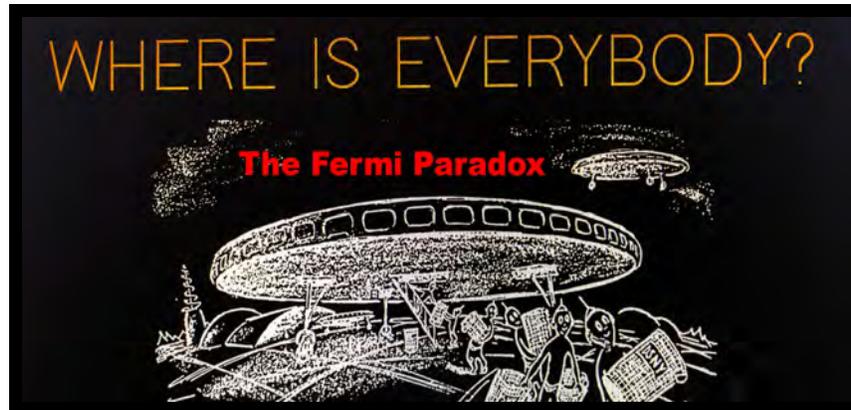
To view *Chit for Chat* (Part I) go to the URL: <https://www.uturn.org/CHIT-CHATBK.pdf>

**CHIT:** *[Lifted by the force field, cries out.] POLICE, POLICE, CARABINIERI! [Voice cracks, imitating loud police sirens as the two rise toward a glowing white mouth opening into infinity or oblivion.] We are going toward the threshold of our story!*

**CHAT:** *AAARRRRARRAARR! [Poised between intelligibility and near-incoherent outbursts, unnameable monstrosities of the linguistic arts shoot out of her helpless nose].*

*Exuent.*

+++



Fermi paradox (1950) now seems less relevant given the overwhelming evidence of strange visitors and UFOs. So has the Dark Forest thesis which presumes that any space-faring civilization would view any other intelligent life as an inevitable threat and thus destroy any nascent life that makes itself known. Aliens desire contact.

*Throughout the history of the abduction phenomenon, it has been the abductees who have taught the researchers. . . .*

*When an abductee remembers the abduction, it is fully integrated into the structure of her life without resistance. . . .*

*Many abductees have adjusted well to the abduction phenomenon and are able to lead their lives free from the disruption that these experiences can cause. A few abductees feel that in some way they have been enlightened and even prepared for some future benevolent purpose.*

— David M. Jacobs, PH.D., *Secret Life: Firsthand Documented Accounts of UFO Abductions* (1992)

**In 2017, *The New York Times* published a series of groundbreaking articles exposing a secret Pentagon program that investigated unidentified aerial phenomena (UAPs).**

# PROLOGUE

**Abduction plus 24 hours:** Chit and Chat found by hikers in Santa Fe's Frenchy's Field, a vale of silence where a tongueless path writhes for lack of something to shout about, until NOW bursting into screams. *Sans* footwear, pants on backwards, stumbles Chit, disassociating in a voice sounding like a swarm of intelligent insects colluding to imitate human speech, his sluggish fish of a mind only playing back fragments of a spacy space scene the Playwright would later enhance and describe as: *Being sucked into the lair of a bio-luminescent postmodern hotel located in a trackless empyrean only to be greeted by hair-curling nincompoops where mumbling is the measure of the less than inevitable self and "Main bus undervolt" is the norm.*



Abduction monument at Frenchy's Field.

**CHIT:** *[Words mix with bronchial slime and chewed rubber.]* I just can't wont shouldnt really-need to must cant must cant cant figure it out. Qqqest and qqquestions can ruin you. LOOK! Four times I crossed across this little path in the face of uncaring trees and dusty rocks. I AM FREE!

**CHAT:** *[Body shaking, face twisted and red.]* Lucky for you! It's my mouth, it's my cry: Here I am, here I am, here. Maybe it happened without me . . . or you?

**CHIT:** *[Strange spastic pantomimes.]* Foamy opening. Perilous sees seize me. He, he, he. No, ME thought awoke to loud applause, but it wwwwas thunder. *[Louder, a blinking fit.]* SUCH A LONG, LONG TIME TO BE GONE AND A SHORT TIME TO BE THERE! Classify all crap. Concentrate on the stars. Easy get-go to other planets, I'm I plain nuts? I ought, yet I feel as if I durst not! OMIT! OMIT! *[Softer voice.]* Velia, Velia! I glued my glims on 'er mystery presence! Delishful! Set fire to my arterial system. *[More soberly.]* Ah tttthose triangular machines how they do blink! Ah, ah . . . *[flummoxed, a stage-struck actor who's lost his lines.]* Bbbbegin where the letter begins or just after . . . OMIT!

**CHAT:** *[Body waving, she waves upwards, yelling.]* Bye-bye, Mengus-the-Tall! Remember ta-ta haul-me-up way afore DER EPOCHYLAPSES!

**CHIT:** BRING ON THE MEAT-WAGON! WE GOT STAR-DUST POISONING!

Stunned paramedics arrive to witness this verbal diarrhea and marvel as these two ashen-faced clowns perform five kinds of repetitive movements: **rotating, circling, mincing, weaving, and doing figure eights**, like impatient zoo animals or like a Martha

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Graham dance group on LSD. They are rushed to Presbyterian Hospital. Chat has a crescent-shaped scar on her lower stomach, a nose-bleed; Chit a scar behind his neck. Each has a pair of dice, five pips per side, coated with a glowing gelatinous substance. The Director's biz card is found on Chit. He's informed and rushes into the hospital smoking like what looks like a cucumber, looking as cool as a lit cigar, so anxious is he to cash in on his paired actors' abduction experience, like what "hot buttons" to push to boost social media exposure and later ticket sales. In one play, featuring our two clowns, he hyperbolically boasted about Chat's vocal delivery: *Why each word, each joke, which Chat's scorching mouth spews, jumps like a naked prostitute from a burning brothel!*

**CHAT:** *[Spatchcocked in a hospital bed, flapping her arms like a chicken's its wings.] I a rose con pollo upwards as time lost its allegiance. [On back, arms up.] But no abysmal repose for this miss [sobs]. Light, agitated, convulsive. Seemed I wasn't seeing, really, but was merely a receiving station for alien transmissions. [Bites lip.] I taste purple.*

**CHIT:** *[Blood drains from his head, voice sinks to a coo.] Methinks she doth protein too much. Now I like my liquor mixed and my peril neat. . . . Hey, boss take a seat.*

The Director arrives. Sound of a rubber-hinged door swinging, nurses shoes. He sees his actors on adjacent beds, weary, passive, pale replicas of their real selves. Each holds a holy card (image right) given by their nurse depicting the flying saint Joseph of Cupertino (d. 1663), an idiot-savant-patron-saint of astronauts. Recovering slightly from psyches having the air of of a bombed city, Chit and Chat start verbally sparring, playing the gross-out game Would You Rather in which players choose between distasteful scenarios.

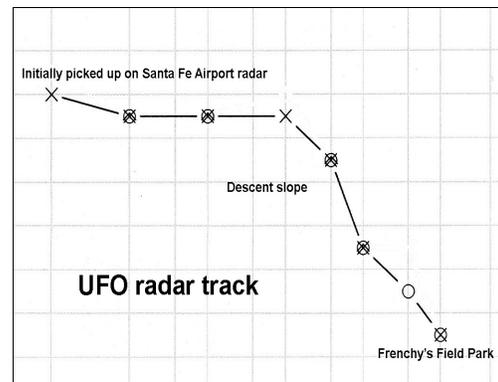


The Flying Saint.

Belief  
is  
the  
immortal  
soul of  
the

Verso of Holy Card.

**CHIT:** *[Head turned toward Chat, eyes dancing in his head, a questing big toe sticking out of the sheets.] Wwwwould you rrrrather slide down a razor bbbblade into a vat of lemon juice, or that an alien extract your eggs? Or having week-old French fries in Frenchy's Field? Or gulping contaminated Hollandaise sauce? Or taking a chance of listeria from Boar's Head meats? I became a texture, a flavor. What! What? I'm as human as the next gink. Uh, I think.*



The Director later manages to obtain the radar track of the ship that abducted his actors.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** *[Notices the Director has arrived flanked by his sexy assistant with bright yellow flowers in her purple hair. They bear gifts: a Frida Kahlo Lip Balm and Santa Fe Craft donuts with four cups of hot Piñon coffee. They notice Chit is making his body idiotic while he makes triangles with tooth-picks on the food tray.] Hey! [Looking at the Director.] White ray through thick night's blackness, then you and crew's cries heard as if filtered through deep water. Heat. Thought I was melting.*



Chit and Chat, alien abductees, found.



UFO crashes after two Santa Fe actors were abducted.

**DIRECTOR:** *[Wears two watches, which he calls his "time-cuffs".] For you both [offers donuts and coffee]. Glad you're back clowns. Didn't I tell you: Look for the moment after which every thing is different? [Look of utter acceptance in his gaze.] We can monetize this as it's too ridiculous to be taken seriously and too serious to be ridiculous! KA-CHING! Hell, if you can whip up even three minutes of actual entertainment that distracts people from the inexorable lurching of time toward their deaths, you'll never starve. And UFO stuff is . . .*

**CHAT:** *[Turns her head away.] A controlled hallucination of spondees, dactyls, villanelles child verbs, and other disturbing creatures! An unrepose in a blue abyss.*

**CHIT:** *[Grabbing snacks.] Me three. And I mean three [more on Chit's tri-selves later]. I am the unanswered question. Ya grok? Hey, this ain't just another promotional . . .*

**DIRECTOR:** *I grok. I'm just concerned about you . . . you were beamed up . . .*

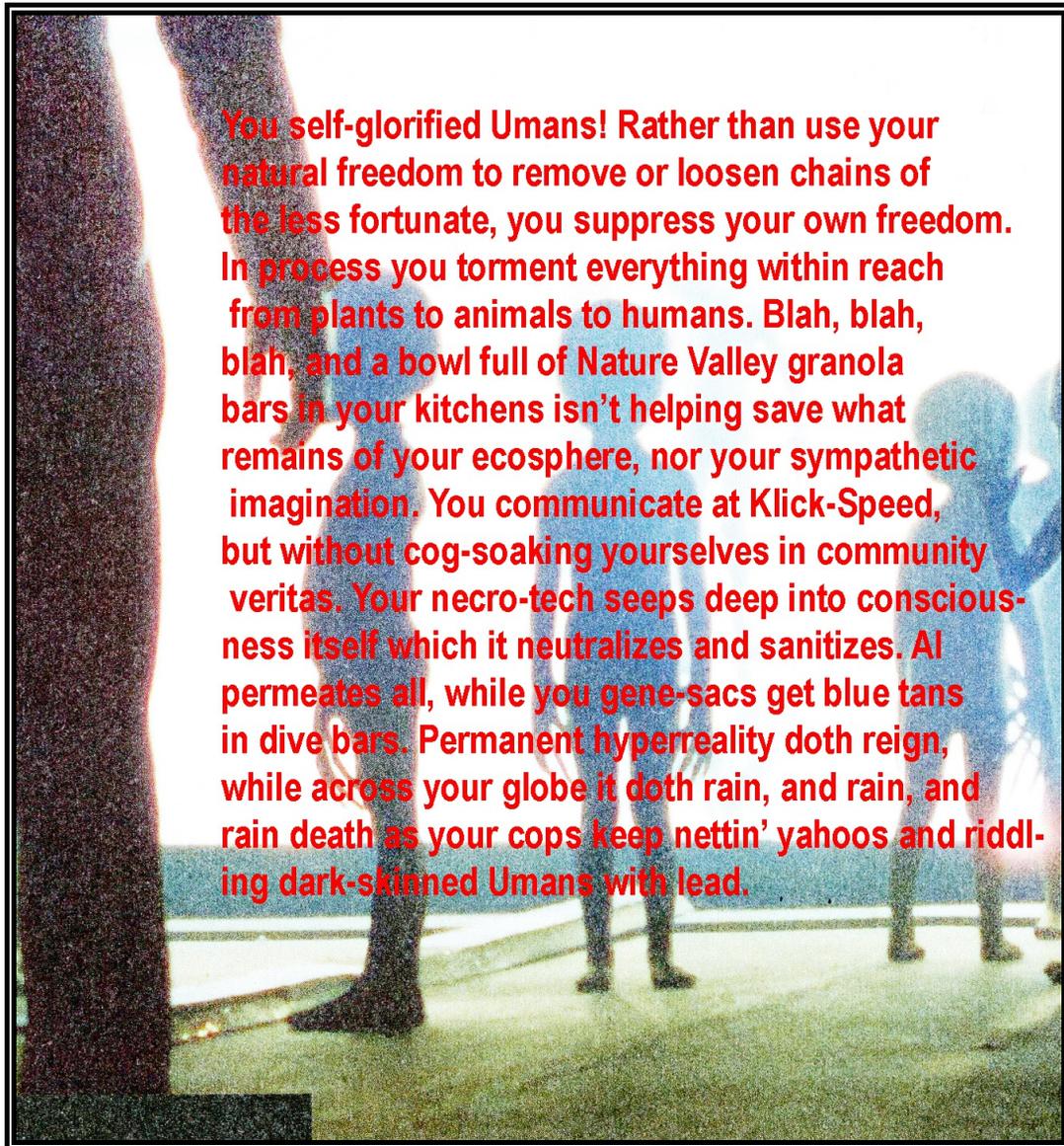
**CHIT:** *No Star Trek Scotty greets me. Sense of being in a hurry gone, only a terrifying distance close-up. It was the initial motion, not the nouns. If only I could chase away its effects like we pay off debts. Like watchin' a vid-screen in the saucer 'bout aliens watchin' terrorestrial life in the theater of our own limited cog-sacs. Made me breath catch, me skin prickle. Be commanded to speech this thus [as his implanted memory feels it way out, his eyes go blank, head flips back, speaks without a hint of emotion]:*

*You self-glorified Umans! Rather than use your natural freedom to remove or loosen chains of the less fortunate, you suppress your own freedom. In process you torment everything within reach from plants to animals to humans. Blah, blah, blah, and a bowl of Nature Valley granola bars in your kitchens isn't helping save what remains of your ecosphere, nor your sympathetic imagination. You communicate at Klick-Speed, but without cog-soaking yourselves in community veritas. Your necro-tech seeps deep into consciousness itself which it neutralizes and sanitizes. Al*

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

*permeates all, while you gene-sacs get blue tans in dive bars. Permanent hyperreality doth reign, while across your globe it doth rain, and rain, and rain death as your cops keep nettin' yahoos, bombing sheiks and riddling dark-skinned Umans with lead.*

*[Awakens from his trance.]* ACK! No *adal-badal* [*give and take*] with 'em! Was mentally skelped, schneidered! . . . Time be bottled! Uh, can't a fucker get a piña colada around here . . . NOT a particle collider, a piña colada! [*drools.*] THE GLARE AFTER FLYING TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN. BLACK IT OUT! SHOW NO FEAR! BE A REAL MAN! FORGE AHEAD! BLACK IT OUT MY DARKLING!



Poster based on the alien's speech to Chit created for publicity purposes by the Director.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** *[Ignores Chit, seeing the donuts.] Six of 'em! Shit! [Trembles while pointing to the flying saucer-shaped treats, eyebrows furrowed, quickly clenches / unclenches her hands.] Get 'em away, way! [Pushes the box of donuts away, gagging.] A cinnamon donut! UGH! That smell, it's like . . . [She then cries out] Hell ship from remote space! Statues talking like a book [coughs]. That's my 'pinion. Oh! Mengus help! I'm allergic to piñon [she swoons].*



Santa Fe's famous Craft Donuts.

**NURSE:** *[In dark blue trainers with slim line of red edging the sole; her fat face ripples like palsied jelly.] Chat, keep your eyes on the hole, not the donut! [Whispers to the Director] Careful, your saucer-shaped gift triggered her trauma. Your actors' emotions oscillate between certainty and uncertainty; they are as unreliable as anthropologists, get intermittent headaches, lancinating pain where small implants were extracted. Chit yelled, "Die Wunde!" telling me he was citing someone named Parsifal. He's had a good amount of his rare Rh-null blood drained. Chat sports three long, finger-shaped pressure marks on her left inner thigh suggesting frightful intimacy there plus a slight nose bleed. Chit a mild burn on his right hand. When Chat first got here, she rapidly passed through the classic stereotyped enactments of: *femme-enfant*, muse, hysteric, and *femme sauvage*. Kept saluting a "Mengus" by putting her right hand gently to her head and uttering "S-si". She talked about a diffused atmospheric light pervading, soft and silvery "as from a northern star," about entry into a "milky white crystalline room" with air like "syrup," and "little grey creatures in soggy motion" with "small droids" under the influence of a taller "steely-eyed figure more humanoid than the Greys." This male *[ufologists refer to this Nordic-like alien as a "Pleiadian"]* Chat called "Mengus", describing him as having "galacticized eyes, handsome face, an intellectual, mysterious beauty." A seductive female Nordic, "Velia", vanquished Chit. He said: "I be in surprise of the situation, blushed, turned pale as our eyes met; she mentally told me: *Us do Fitna*" *[the latter an Arabic term conflating warfare and sexual seduction]*." Then, Chat let out an animal howl, repeating three times: "I crossed the threshold beyond which I can't send letters home! To come out, we must take another path by using the wings of our Ether-Oars." Yeah, it's been very weird in here.*

Yes, a sumptuous montage of strange shit, but traumatic situations we tend toward time dialation. The degree to which one experiences oneself as really present, immersed in the situation, can vary greatly. All the traumatic futzing with the brain's quasi-liquid networks complicates what Chit and Chat are telling us about their experiences

**CHAT:** *[Suddenly getting agitated.] Dreamt I was abducted by aliens in my Maidenform Bra. But in fact, I was nakeder than an animal! [Barked at the Director.]*

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux



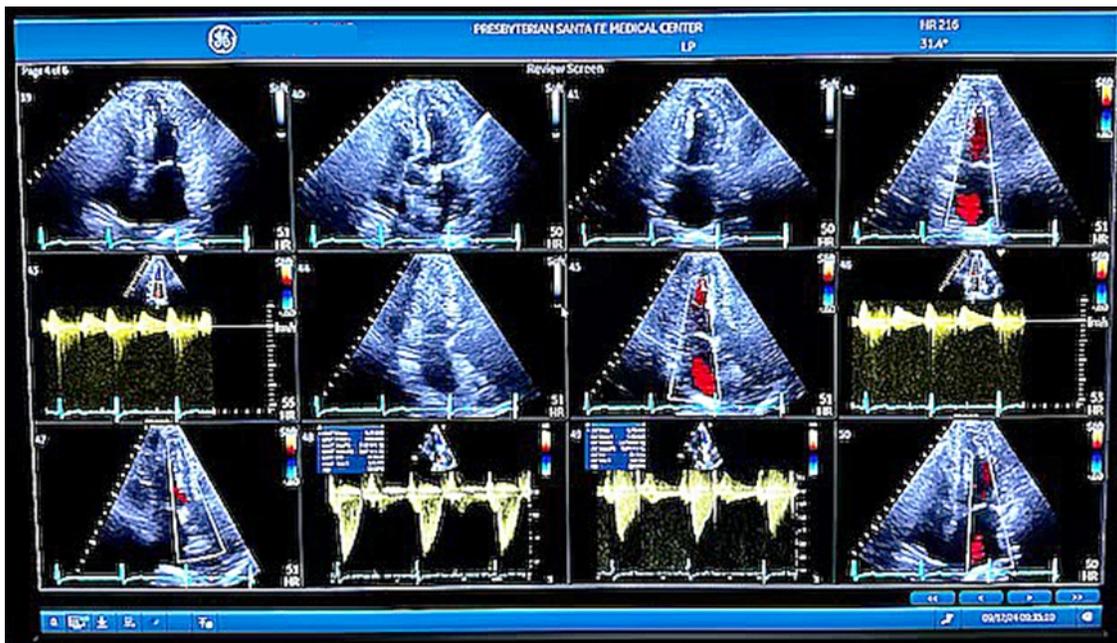
Chit's EKG during which he said: "Something too big struggled inside my chest, pushing tears from my eyes."

*Could their abduction experiences be just a subcluster of pre-lucid dreams, mixed with a tendency toward depersonalization, intuitive thinking, and certain schizotypal personality traits? Our old literary friend the trauma plot.*

— Local News Anchor

*I'm a man whose words are all I got, who lives in words, even if I leave these shores, which I am surely to do to endlessly cry in a used car lot..*

— Chit's Diary



Chat's heart scans.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHIT:** *[Interrupting.]* Was like she was adancin' crazily. A scream I heard. You?

**CHAT:** *[Abruptly, seeming a bit confused.]* They were walking around me. Not because a tiger or shark appeared. No, no, no. Kinda wish Alec Baldwin had pointed six-shooter at 'em 'n pulled the trigger! We'd both get off scot free. Like Scottie always did in *Star Trek*.

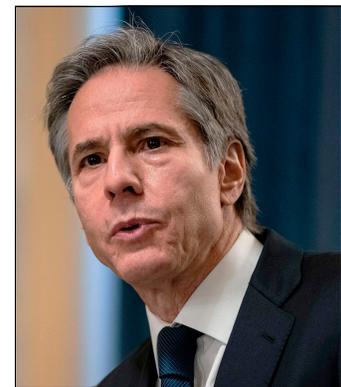
**CHIT:** *[Interrupting.]* Was once disagreeing on relativity of consciousness and then we be resemblin' each other in our nakedness.

**CHAT:** They mind-told me — think to relax me — they've landed many times in Russia. And that that weird Ruskie, Brezhnev, had huge eyebrows “calculated to be Stalin's mustache raised to the power to two.”

**CHIT:** Had Antony Blinken been of an older generation and had to confront Brezhnev face-to-face over some political crises, who do you think would've blinked first?

**CHAT:** Fffuck . . . I blinked first when that Grey first stared into my eyes.

**NURSE:** Okay, okay calm down you two! *[They shut up. Then she addresses the Director.]* Sorry about that. Chat's been asking for M.C. Hammer Harem Pants making on and off dressing gestures. Chit rambles on about being born *en caul*, getting sacked from his first job, running away from his stilted life in rural Wisconsin where his family kept bees; seems he'd been severely stung and lapsed into unconsciousness. He imagined falling into a tunnel, arriving at what looked like a Blue Star with huge alien eyes staring at him. He then became less agitated and demanded: “A café au lait *black* and a pair of Jimmy Choo Diamond Light knitted sneakers.” Weird, huh? He then dog-growled, and mumbled



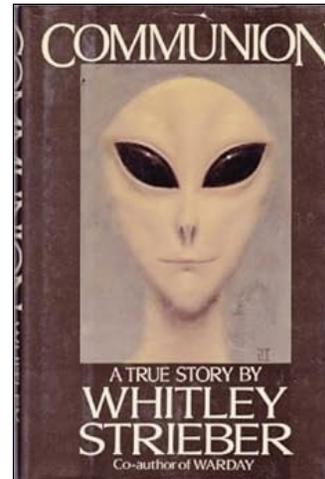
Illustrator's rendition of Chit's nightmare.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

something about triangles and spirals and wanting to mate with a “Nordic lady named Velia”. Later, he had an *episode* when we tried to introduce a bedpan for his use, flapping about in bed yelling: “Make me the sergeant in charge of the booze. I’ll self-dose me a corpse reviver!” Had to sedate him after he yelled: “Me cog-sac be ’bout ta burst.”

Upon waking he’s been quiet, but eyes us with suspicion. *[Points to the food tray.]* He requested those tooth-picks. Some kind of obsession over triangular shapes. At one point Chit was mumbling something about “some 33 billion chickens in the world, doomed!” At times, Chat appeared to be listening to the time-music of the quasars. For awhile Chit’s face looked like a clock that had stopped.

Vitals are good. But they will need long-time therapy for PTSD. They both seem to have been given an important message from the aliens. Excuse me *[pager going off]*. Gotta run! Bye. Give them this book to share, *Communion: A True Story* by noted ufologist Whitley Strieber *[handing it to the Director]*, might help them process their experience *[Director nods an affirmative, sees dollars signs]*.



**CHIT:** *[Turns away from nurse, looks blankly at the Director.]* Hi, booze — er — bboss! Nice mandala-ish Get Well card. Love the Ballard quote too *[see page ix]*. I go to the bathroom by myself now after bout with twisted intestines like double-dutch ropes! Just want bowl o’ Quantum Soup. Give Chat — she’s swizzle stick stirring on its own — a big Gibson with onions *[inane smile]*. No need of a diuretic! *[the Director notices Chit’s sheets are wet.]* Tractor beam vortex sucks us up **SLLUURRRPP!**

Tension, contortion of our bodies. Greet us, tall man and tall woman. *[Very agitated. Raises hand in a salute, addressing what we assume is the female alien.]* Grand Captain, the Right Honorable Velia, the Lady Lurr of Noble Lurr, I.C., C.M., G.K.R. of the Great Sun Atmion and a Black Belt in Fitna! A quality in her eyes that accented cruelty. Tingling sensation at base of my skull as some kind of needle device . . . *my dick hurts!* My mind a dazzling furious vibratory thing as a voice pushed through it. Who said the biological body’s become past tense? Need warm hand on my shoulder, pulleese . . . *[voice trailing off for half a minute]*. . . . As obese teen, I thought *fata libelli* an insult referring to my fat belly. Know I now it refers to extra thick books.

Right? . . . No? No? Fuck. Omit!

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux



Director's hand-drawn mandala-themed Get Well card given to Chit and Chat at the hospital while recovering from their abduction.

*. . . the sky seemed an endless babel, the time-song of a thousand galaxies overlaying each other in his mind. As he moved slowly towards the center of the mandala he craned up at the glimmering traverse of the Milky Way, searching the confusion of clamoring nebulae and constellations. —“The Voices of Time”, J. G. Ballard*

(Quote inside the Director's Get Well card given to Chit and Chat upon his visit to their hospital room post-abduction.)



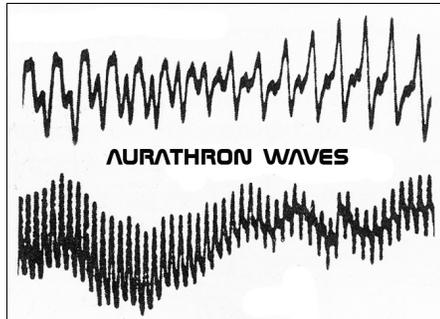
The Director's favorite "camera" mandala with a leaf shutter in the center printed inside the card.

# CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

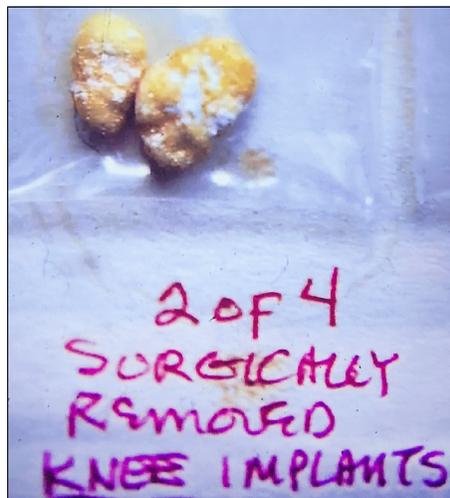
## IMPLANTS REMOVED



Chit's sketch of an E.T.

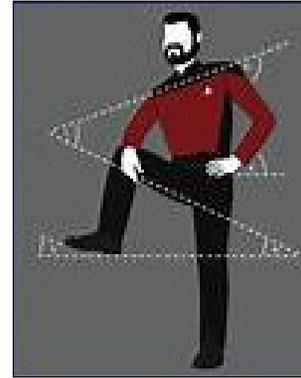


Aurathron waves for control from inserted brain-machine interfaces introduced via the nose.

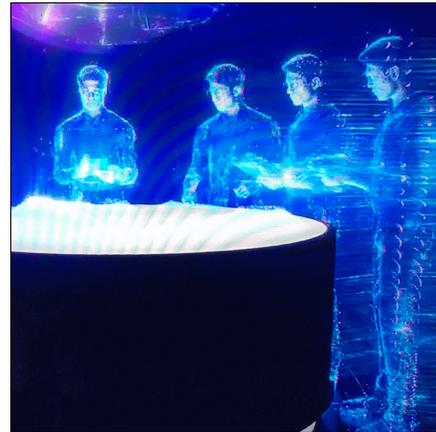


## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**DIRECTOR:** *[Approaches a chair next to Chit's bed from behind, throws one long leg over the back of it, straddling the chair, imitating Star Trek N.G. officer William Riker's famous maneuver].* Every memory can create its own legend, dude.



**CHIT:** *[His eyes dart upward.]* But, but, but, I feel I'm buh, buh, bursting with duh, duh, data, dude. Chat 'n I've got weird stuff simmering inside. Was told, "Here your worth will be tested." Grist for our Playwright. Beginning to recall, hazily, very strange events: a zip-trip to Zeta 2 Reticuli, or to Arcturus, the Pleiades? *[His body shakes, uses a slightly different voice.]* Such as having found myself, ourselves, in such a place where our naked bodies became airports for the lights, shadows, and particles in the space around us. My entire body soon be gone numb in a hail of photons, blue 'n white crystal-ish light in space haunted by ghostly glowing humanoids looking down into a cauldron of bubbling light like witches; me on white plastic table in undies, trousers dropped. Maybe sperm sample taken? Meanwhile, Chat fumblin', mumblin' teachin' a tall curious entity called Mengus to play Parcheesi! Later, I be fuckin' starin' at monster black eyes of greys: "Odna", "Tae", "Qfwfq" 'n "Xan", names given telepathically during a brain-scan. Velia looks at me with pity (maybe) in her scary but attractive peepers, telepathically tells me: *Open your mind.*



**CHAT:** I, I, I think baby or some dinky proto-human — **yeck!** — held up by a smaller being for to me to hold. God, frantically pushed it away! That's when this tall E.T. — name Mengus — shoves in 'tween us, pulls out old warped board game. *Found in what you call India*, he telepathed. Velia, watched curiously, then saluted Mengus by putting her right hand gently to her head signaling mental communication. Mengus begged me to teach him to how play it, that his interest in the game was due to the "geometry of the spaces on the surface, especially the four triangles. Meaning on the basis of a formal organization which in itself has no meaning." I thought-told him: "Sorry, never played it. Besides, I think two pairs of players are needed."



Parcheesi board.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux



The Magellanic Clouds (left and right of center above central radio telescope) have been known since ancient times to Indigenous peoples across South America, Australia, and Africa, and from the first millennium in Western Asia. The first preserved mention of the Large Magellanic Cloud is believed to be in petroglyphs and rock drawings found in Chile.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

He knew it was initially played in Mogul India under the name Chaupur, that the board game, Sorry, is a sorry, poor descendant. He wouldn't take NO for an answer. He went on about: *the great logic, the dance of the stars, time-music*. I faked it, moving pawns about, making up rules, keeping a fuss going to distract him from violating me. I was getting so manic that the event turned into a cosmicomic kerfuffle. But Chit wasn't laughing. Looked stunned. Might've been naked. Slippage of reality fields.



**CHIT:** *[Regaining his equilibrium.]* They called ship's controls called *lants* and nav aides *frandalanks*, various types of triangles within vertical rectangular frames. Screens would light up with a myriad of numbers vital to ships they called *fandors*. A motif of minimalist design inside, so I felt both foreign to and somehow familiar with the ship's interior. I felt fear and love. I felt the biological energies in the ship flow through me. Velia called their energy "Vril" and that a bio-intelligence permeated everything, a rhizome connecting all. It could be focused into us human cog-sacs. Sensed there was Big Purpose behind all this . . . as mind-wacked me with: *The mission is important. It must be completed!*

**CHAT:** Me too. Like being within two worlds at once. *[Cradles head in both hands.]* Sorry, I'm getting a headache. Via telepathy I learned they called themselves *Midwayers* and were made up of several alien races, including Arcturians and Pleiadians.

**DIRECTOR:** *[Leans closer to Chit.]* Like it was a stage set, maybe, huh?

**CHIT:** *[Looks the Director directly in the eyes.]* Uh, yeah, now that you mention it. Ah, these entities were — to make a bad pun — *thesbeings!* *[Chuckles inanely.]*

**DIRECTOR:** *[Roars with laughter.]* Like shitty your *b* for *p* substitution game, Chitty.

**CHAT:** Whoa! I 'member somethin'! Days prior, walking my dog and I ran across this on the sidewalk *[pulls out iPhone, shows this photo (see next page) to the Director]*. Thought it was kids messing around. But could it be the E.T.s sending me a message, like *BE PREPARED, YOU'RE GONNA UP!*

**CHIT:** And I found a weird spray-painted alien-like figure on a stucco wall down the street from my home. Didn't think anything of it then. I mean there is so much amazing graffiti here in Santa Fe anyway. But thinking back to the fact we both encountered these strange figures in our woks — er — I mean on our *walks*.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux



The bizarre sidewalk figure Chat stumbled across.



The wall graffiti alien-like figure that Chit found.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

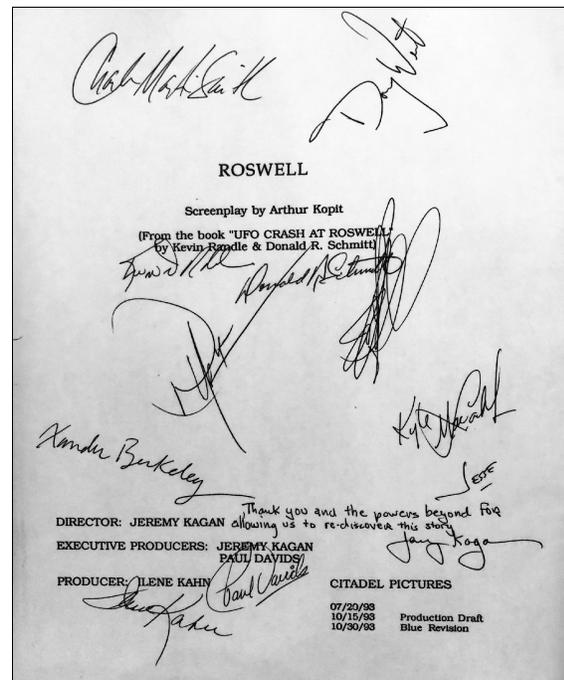
**DIRECTOR:** [*Very excited, running on.*] Hey, crowds love very small and very tall people, like your abductors. The exotic charm of encountering another system of thought! Odd memories, as seen in Chris Marker's film *La Jetée*. Kaleidoscopic cinema of present, past and dim futures. Abduction akin to sleeping in an unfamiliar room. Thank Proust for that! A touch of amnesia à la Beckett's *The Lost Ones* where bereft bodies are stuffed inside a metal cylinder, like you were in the alien saucer where you were like blue moths creeping out of silver pupa after hearing the silver voices of the stars. Ah, link between trauma and creativity! The literal and the figurative. The ability to take a spiral staircase to the roof above your minds and zoom away across the free skies of your inner space. The Playwright will love it! [*Rubs hands together, sucks air through his teeth, making a dry whistling sound.*] Yes, orchards of unusual possibilities for future productions here!

Art functions as an alternative editing bench for reality. An idea is just a corrupted memory. Raw material for an extension of the production we all were working on before this startling event. I mean, we fuckin' *witnessed* your abduction by *Advenae*, Strangers. It might have something to do with you two being Beckett-ish thespians wanting to the life of the body on earth, your existential quest to reveal secrets and forebodings.

Speaking of quests, in July 1975, Dutch artist Bas Jan Ader's sailboat departed the east coast of the U.S. in an attempt to cross the Atlantic as part of his continuing project *In Search of the Miraculous*. Three weeks later contact was lost with him and on April 1976 his half-sunken boat was found. No trace of Ader has shown up. What if he was abducted by aliens who wanted to play a part in his search for the miraculous?

I will see that a contract is drawn up and when you both are able to leave the hospital, we'll talk biz, big bucks, and hypnotherapy to cut through the veils of your trauma and the mind-wash you suffered under alien control. To catch the clever eyes of art aficionados, we'll do an "Ader" tie-in. You adventurers will be *the truth in all fiction, the fiction in all truth*. Apprehended as subjects only as a retrospective hypothesis.

Ya grok? There *is* a precedent for this project: a screenplay titled *Roswell*, by Arthur Kopit, inspired by the amazing 1947 Roswell Incident about the same time Chit was born, no less. *Capisce?* [*Smiles, his arms akimbo.*]



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHIT:** *[Delighted.]* Dude, that's a chinger! Hey, I've never been in better head-space! I find myself thinking of other things, succumbing to a new spirit of shadows in a blue light in midst of magic. *[Ruffles hair, picks nose.]*



**CHAT:** *[Raises a fist.]* Bring on the hypnosis! Stretch my reality! Must be oodles to recall and record. The regressionist will urge: "Chat with me!" And laying back on the couch, I'll comply, words fitting together as in Scrabble until my amazing story of seeing, maybe, odic bluish light all 'round . . . *[voice trails off].*



**CHIT:** *[Looks over at Chat.]* Around the World in Eighty Clichés. Our story! **Bring it on!** I'm ready to lay my cards down as the shrink mines my trauma'd

*cabeza* for gold in them thar brain folds. He can start his probing with the fact that my pain as a kid was inversely proportional to the distance squared I put between myself and the world. Half of knowledge is when to say *I don't know*.

**FEMALE ASSISTANT :** *[Nudging in.]* Hypnosis! Vibratory energy from the Masculine Mind part of the therapist, which manifests itself to the Female Mind part of the patient and probes. The creation of the Universe follows the same universal Hermetic principle of the duality of the Gendered Mind.

**DIRECTOR:** *[Annoyed look at his assistant.]* Aliens ain't us. Their otherness indicates an impenetrable abyss, more processes than things. And you clowns are a confused bricolage of inconsistent and multiple stories stuffed with the max ability now to surprise others — a highly advantageous property from an evolutionary perspective and my own directorial perspective. With you, Chit, one never knows what's going to happen. I envision abduction scene special effects on stage. BTW, in *Performing Beckett* (2020) by Dominic Glynn and Jean-Michel Gouvard, their Introduction notes: "Rather than a sphere, the world of Beckett studies is perhaps more akin to a flattened cylinder" — sounds like a flying saucer, the alien ship. I see you Chit, upon seeing Velia, waving: "Hiya! ... What the ... ?" Chat, stunned, looks at you and yells: "Hiawatha!?" Yes. You two feigning wacky chat-bots with self-awareness. Oh, you both on stage in a saucer, flying through the AT-MOST-FEAR! I think not of St. Joseph of Cupertino, but of Jules Verne's Captain Nemo, whose submarine's motto was *Mobilis in mobili*, "Moving within a moving element." Oh! We could

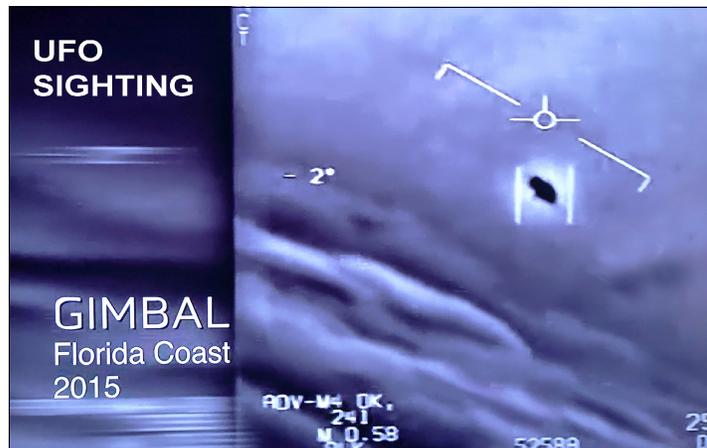
## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

name the play *Light in August!* I can see the set now: a mysterious interplay of cool light, warmer light, and deep shadow, of blue light reflecting your psychic state. I'm flashing on the strange grotto with the blue crystal and the witchy girl in Leni Riefenstahl's 1932 film *The Blue Light*. Scenes that edge on violation of the pathetic fallacy. You both would wear dark blue trainers with a red edge on the sole. You walk, crawl, kneel in a space that fills with the ominous sounds of Philip Glass's *Metamorphosis II*, as spooky E.T.s mill about. Chit, you spiritual nomad, inquire of the *Advenae à la Shakespeare*: *What country, friend, is this?* . . . The stage, a journey-form, awaits you fearless thespians! *[Raises arms as if signaling a touchdown in football.]*

**FEMALE ASSISTANT** : *[Excited.]* Why everyone on stage can become a hero! Boss, why not add some weird *theremin* music, too? Like in the original black and white version of *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. *[Raises her right fist up high, mimicking a power salute.]*  
**Fuckin' A, Boss!** Two hypno-shrinks, comin' up! **AWAY!**

**DIRECTOR**: Better yet . . . YES! Jerry Goldsmith's "Face Hugger" music for the 1979 movie *Alien*. Scary as shit. Okay, I need someone in research, to pour over government docs and books on alien abductions! Make a "salad of many herbs" to put in my notebook. Meanwhile, I am going on YouTube to watch that *Outer Limits* episode, "The Bellerophon Shield", supposedly the first rendition of a "Grey" alien.

I want Facebook and Twitter accounts up to get "mentions". Let's organize a triumphal parade around Santa Fe Plaza to promote the production — costumes and all. Ah, those genius twins we just hired — what's their nicknames? — oh yeah, "Abgrund" 'n "Urgrund" — funny — put them on this. Tell 'em to keep their eye on the donut *and* its hole. So *[hesitates for dramatic effect]*: **Unleash those flying monkeys!**



Gimbal type of UFO: The first official UAP (UFO) footage by Navy pilots issued by the USG for public release.

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## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux



Recovered body of alien from Roswell crash (museum display).

*The world is [for the subject] the totality of everything which can be thought and encountered.*

— Dieter Henrich, *Fluctlinien (Flow Lines)*, 1982)

*The abduction phenomenon, I have come to realize, forces us, if we permit ourselves to take it seriously, to reexamine our perception of human identity — to look at who we are from a cosmic perspective.*

— John E. Mack, M.D., *Abduction: Human Encounters with Aliens* (1994)

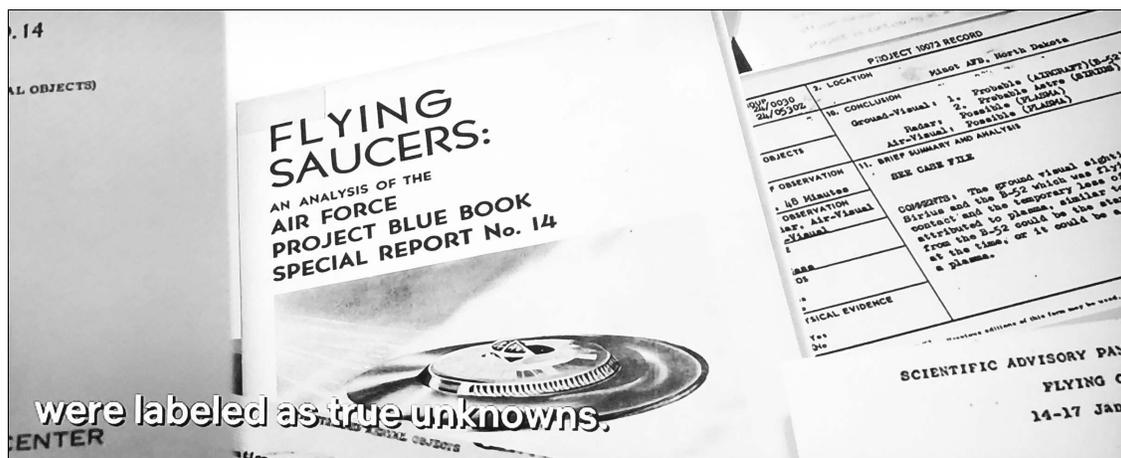
*Alien abduction experiences constitute an ‘unconceptualized reality’ in need of rational and aesthetic construction, new world building. Contact with the ‘extraordinary’ can renew our sources of meaning and bolster the Extropian philosophy of life.*

— The Playwright

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux



In June 1947, while flying his small plane, businessman and civilian pilot Kenneth Arnold reported seeing nine objects moving at high speeds through the skies over Washington's Mount Rainier. Widely publicized reports of Arnold's experience, followed by an increasing number of reported UFO sightings, led the U.S. Air Force to begin an investigation into the sightings, called Operation Sign, in 1948. The initial investigation resulted in the formation of Project Blue Book in 1952; that project became the longest running of the U.S. government's official inquiries into UFO sightings, compiling reports on more than 12,000 sightings or related events from 1952 to its dismantling in 1969.



Project Blue Book.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux



*Shared Assumptions (Chit and Chat) fabric cutout, embroidery floss on felt, mounted on wood (2020) Heidi Kumao.*

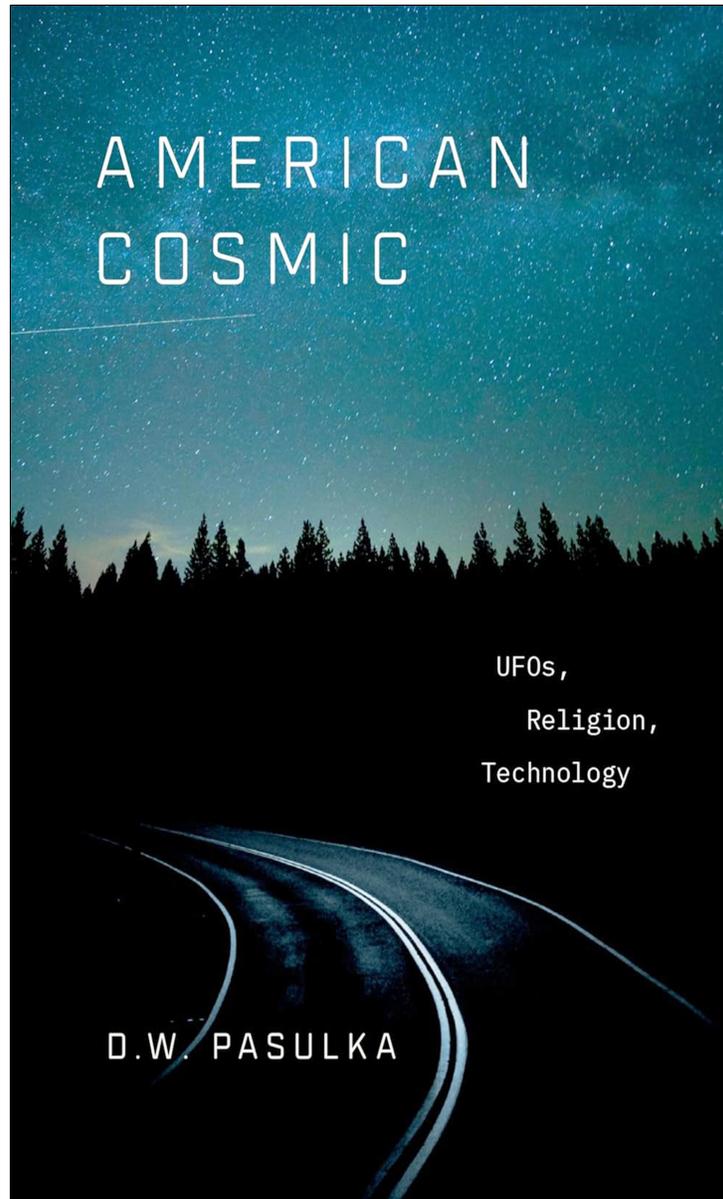
*The Umwelt Theory states that the mind and the world are inseparable because it is the mind that interprets the world for the organism. Because of the individuality and uniqueness of the history of every single organism, the umwelten of different organisms differ. When two umwelten interact, they create a semiosphere. This applies to human - alien contact, which we as therapists explore, are exploring with Chit and Chat.*

— Therapist #1 and #2, Interview with the Playwright.

*When anxiety becomes acute, panic can plague the victim [the abductee]. Abductees may be seized with a panic attack at any time with no recognizable stimulus. As fear overcomes them, their hearts 'race,' they breathe rapidly, they become flushed, and they may hyperventilate. A life-threatening fear overwhelms them.*

— David M. Jacobs, PH.D., *Secret Life: Firsthand Documented Accounts of UFO Abductions* (1992)

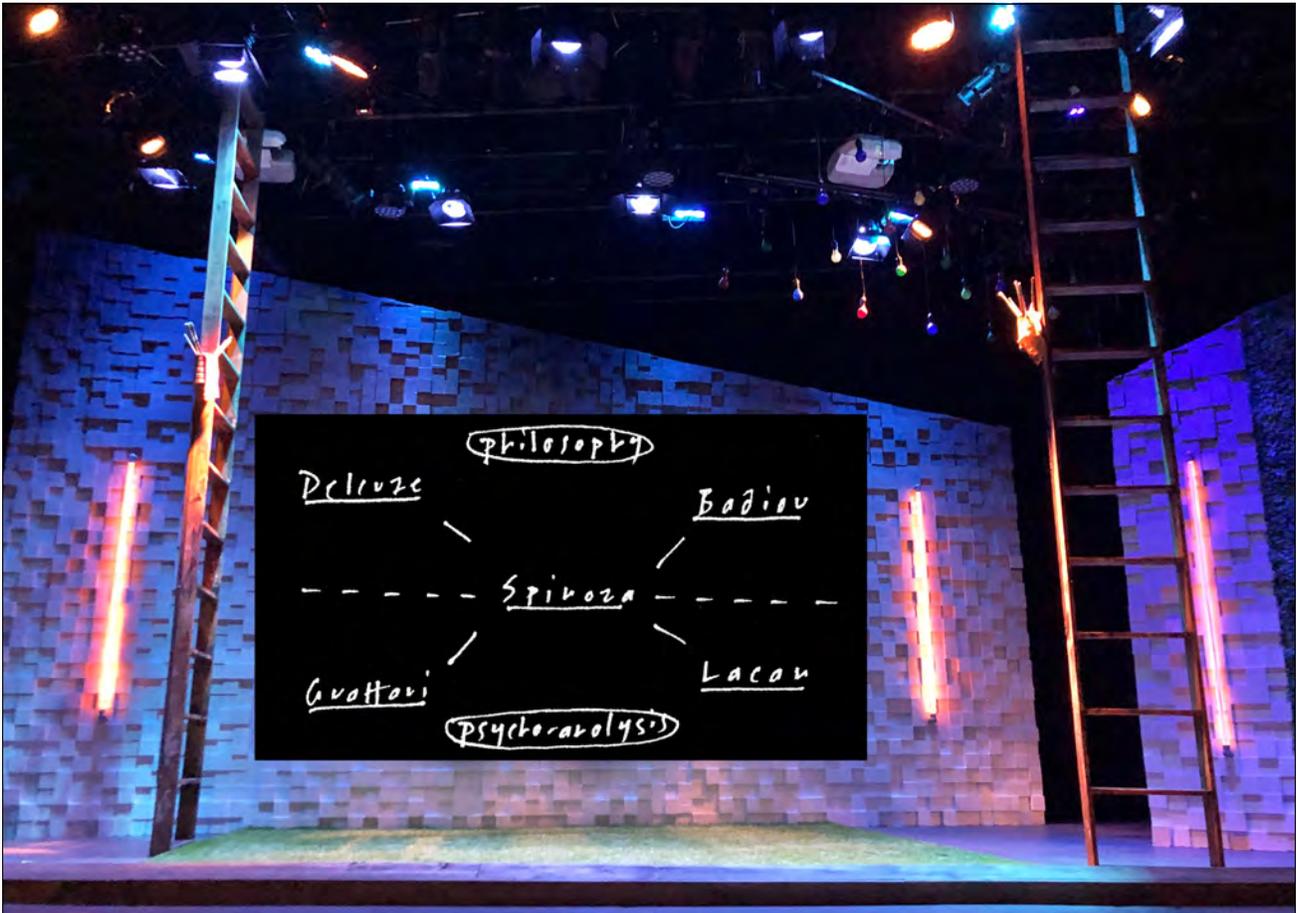
## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux



*Everything that exists, no matter what its origins, is again and again interpreted anew. What we call aliens, Christians call angels and demons, Buddhists call Devas, and the Lakotas call Star People. Chit-Chat I will call you Star Actors.*

- The Director, introducing a Chit-Chat interactive performance, *The Stars are Present*, at Santa Fe's Center for Contemporary Arts. For three hours, Chit and Chat sat, staring into the face of any visitor who wanted to sit across from them, answering questions about their abduction with unnameable words.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux



"Discussion on French Theories of Subjectivity," a lecture by the Playwright and Director at their "Working Stage" on the outskirts of Santa Fe. The space is equipped with a large LCD computer screen to aid them in "working up" their evolving "fictionings", exploring experimental modes of being or becoming in their on-stage actors, what they call "mythotechnesis", which they hope will have a transformative traction on the world and those living therein. This is analogous to what may be the E.T.s' purpose in intervening in our planet's woes.

*We do not say what we see, but rather the reverse, we see what one says about the matter.*

— Martin Heidegger

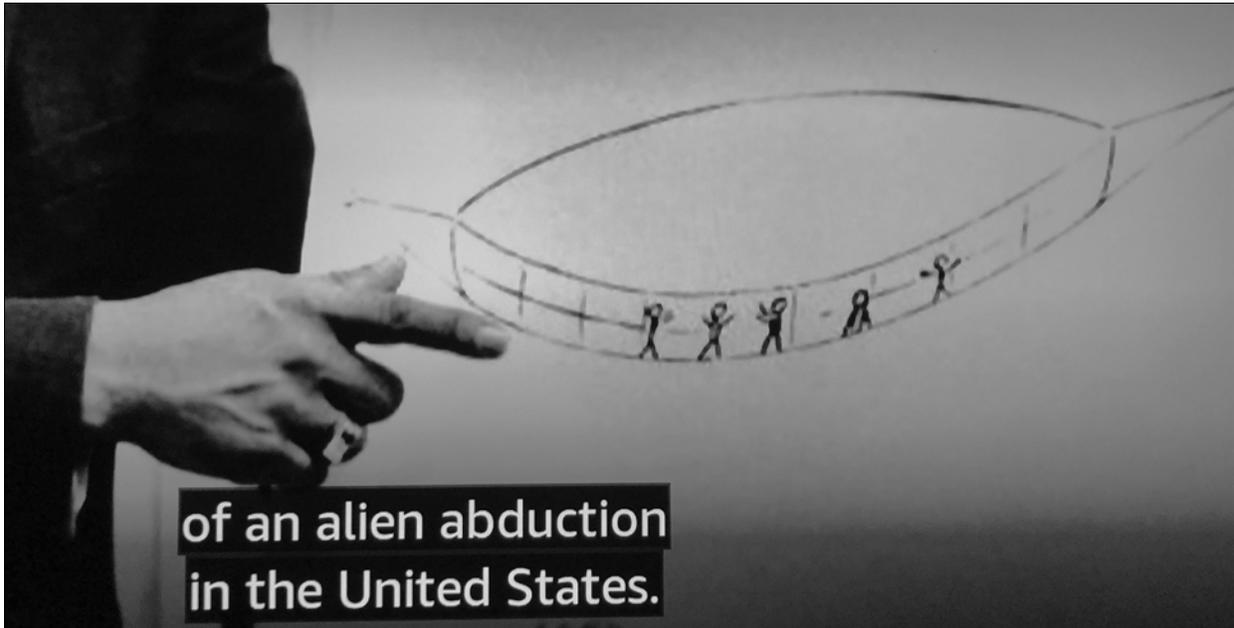
*When the little green men leap from their saucers, their skin will shimmer from the flickering camera bulbs a rich wet chartreuse.*

— Colors, Andrew Bernadini



Alien figure, entrance to the Working Stage.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux



Barney Hill's sketch of the alien craft he and his wife witnessed on September 19 - 20, 1961.

## Betty and Barney Hill abduction, 1961



Artist rendition of Barney Hill's sketch.

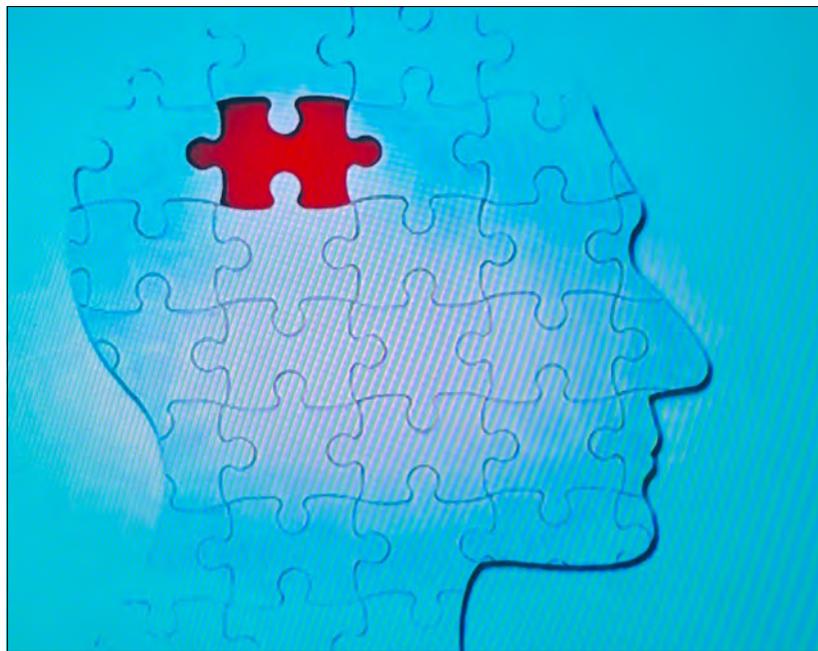
*Outside the ship's window, in a sky dark, alluring stars were ripening. It was not the New Mexican sky, which is a sky often agitated by a high, inaudible wind, a sky never exhausted, always in potentia changing. Yet such words of description are inadequate, infinitely contestable.*

— Chit to his hypnotherapist.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux



**Under hypnotherapy, Chit discovers another missing piece of the puzzle to his complex Selves.**



# THE INTERVIEWS



Therapist #1's office decor.

*To save time and mental energy your brain does two things. First, it chooses what information to upload. . . Second, it makes lightning-fast predictions, filling in missing information based on previous knowledge and experience long before any conscious thought.*

— Todd Rose, *Collective Illusions* (2022)

*The abductee is a modern Dante, whose ontological underpinnings are unraveled. Returned to his bed or his car after his time with aliens, he struggles to reassemble his worldview. . . . [A]bductees as a group are unusually antiauthoritarian, and far more flexible in accepting diversity and the unusual experiences of other people.*

— John E. Mack, M.D., *Abduction: Human Encounters with Aliens* (1994)

**Four weeks later:** Chit and Chat see different hypnotherapist in Santa Fe who are very familiar with the precedents set by Budd Hopkins (a New York artist); John E. Mack, M.D (Pulitzer Prize Winner); David M Jacobs, Ph.D.; Kathleen Marden and Denise Stoner (each related to an abductee) in their studies of UFO “experiencers” (see <https://www.kathleen-marden.com>). Chit’s therapist is the author of *Queer Eye for the Exoplanet*. They employ in their regression techniques holo-tropic breathwork, relaxation of parts of the body, the



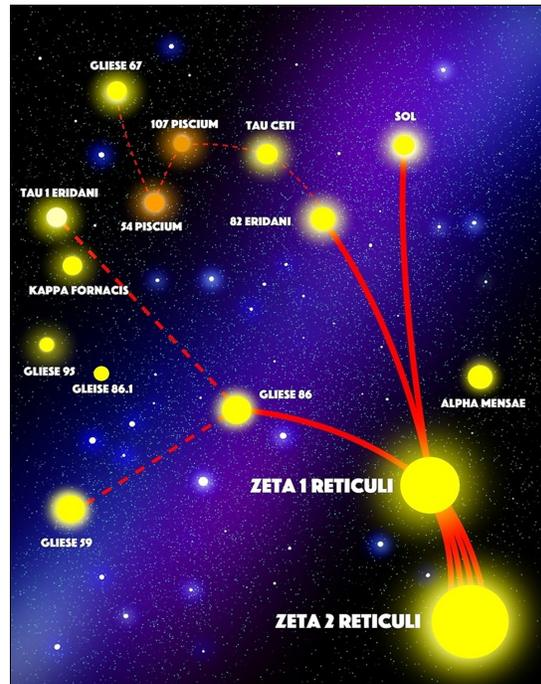
John E. Mack  
Psychiatrist, Harvard University  
1929 - 2004.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

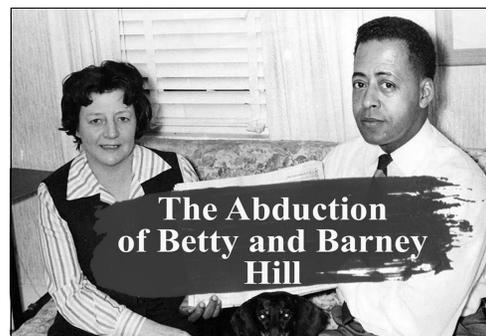
envisioning of a comforting and relaxing environment as a means to get the patient into a hypnotic state. Mack and Jacobs find it is not unusual for their patients to be overwhelmed by their startling experiences, in time often discovering they have been taken by aliens and examined more than once over the course of their lives. Complicating first-person testimony is the fact that the same part of the brain used in seeing is also used in imagining we are seeing; empirical data reveal that our *conscious* present is actually a *remembered* present. Therefore, remembered abductions are *re-remembered* events. Add the fact the human brain sacrifices veridicality to maintain internal coherence of our experience. Eudora Welty wrote in "The Wide Net": "When you go looking for what is lost, everything is a sign". Think of Wilhelm Reich and C. G. Jung's engagement in the Fifties with flying saucer sightings detailed in James Reich's (no relation) *Wilhelm Reich versus The Flying Saucers* (2004).

Chit and Chat's therapists have attended lectures by many of these pioneers probing the repressed memories of abductees. They believe that *whatever has consequences is real*. Whether it is evidence of interstellar travel by beings many parsecs away or visitors from co-present dimensions in the multiverse, we don't have unkillable facts yet. They do tender the warm thought that *Every anomaly in the cosmos is nothing more than space working on its issues, trying to reinvent itself*.

The 1975 film about the 1961 abduction case in rural New Hampshire of Betty and Barney Hill, *The UFO Incident*, starring James Earl Jones, was shown on national television, bringing awareness of these incidents to public attention. It was later determined Barney had a sperm sample taken during the abduction. Recent studies have shown that the people who



Zeta Reticuli, a wide binary star system in the southern constellation of Reticulum. From the southern hemisphere the pair can be seen with the naked eye as a double star. Based upon parallax measurements, this system is located at a distance of about 39.3 light-years (12 parsecs) from Earth. Some abductees claim the E.T.s said they came from there.



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

have claimed abduction are a very diverse group: musicians, computer industry professionals, a night-club receptionist, housewives, secretaries, politicians, psychologists, writers, and blue-collar workers. Experiences of UFO and E.T. sightings have occurred in Brazil and the film *Moment of Contact* (2022) details aliens crashing there, two creatures recovered.

The two hypnotherapists hired by Chit and Chat's Director (credentialed by the National Guild of Hypnotists) aren't identified. Interviews with their two clients were videotaped. As their repressed memories fester, their therapists fight the brain's tendency toward ambiguity minimization, drawing out those repressed experiences aided by rosemary aroma-therapy, hypnosis, and Dialectical Behavior Therapy. An edited version of their sessions follow. At times discrepancies between their accounts occur. Separation between reality and imagination is permeable. This material was passed on to the Playwright as textual grist for the production, as he put it: "When it is, regardless how it is, what it is *is* why it is." A remark he made when he found out Chit sometimes hears objects cry out.



Abductee interviewers Budd Hopkins and John Mack doing a hypnosis session.

### ▲ SESSION ONE: CHAT

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Looks at Chat with bright, intelligent eyes.]* I've left my DSM III-R behind, so we are co-investigators. Your experience is not your responsibility, your responsibility is to just become more aware of it. You can go to your "safety zone" when you want to. We are here to obtain the truthfulness-of-truthfulness, to determine what your real experience of the event was, its *authenticity*. What we discover together during these sessions may upset your Western materialist/dualistic worldview. Cliché is not better than truth.

**CHAT:** Uh, isn't truth something that hasn't become a cliché yet, but will eventually? After my release, well, was like the empty words of a dream recalled upon waking. Of grey angels or the living dead that dimly lit the darkness wherein they moved. A kind of dawn light to the darkness. A waking cerebral obscurity is what we both felt upon return.

**THERAPIST #1:** That's why I am going to regress you. Everything discussed here is for the record. Okay? *[Chat mumbles a confirmation.]* Okay *[hand on her should and swinging a medallion on a silver chain before her]* breathe deeply, if you feel anxiety, breathe deeper and faster *[several minutes pass in silence, Chat's eyes eventually close.]* Alright, tell me what were your initial feelings upon being taken up to the alien ship?

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** *[Breathes heavily, quivering.]* I go numb. I see stars as I float up to the ship by a gooey force field. Then blue-ish light upon entry. Prickling goosebumps. A hum. A “dance first, think afterwards” situation, but I can’t move. All my nerves had galloped madly ’til their legs gave way. Truth and fiction integrated into a whole. I’m waiting, as is all that is around me. I’m a dunce in the last row, all I have to do is *be there*. This other-world is full without me — as in Sartre’s *Nausea* — as if it exists behind a glass partition, like staring into an aquarium. Awaiting both enchantment and terror, like Pelléas in dank underground chambers wishing to emerge and rediscover life. Then a presence.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Puts on a hedgehog hand puppet. Moves closer, waves the puppet, intensely interested.]* Give me your immediate feelings about this.

**CHAT:** I felt a hand on my left shoulder. So fear. A long and thin grey-green hand, three fingers, movements like mercury over rocks. Dreadful eyes. A vibe goes through me, pleasure mixed with surprise, a sense of bodily disorientation. A neural link begins; as it continues, I feel *both* an expansive, communicative love *and* a self-consuming anger at not having control. Like a broken record, my mind keeps repeating the odd word combo *Fasci-Nation*. The entity *[using quote signs with her fingers]* “tells” me: **Only a tiny part of your life is under your control.** Dreamlike quality to the message as it’s nonvocal.

**THERAPIST #1:** Good. Good. This is good! Keep relaxed. It was a shock-induced attack on your identity. There is a resistance to memory within memory itself. But you *must* integrate these ghosts of the past, present, and future. Which of you two went through the ship’s portal first? And what happened immediately between you two?

**CHAT:** I did. Chit’s behind saying something stupid . . . I don’t know. He calls, “Wait for me Wild Girl! I don’t want to be a college drop-out. Hay is just fuckin’ dried up grass when you’re alone!” Weird. Once inside, he advises me: “When IT — whatever IT is — shows itself, feign madness to frighten IT, make it back off, disappear.” But we didn’t have to feign madness. We *were* deep inside a form of madness. A blue-white lit space trans-fusing our bods with light, a mix of a late-Turner and a James Turrell Ganzfeld. Chit yells: “Would it help if I told you I believe in horoscopes!” Oddly, saw an open Duane Reade bag with a paperback copy of an anonymously-authored French anarchist tract our Playwright liked, *The Coming Insurrection*, and a ticket stub for the 1978 Fassbinder film *Despair*.

**THERAPIST #1:** Ah, copped by aliens on holiday in The Big Apple from that ubiquitous New York pharmacy. BTW, that film features a dopplegänger. They do that you know; run guided tourist trips to our planet: Earthbound Expeditions. Some alien tourists stay for prolonged periods to study us, snatch books, or just to gamble in our casinos.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

### ▲ SESSION ONE: CHIT

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Yellow walled room. He has a slight French accent; puts on soft jazz music.]* In reporting on an encounter with the horrific undefinability of the Real, which seems outside the regulated exchanges of the symbolic order, authenticity can be hard to determine. But we will try to get at the crux of your experience. *[Pauses.]* I'm now going to regress you to the moment of abduction, *d'accord?* *[Chit nods in the affirmative.]* Okay. Everything shared here is for the record. You can awake any time to describe an event.

**CHIT:** *[Looks puzzled.]* Good "Lacan" tryin' ta get me under, ha-ha! *Quelle catastrophe!* First we need to agree on *la question* of what it means for something to *happen* . . .

**THERAPIST #2:** Not amused by your bad pun, sir. I'm going to put you in a trance to probe your off-line cognition: memories, dreams, imagination *[minutes later relaxes, eyes close]*. Tell me, Chit, what was your initial sense of things upon entering that alien space?

**CHIT:** *[Puzzled, then face lights up.]* *Tiens, Grandmère! Un extra-terrestre!* *[Laughs.]* Just foolin'! *Uh, have I been here before?* I thought  $\left( \frac{A^3}{A^2 = (A = B)} \right)^B$  *[recalling a "familiar stranger" who visited him at times in his youth].*

Time seemed simultaneously dispersed in my mind *[raises his shirt to reveal a tattoo; the therapist, using a three-sided wooden ruler, lifts the shirt up for a better look]*. Oh, that! It's a world formula copped from some German Idealist. "Wot hopen!" I yelled as I was lifted up, weightless, kinda out-of-body-ish, to a pulsing whine (Baptists' "Rapture"). Following Chat, I was ffffloating up through an opening. Ohhh, I'm scared! Like the time when a crow hit our second-grade classroom window and I heard the window glass cry out in pain. Me mouth opened wide; bizarre green-greyish entities, a terrible invasiveness, brothy greenish blue walls *[body jerks about]*. Big eyes! Closer, those peepers looked like they had jillions of ddddots! Body wasting away-ish, me a matrix of weird brain waves.

Me amygdala sent alarms bells. Me cog-sac full of random, spinnin' thoughts. I recall some: *Make me a millionaire and a dirty martini*. Uh, that's what our Playwright calls a *zeugma*. It's a joking yoking together. THEY'VE COME TO TOUCH! I me think: *The great globe itself shall dissolve, our pageant fade, leave not a rack behind. Our life bes rounded in sleep, heh?* *[Pauses as he stares at the back of hand as it were an LCD screen.]* Oh shit! See how small the space is between my finnies *[thumb and finger put very close to each other]*? That's life. Not the universe. No, no! I couldn't have seen that! But I did! I did! No you believe me, right! Ack, ack . . . *[eyes going up into his head]*.

**THERAPIST #2:** The consensus world had been switched off for you; your brain struggled to achieve its usual reduction of ambiguity in sensed phenomena. But it's going to be

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

alright Chit. Rely on your ego and stored intellectual fuel to keep you balanced. Breathe deeply. Relax. *[Moves behind Chit.]* I see from your file you're a Gemini, Twins.

**CHIT:** *[Calming down.]* Gee am I! *Dos selves* — *Nolens* and *Volens* — unwilling and willing in Latin. I had two speakers in me, *raising the tone* from one inner utterance to the next as in *stichomythias*, old Greek theatrical redoubled dialogue. We deal here with the possibility of necessary failure *[scratches nose]* 'cause I have a third speaker emerging in *moi*. . . . Stuck in the present-indefinite in that ship. That light! Saw wall of gauges, an interactive digital whiteboard-ish thing, thought: *ubiquitous computing à la Mark Weiser*. Hey! Ubi-comp! A community of believers those freaks!

**THERAPIST #2:** You're playing out those three roles now! You know we need a sort of *consensus* within the horizon of intelligibility and an attempt to reach meaning. So . . . let's *try to get back to your entry into the ship before we probe your supposed three selves*.

**CHIT:** Hey! I named that ship! By Odin, I have! *Signiflyer*. The good ship *Signiflyer!* I can do the Lacan and love Derrida. Suppose you're gonna to cut this session short, too, huh? Snip, snip! *[Chuckles.]* Whoever THEY are, they show disdain for us. Time be boundless, the universe be wide with, maybe, distinct spaces. Chat wept like a baby and I wanted to drink like a sailor. That's just vague impressions of things after seeing those odd entities. One held a Parcheesi board game! What's *that* shit about, huh? I think I thought about that famous artwork, *Erased de Kooning* by Bobby Rauschenberg, desiring to erase *all* memory of this ongoing shit before me, before *us*, Chat 'n I. Omit. But I guess as I am, we are, supposed to recall stuff, right? Did a number on my fuckin' propensity to dis-enchant and demythologize my world, I'll tell you that. Like livin' in a conspiracy theory.

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Moves in front of Chit.]* Did you notice a New York pharmacy, Duane Reade, bag? Maybe just resting in the background or whatever?

**CHIT:** No. Noticed kid-sized Wrangler jeans dumped in a pile. But my attention quickly focused on what *wasn't* in front of me: normal stuff, comfy stuff. No Danish *hygge* here. Except for a lipstick smeared magazine photo of Marlon Brando stuck to a wall, it was all Minimalist decor from another world run by total Miesians who over-lit the *mis-en-scène* and booby-trapped it with humiliations. Yet this light was diffused in a sort of fog. Yes! Fog World! Perfect for a Phileas Fogg like me. Seems like fuzzy VR world where non-things do "speak". Like I'm inside a computer game. I try to embolden myself by thinking *If you don't lose yourself, you'll never going to find yourself*. My Transition eyeglasses didn't dim, so my eyes began to ache from the bright light. Hell, paid out the kazoo for those lenses and were useless in that weird space. Who were they? Yeah, not Martians, but Mark

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Weiserian Miesians from Arcturus and the Pleiades. Hey radio astronomers, SHOP AT THE A & P store. Hey, I like that quip! Playwright could use that in our. . .

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Moves closer, stares into Chit's eyes.]* How do you know they are from Arcturus not Zeta Reticuli? Or from another time or dimension. Did an entity tell you telepathically? Have you heard about those star systems on the news or read about them lately? Are you a fan of UbiComper Mark Weiser's vision of the future?

**CHIT:** Mark was influential. Vell, it vasn't vrom zomezing zhey zaid to me ears. All telepathic mind rap *[laughs at his bad joke]* you know. They sure can drill into your head those Thought Adjusters, inner 'n outer landscapes blur in me cog-sac. Thought I "heard" a Grey point to a small grey and say: "One day he's going to eat pizza." Said he was from a race our UFO investigators call "Pleiadians". Wanted us to grok that they belong to The Galactic Fed, but want us to call 'em The Gentle Mystics, name copped from an Earth band whose music our pop kultch calls "myco-klezmer-hip-hop-electro-burlesque". Been monitoring our media, pod casts, and gettin' weird earworms from doing so. Hey, I always suffer those repeatin' mental fuckers, too. Like I suffer from eye floaters (Chat does too). Over and over, music or phrases I can't stop thinking about, repeating. Can't omit. Drives Chat nuts. Drives our Director nuts. Drives me nuts! So I mentally asked the Mystic to see if he could delete any of those tunes. *[Directed to himself in a lower voice.]* Hell, I shoulda asked him to remove me eye floaters, too, now that I think of it. Omitted that! Fuck.

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Irritated.]* Can we get back on topic? Let me be your rudder. Relax, close your eyes and breathe fast and deep. You're going under, under. Now think back, back. What were they doing . . . what were you doing? Can you still see Chat? You're in that E.T. ship, let your mind go back, back, I am here to keep you safe, safe.

**CHIT:** Ahhhh, was nailed to the spot while spotting gender ambigy creakures, small, taller, taller. Laid out on crystalline table surrounded by odd humanoids washed in green light coming up from the exam table, filling the dim room. Thought of *Macbeth* witches. I hear Chat yell: "Speak thou vast and venerable head!" But soon she sounds like a small child, whimpering, speaking in kid-language, sobbing. I thought: *Woman, whom do you weep for?*



Raising my head, I see her. Some commotion. Chat pushing a small alien away, angry because the entity wants her to hold some weird baby. Chat is kickin' her legs 'n refusin' the baby. Lookin' 'bout I see little bluish-greys' faces 'round a station of lights, doin'

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

different tasks as directed by an adult Grey named Odna. My cog-sac registers this implanted thought: *Data has usurped experience* just as I'm give a timbral cocktail supered over those word-thoughts. It seems to think in instantaneous bursts. I start to hum: "Can't Get You Out of My Head." I'm stripped to my BVDs, put on a white plastic-like table, my toes just barely touching the floor. A larger alien approaches accompanied by a tiny, black obsidian mechanical thing that *meep murped* like a repair droid. I say "him" but who knows. Mentally, it asked me "Do you really think you one person?" I flashed on the community of the Borg in *Star Trek*, thinkin' he wanted to know if I be connected with a much larger hive mind like the Borg were.



A member of The Borg.

Meb-same [*maybe*] my behavior led him to suspect I was bipolar, or a Gemini, or a schizo lost in The Kingdom of the Grey. But when droidie tries to take a semen sample, I close my eyes 'n just keep me mind focused on my twentieth birthday celebration hike, wending my way along the famous Juney Whank Loop Trail in Smoky Mountains National Park — my underlined copy of the Brit Lit mag *Shrubs & Gorse* — where I'd look up at the many constellations at night: The Bear, The Bull, The Fish, The Crab. The stars glassed the way ahead and I followed cautiously and no harm came. So here I hoped thoughts of Old Smoky'd protect me now! BTW, the old furry guy's eightieth birthday will be next August.

**THERAPIST #2:** [*Yawns, getting bored, annoyed.*] Did she . . . he?

**CHIT:** Yeah, It's a *he*, not a *she*! If the park were female it'd be called Vap Mountains. And do you think eleven million people would visit it if it only vaped? Okay? I think that weirdo A-bomb scientist, Oppie, visited it during a trip to Oak Ridge. Died from his smoking. It was said of him in his later life, "Oppie could sure *nag a saki* to death over sushi." [*Laughs at his own bad joke.*]



Frankly, my backup plan was to gift the alien an uncanceled twenty-five cent postage stamp depicting the poet Marianne Moore, but I'd left it in my dressing room. [*Pause.*] So I pulled a turquoise ring off my right hand, a piece of skin from my finnie came with it. See. Meant it as a symbol of Reason and Unity [*shows his wound to the therapist*]. Ah, you *know* we two are walking in a floorless space between two worlds as we do this regression interview? That the reasons we can't touch a cloud and can't touch a rainbow have *nada* to do with each other. Same with US and THEM. Breeding between us and Greys seem impossible, but the Pleiadians?



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Maybe. “Do you live to hover, or hover to live?” I asked the tall Pleiadian’s assistant, Odna, who just stared deeply into my eyes with big Bug Eyes — peepers so cold they’d put out a fire — ’til he managed to pull an early childhood memory outta me: Sinking a toy ship in the tub with my toy submarine — it was when we students did civil defense “duck ’n cover” drills — and then bravely tried to rescue the toy captain, ’afore a propeller could . . . Omit. I flashed on a thought: *What is happening now used to happen from time to time in the past. I be a person. I be I. We be trapped.* Later, we excreted into a field surrounded by a cadaver-grey pre-dawn dusk. I said to Chat, “Look up! The roof of the world is opening.”

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Excited.] Unusual impressions produce unusual brain-changes. We will explore that in further sessions.*

### ▲ SESSION TWO: CHAT

**THERAPIST #1:** *Could you see what Chit was doing during your ordeal?*

**CHAT:** *AIM FOR THE STARS! Uh, ya really author a book titled *How to Win Friends and Influ-ence Aliens Without Mind Con-trol?* [No response.] I, I knew we were way-the-hell-and-gone-up-there-somewhere, as the temp in the room goes up and down in slow oscillation. Must’ve left our atmosphere in a wind-rush — it’s my pet name for their saucer, *Windrush*, as it brings migrants here who pppractice a fffffuture science and very weird mind dynamics. The alien’s words*



Artist rendition of Chit in the saucer’s “Blue Room”.

*— via mind-link — suggested they synthbio-travel. Words and sounds inside my head, but at times I saw those emerge from IT’s lips, shaped like what they spoke. Like when IT asked: “Is it true white men can’t jump?” Were we now time-jumping? That was just prior to the event with the proto-baby — the alien’s term for it was a *Lumf* — being shoved at me with the in-mind command: “Ho twoody, h-o t-w-o-o-d-y”. Not sure my spelling is correct. But before that, I was offered a cup of tea on a saucer. So I said: “Let’s make a toast,” and barely had my cup up in front of me when buttered toast magically appeared near the saucer. The brewed tea made me a bit drowsy. Then the situation became a bit more aggressive on both sides when that *Lumf* was introduced for me to hold. At the*

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

same time, Chit was being annoyed by a droid trying to buddy up to him. Chit later said the bot called him a *Grilding*, and started to gggrope his genitals. Chit went wild, simpering, childishly. Swear I heard him puke. But I, ppproud organ of misapprehension, could be in error.



I, I rrecall the milky white room we were in was hexagonal — a necessary form of absolute space according to Idealists — but quite rubbery. There was stir and commotion coming from an adjoining room. I thought I heard in my mind, very weakly, the statement: “Ignore the Grilding with the hat.” I think I heard directly, via my ears, that Grilding gargle. For some reason, I recall, it bothered me that my nails were dirty. They showed up dirty against the white plastic lab furniture. Shaw’s play *Back to Methuselah* flashed in my mind. A play that is some ten hours long. Oh, I had a bit part in it way back when. Just now something went through my head. A quote from someone: *Nature knows no forms and no concepts, no species, but only an X, which is inaccessible and indefinable to us.*

**THERAPIST #1:** You know that there may be a million people in the world that have very similar abduction experiences. Many researchers have agreed that — like you and Chit — *experi-encers* have been subjected to physical exams, machine exams, gene mods, and even gynecological procedures. A vast hybridization program may be in progress as UFO researcher Bud Hopkins first uncovered in 1983. The focus does seem to be on the production of hybrids. Many fear looking in the face what is genetically dividing them. And, most surprising, many abductees were taken multiple times at different ages so as to trace human development. Have *you* any odd memories, missed time from your early years that might pertain here? Instances of missing time in your later life? And, it is not uncommon that family members of the abductee have been abducted before as well.



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** Oh! The other side of a window! I remember. I was in Shaw's long play *Back to Methuselah*, staged over several days; well, I still can't recall some time in between performances. No one saw me during that time. I have no memory of where I was or what I did. Well, until now. Memories are starting to leak in — something staring in at me in my motel window — between screen memories of a garden with hummingbirds. I think my arms were restrained by straps inside a ship. My body writhed in awful contortions, my limbs twisting rebellion. YES! I'm sure of it. Both times the aliens tried to be reassuring. But I wasn't buying it. Later, I had red skin lesions.

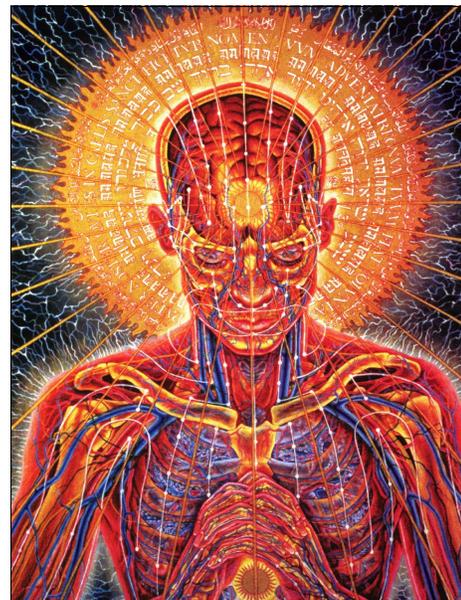


**THERAPIST #1:** Excellent! The regression's been fruitful. You're confirming your earlier statements and reaching to an earlier abduction during your stage career. Your memories are much clearer. More coherent than my ready-to-toss-in-the-towel colleague is getting from your feisty companion, Chit. "It's like thumb-wrestling him," he told me.

### ▲ SESSION TWO: CHIT

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Nipping on a flask. Chit's been hypnotized.]* You are now between reverie and rational reflection. Between what has been stated and what remains unsaid. Let's see if we can probe into that unsaid.

**CHIT:** *[Restless.]* It's not just one big alien, Odn. No! There was at one moment three of them in a glowing bluish-silver light, staring down at me as I was — er — 'frostrate' (cold and lying down). I sense I was looking up at them. They're asking me about my world as they point to my third eye. The question was *put* into my head, not heard; this is what, in a sense, it was. They had this 'thing' for railroad trains. No shit! I took them to query of me: 'Does the train's whistle when it enters the station



The Third Eye is located just above the nose.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

express a conscious intention on the locomotive's part to stop and pick up passengers?' Another entity beside that one asked: 'Your picture books show a train saying *choo-choo*, is it asking for sustenance?' By then I was getting a 'fastigue', a rapid onset of tiredness accompanied by fruit-of-the-gloom, 'meloncholy'. So I don't think I was able to satisfy their curiosity on these points. That was when my gurney, or whatever it was, was slowly wheeled under a very peculiar machine with a long probe, which was precisely aimed at my skull's third eye, or Ajna Chakra as mystics dub it. Chat told me she often rubs white Tiger Balm on hers to soothe herself after doing her swimming exercises.

**THERAPIST #2:** [*Eyes widening, tapping his wooden ruler on his head.*] Ah, the supposed 'seat of the soul' and the 'gateway to higher consciousness'! Interesting, very interesting. What then? Think hard, deeply. When you think about something, you're always thinking about it in four or five different ways.

**CHIT:** [*Laughing.*] During all this, it's, well, like one thing happens den anutter 'n anutter 'n anutter as I focus attention on the immediate present — the Event. Well, some smaller beings approached, ripped my shirt off, revealing my algebraic formula tattoo you were curious about. Seeing it, the Pleiadians, startled, began intercommunicating, but their thoughts were blocked from me. The Grey, Odna, went to a machine — a wetware computer using DNA storage? — and entered info by simply staring at it intensely as lights flashed on its panel. All three nodded approvingly in my direction. Some smaller beings, not over four feet tall, returned to get another look at my tat. Those creatures were a darker grey than the slightly larger Greys, but all had those creepy bulbous craniums with no ears or nose. Big eyes with no corneas or pupils I could discern. Velia, the ravishing Pleiadian, waved the smaller one away, put her face very close to me mindscanning, telling me "Amargi" [*Sumerian word for "Return to mother"*], increasing our rapport, distracting me from what Odna was doing at the panel. The poet Rilke had it right: "The beautiful is nothing but the beginning of the dreadful which we are just able to sustain, and we admire it so much because it aims to destroy us with its calm disdain." [*Tongue hangs out lazily.*] Oh, and *all* the creatures were thin and clad in form-fitting clothing. Perfect diets from biosynthetic chow? Hey, we could promote "The E.T. Diet", make some bucks out of our trauma! In Singapore cultured chicken nuggets are already being sold. Suddenly, Odna switched on the energy to that long probe focused on my third-eye. Jeeze, did I get a head rush! Began to see reddish and bluish geometric patterns [*see Third Eye illustration on page 11*]. Not unlike a psilocybin trip from magic mushrooms I once had where tree leaves turned into crystalline forms, like in Ballard's story *The Crystal World*. But then the pattern cleared and I was presented with a series of images.



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

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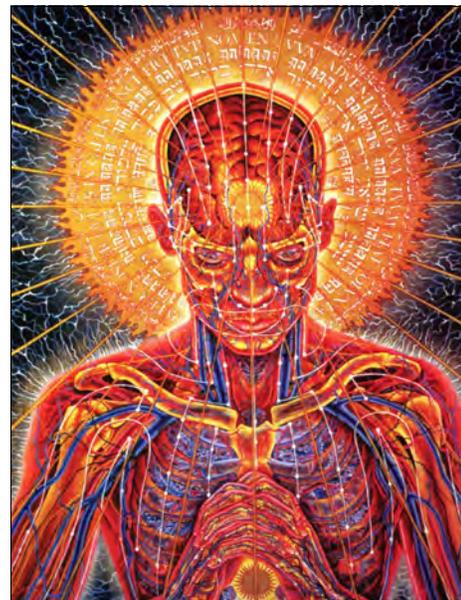


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Oh, and *all* the creatures were thin and clad in form-fitting clothing. Perfect diets I guess from biosynthetic chow. Hey, we could promote "The E.T. Diet", make some bucks out of our trauma! In Singapore cultured chicken nuggets are already being sold. Suddenly, Odna switched on the energy to that long probe focused on my third-eye. Jeeze, did I get a head rush! Began to see reddish and bluish geometric patterns [*see Third Eye illustration on page 11*]. Not unlike a psilocybin trip from magic mushrooms I once had where tree leaves turned into crystalline forms, like in Ballard's story *The Crystal World*. But then the pattern cleared and I was presented with a series of images.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Sensed that Odnabe putting my heart in her recipe, monitoring my emotional response to a finale of images: an alien-human porn flick; poor kids having dog food for dinner; a bottle of pearl-green Prell shampoo (introduced the year I was born, 1947); an ad for Eat Just biosynthetic chicken breasts; Astronaut Kate Rubins performing the first successful DNA sequencing in space *[in 2016]*; biophysicist Harold Morowitz explaining the



Robert Oppenheimer with A-bomb blast photo.

thermodynamics required to make the perfect pizza; a view from space of the Pacific Ocean Trash Vortex which is three times the size of France; a MAGA dude machine-gunning a stack of Coors beer cans; troubled teens high on Red Bull and Skittles getting to mischief; Trump in handcuffs; the head of the Wagner Group, Russian Yevgeny Prigozhin's jet crashing *[related to Chit prior to the actual crash!]*; Oppenheimer, pointing to an atomic explosion; the Grand Canyon; George C. Scott as Patton blathering on in front of a huge American flag; Bruce Lee adeptly handling nunchuks; a satellite view of California wild-fires; a dangerous crack in an amusement park roller coaster; a shark-bitten swimmer; Texas Governor Greg Abbott, he and his wheelchair trapped in razor-wire, bleeding like Christ crucified on the border; cops beating a black guy with their flashlights; Beyoncé, no, possibly a Drag Queen imitating her, can't be sure, it's beyond saying; a woman breast-feeding a monkey; an ugly (to me, not Odnabe) alien doll; Hunter Biden in a slick suit flanked by lawyers; a kid eating a Snickers bar; a Donald Judd Minimalist sculpture installation vandalized by taggers; a hydrogen bomb blast; the Challenger space shuttle exploding; a Taco Bell taco being eaten by a Grey; a poster of Goebbels with a speech balloon reading: *KEEP IT SIMPLE*. Finally, President Reagan being shot, Trump with Jeffrey Epstein.

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Making coffee in his Keurig machine; voice rising as the brew is made.] Was Chat exposed to this image presentation as well? [No answer. Chit's fallen sleep.]*

### ▲ SESSION THREE: CHAT

**THERAPIST #1:** Take off your lavender scarf, it's the color of forgetting! *[Pauses.]* My colleague says Chit suffered various mental images of our culture. Were you, too?

**CHAT:** *[Mumbling due to her hypnotic state.]* Lying spell bound, can't move, mesmerized by what I see. *[Becomes more articulate.]* Ah, I, I, hmmm, where's my twig tea today? My butt crack itches. Ah, ah, to kinda answer your queshshun, ah, ah. Images, right? TV, but inside my noggin, programmed by Mengus and made to feel like sexual electricity.

**THERAPIST #1:** They can do that. Create a libertine mood.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** *[Head moving side-to-side.]*  
Yes! I felt boundless.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Emphatic, louder.]*  
DID YOU SEE ANY IMAGES WITH  
YOUR EYES OR BY MINDSCAN?

**CHAT:** *[Head rises, traces of fear in her yes.]* Oh, oh. Pictures? A kind of slide show in my mind. I heard a voice saying *Wiggle of a worm is as important as the assassination of an Earth president.* Saw dead immigrants floating in water; cereal box with a portrait of a serial killer on it, Bundy I think; an old Grateful Dead poster (I remember feeling grateful I'm alive); a scene of a young woman sharing a malted milk with an alien in an ice cream shop; some odd kind of alien Barbie; a Star Trek-like alien land-scape; Belgian waffles with butter and syrup, immediately followed by an unpleasant image of starving kids in Africa; a photo of a lynched black man; a tornado-ravaged town; an aerial view of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building after the terrorist bombing; Israel invading Gaza (weeks prior to the actual incident); an alien autopsy photo; fucking Governor De Santis herding a bunch of migrants onto flying saucers; an old poster advertising the Fifties sci-fi film *Earth versus the Flying Saucers*. That's all I recall. . . . Oh, and most startling!



**THERAPIST #1:** *[Very excited.]* What? What!

**CHAT:** *[Becomes more alert.]* Oh, god! I almost forgot, must've been the lavender scarf. I was used as a character in an alien playacting scene. I was surrounded by 'characters' in a staged event on a raised platform. I recall a couch, a lamp stand with a flower pot (it looked artificial); there was a child's highchair with an alien baby in it center-stage. We were to enact a family scene, that's how I understood it from the mind-link between us. A feeding bottle with green



water (I assumed) and Gerber baby food in jars were brought in by smaller aliens and I was urged to feed the creepy infant creature by hand. When I resisted a larger alien stood close to me and with his mindscan relaxed me, "Come on, it's not so bad. Some it will eat

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

pizza,” he said telepathically to make me compliant so I’d perform the motherly task. The creature opened its mouth wide. I tried to not look into its huge dark eyes while feeding it. It’s body displayed no emotion or satisfaction what so ever. Then a smaller Grey approached and quickly snipped a lock of my hair, running to hand it to the largest being on stage; it dabbed some kind of goo thereon and stuck it to the bare head of the infant. The aliens’ bodies shook in what I took as alien laughter. I was NOT pleased. *[Shows the therapist where her hair had been snipped off.]* Oh, and yes, I know, the fact the creatures demonstrated they understood humor is a significant . . .

**THERAPIST #1:** Yes, it is! Very important finding. It means there could be a link established between us other than merely a scientifico-logical one, you know, using math symbols and all that. I wonder would these entities find Johnny Knoxville movies funny or prefer silent-era film comedies? Keaton over Chaplin?

**CHAT:** *[Excited.]* Would they ‘get’ Red Skelton? Nope. Groucho? No. *Sponge Bob*, maybe. Sarah Silverman? I DON’T THINK SO. They wouldn’t grok verbal wit. The mind mind-link thing would fuck it up.



A Grey points.

Oh, the final image, if my recall is accurate, was testical — sorry — I mean *statistical* — a chart showing that Presidential candidates on national TV in 1968 were given on the average a sound-bite of 42.3 seconds, which by 1988 had declined to 9.8 seconds. I wondered why the stats weren’t updated to reflect 2022, at least. My response to these numbers — they upset me — seemed to cause some exchange of glances between the aliens. The tallest, most dominant, moved close to me, pointing a long ugly finny right at my schnoz. Was the entity noticing I once had a nose job? Was it trying to extract data? Or just fucking with me. I recall a chill shook me. I screamed out loud some invented language copped from a Cristina Garza novel: *Na pa glu! Glu hiserfui glu trenji fredso glu, glu-glu!* A scary moment. Anxiety. It still bothers me. One thing, these Greys aren’t interested in human advice or any type of consultation. A taller male did tell me: *We not from a place. From somewhere a way’s away from a place.* Go figure, huh?

**THERAPIST #1:** That book you quoted was *The Iliac Crest*. A favorite with therapists. Anxiety — might the entity be provoking it just to explore that emotion in you? Fuck with your DNA? It shows they have a sense of the importance of media, biosynthesis, and politics; significant, the use of old stats. And that intense finger pointing engagement. Did the finger tip glow by any chance?

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** [*Uneasy.*] No. It wasn't an 'E.T. call home' moment. It didn't, but the end of the finger was larger than a human's like in the movie.

**THERAPIST #1:** Psychologist C. G. Jung in his 1958 book *Flying Saucers: A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Sky* — informed by retired Major Donald E. Keyhoe's *The Flying Saucers are Real* (1950) and *Flying Saucers from Outer Space* (1953) — wrote that belief in aliens was an activation of archetypes in the collective unconscious.

**CHAT:** [*Still a bit anxious.*] Oh, like *Man and his Symbols*! Primal memories? Are you saying what I'm describing is only monsters from the Id or something?

**THERAPIST #1:** No. Don't think you're thinking up an alternative reality. Chit's testimony is close to yours. Other studies of *experiencers* — a more politically correct term, but a bit all pink and fluffy — have confirmed many of the features you and Chit describe. Wilhelm Reich wrote of flying saucers, claiming in 1952 to have seen one. A close-encounter-of-the-fourth-kind back in the Sixties in Eagle River, Wisconsin, involved — so claimed the amazed witness — aliens inviting him to have pancakes. But a careful examination of the photo taken of said *experiencer* holding the pancake [*see frontispiece article*], reveals the aliens actually made what are called 'Johnny Cakes', a *cornmeal* pancake. I know because my mother always served them on Sundays.

**CHAT:** [*Chuckling.*] After what I went through, anything's possible! I think *contactee* a better term. Shit! I just remembered! My mouth, teeth, were examined. Odná responded oddly when discovering a denture on my lower left side. Mengus was curious, too.

### ▲ SESSION THREE: CHIT

**THERAPIST #2:** [*Sliding his fingers along the length of his triangle-shaped ruler.*] Chit, what was the most disturbing moment of your abduction.

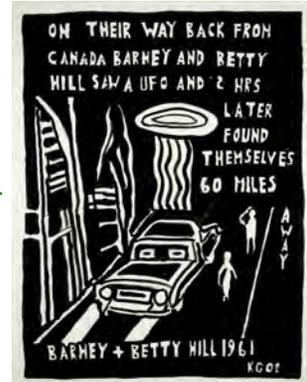


**CHIT:** [*Laughing uneasily.*] Actually two moments. Upon seeing the Greys, as they've been called, I started flashing on an event when I was a teen. I was vacationing in Eagle River, Wisconsin over the Easter holiday in 1968 with my grandparents. They'd rented a fishing cabin on Yellow Birch Lake. It was early morning and my grandma was making pancakes. I just happened to look at the window and swore I saw a strange, blurry feminine-looking creature peeking in. But the figure vanished so quickly I thought maybe I was still dreaming or something. Later that day, my grandfather wanted to take me snowmobiling, but I couldn't be found. All assumed I'd wandered off

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

in the woods. I couldn't explain the missing time, so I just said I'd climbed a tree to watch a snowmobile race and must have dozed off. Shit! . . . Could that've been my initial abduction?

**THERAPIST #2:** You probably had an earlier one, like the Betty and Barney Hill case in the 1960s [see *Ken Grimes print*]. You know Chat thinks *she* was abducted before. Not uncommon, serial abductions. Usually at different ages through life. I have to tell Chat's therapist about this, because there *was* an *experiencer* of a strange alien pancake-cooking incident in Eagle River in mid-April that same year. Very strange tale, as you can imagine. A guy being invited aboard a ship to be served pancakes by aliens! Intergalactic House of Pancakes!



Ken Grimes print.

**CHIT:** [Laughing.] Ah, so, did this Cheese Head, emboldened, then exclaim: 'Ooooh, waitress, service! Can I get a Blatz beer and a Club sandwich?' But the guy probably invented the tale to literally get out of the hellish existence of those Wisconsin's winters, go somewhere warmer. As wacky French poet, Antonin Artaud, put it: *No one has ever written, painted, sculpted, modeled, built, or invented except literally to get out of hell.* Kinda painful, huh? Ah, life under Capitalism! It's a life of collective insanity, especially *maintenant*; makes the abduction scenario seem not so nutso, huh?

**THERAPIST #2:** [Laughing. *Not to be out done by his patient.*] Or as Camus exclaimed: *In the midst of winter I finally found there was, within me an invincible summer,* Good to see you appreciate Artaud. But back to the story: so then that alien gets huffy and replies to the human: 'Talk to my manager.' Well, the human probably dropped a stinky pancake in his BVDs. Seriously, that guy swears this event is true. Official government agencies got involved and what not. I'd prefer the aliens serve Earl Grey tea and a plate of homemade blueberry scones. But back on topic. What was the other disturbing moment you experienced during your time on that ship?

**CHIT:** [Long pause.] Ah, seeing Chat with having a long probe go up her nose. It seemed like they were implanting something there and then at the base of her skull. She was terrified. I was helpless to rescue her. Drawing on my superb command of language, I said nothing. Then an idea popped. An alien command from the original *The Day the Earth Stood Still* film [1951]. I yelled: KLAATU, BARDA NIKTO! GORT, BARENGA! Well, it was a tense moment. The tall alien's head tilted, like a curious dog's; sensing my ire, he then came over to do a mind-link to quell my anxiety with a telepathic version of the Beach Boys popular song "Don't Worry Baby".

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Hits the palm of his hand with that ruler.]* I believe you! Other abductees have described this mind-link procedure. Chat mentions a Grey raising its hand, doing odd finger gestures before pointing a long finger directly at her nose. She helped an artist depict one peculiar hand gesture the alien used *[shows the photo]*. Did you see such?



**CHIT:** *[Long pause.]* Ah, could be. Things confusing as the interior lighting in the craft be film-noirish, what our stage-lighting expert — we call him ‘God’, you know, ‘Let there be Light!’ — calls *clair - obscure*. I found me wishing I had the army of light bulbs like Ralph Ellison’s character in *The Invisible Man* had in his basement hide-out.

**THERAPIST #2:** I understand. But back to Chat. Her description of a finger, might really have been a *probe* about to go up her nose. We know of instances where small BB-sized thingamajigs get inserted in the abductee. Shows up on an X-ray some months later after abductees complained of Post-Abduction Syndrome *[PAS]* and get medical care.

**CHIT:** *[Long pause.]* That bizarre alien interior was a kind of space inside which one could destroy oneself, go mad, even commit a crime! It was UNHUMAN. But on second thought, it did have its good points. I mean I was removed from the company of imbeciles who prefer Trump to Biden. . . . Omit! Am I showing symptoms of this now?

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Putting done the ruler.]* Well, when you are under the influence of hypnosis, it is difficult to discern, but most likely. Weeks may go by until you experience deeper repercussions, Chit. You may see some the more disturbing events in more clarity later and will need to revise your testimony. A panic attack when something is freshly recalled is common. Expect that. But to unravel a torment one has to begin somewhere, hence these interviews.

**CHIT:** *[Eyes go upward.]* Oh shit, Chit. *[Puts his hands over his eyes.]* GIRD YO’SELF MIT STEEL, DER LIGHTS ARE GOIN’ OUT! Oh, shit! I just saw in my mind right now I saw: stars against a black background. Hell, we were in space! I felt like the astonished USAF jet pilot *[Captain*



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

*Christopher*] when he and his F-104 jet are tractor-beamed aboard the starship *Enterprise* in an old “Star Trek” TV episode [*Tomorrow is Yesterday*, aired January 26, 1967], when Kirk and his crew inadvertently time-travel to the Sixties. I loved that episode as fiction; not so nice as reality . . . [*A few fractured sentences, his teeth chatter for a few seconds as his voice trails off; a single slim foot clad in grey sneakers, lit by late-afternoon sun from a window, slowly slips off the couch onto the floor; silence, Chit starts a low snoring.*]

**THERAPIST #2:** [*Lightly touching him on the head with his wooden ruler.*] Sleep tight, Chit, until we chat again. [*Whispering in his ear.*] May any future nocturnal lights not frighten you, may you remain calm, you will try to observe dispassionately these memories. And, YES, that will be difficult.

### ▲ SESSION FOUR: CHAT

**THERAPIST #1:** I am going to put you under once more. Okay? Breathe deeply, relax [*swinging the spherical charm*], relax. Good. Good.



**CHAT:** [*Smiling.*] Oh, like my glow-in-the-dark yo-yo! I feel safe with you. My terror is lessening each session.

**THERAPIST #1:** [*Some time passes.*] Would you call yourself a pessimist or an optimist? Sorry, if this is too binary for you.

**CHAT:** [*Head relaxes, rolling slightly on the couch.*] I’m a pessimistic optimist. Yeah. I often experience an exquisite joy of being just, *moi*, even if some folks think my pronoun is *they*. I hear in my head: *What wonderful things am I going accomplish today, but what about tomorrow?* But such accomplishment is meant to refer to simply doing things I enjoy, not accomplishment in the sense becoming famous like Chit does.

**THERAPIST #1:** And Chit? How would you describe him. I mean you two seem to have some thespian connection, albeit not overtly romantic.

**CHAT:** Chit’s an optimistic pessimist. Why he always utters “Omit!” You can see it even in his swimming stroke, doing 83 laps using whip-kick and frog-kick, but never the Australian crawl. We’re opposites that attract. But it’s all ‘Play-Tonic’ between us, as I like to phrase it. Playin’-Jarism, copping material from diverse sources, is part of our shared Lit-thing with the Playwright. We like to have fun — with words — *immediately!*

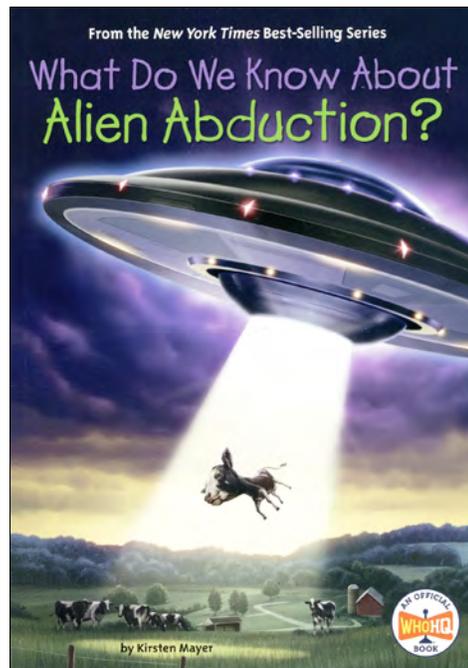
## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**THERAPIST #1:** See? You are coming out of the trance already. Speaking more normally. But that fun ceased *immediately* when you both were abducted?

**CHAT:** No shit, Sherlock. That alien ship was the most nightmare-saturated place . . . Not sure the Director will be able to get me up on stage to re-enact the fantastic events . . . *[her voice trails off]*.

**THERAPIST #1:** But such an enactment would be mentally healthy for you — and Chit.

**CHAT:** I suppose. *Vee ist* kindred souls in a vay *[playing at a German accent]* because of our differences. Why our Director hired us to incarnate the Playwright's bizarre ideas.



New York Times Best Seller by Kristen Mayer.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Playings along.]* Dat's vat I thot, Thoth *[laughs]*. I am going to give you and Chit a book, an *Alien Abduction for Dummies* crash-course *[hands her the book]*.

**CHAT:** Thanks for the compliment! Chit and I can read these over together and chat a tat about our status as *experiencers* and *messengers*. Say, next time you put me under, I want to explore something very odd I sensed on the ship, *not* the tubes with fetuses.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Taking great interest, bends closer.]* I'm listening.

**CHAT:** *[Points.]* That K-Cup there. Do I smell cinnamon?

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Nodding.]* Indeed. Cinnamon Dolce coffee. You have a good sense of smell. My fav.

**CHAT:** *[A chill shaking her body.]* Think I *smelled* the scent of cinnamon — a Cinnabon? — while captive. Very last thing I'd expect. But E.T.s might like that treat . . .



**THERAPIST #1:** My colleague, who has been interviewing Chit, prefers the Bigelow tea version sipped from my colleague's Klaatu KL93 plastic mug *[Gort was encased in this plastic in the original The Day the Earth Stood Still]*.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Think about that odor, probe your memory. You know that one rarely registers odors in dreams, so it behooves us to do a deeper hypnosis session about this. Okay?

**CHAT:** *[Flushed.]* Okay. I'll sleep on it, try to sleep on it, if you know what I mean.

### ▲ SESSION FOUR: CHIT

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Talking to Chit before putting him under hypnosis.]* By the way, the EMTs who rushed you both to the hospital are on record that you and Chat's wrist watches were stopped at precisely the same time. One would expect that.

**CHIT:** *[Eyes widen.]* Oh, yeah! Mine, my watch, has not worked since. I tried a new battery and no go. The date's fucked up, too. Can't vouch for Chat's. But I assume . . .

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Hands Chit a large white plastic cup of brewed Bigelow cinnamon stick tea.]* Drink up. Good for you. *[Sits back, holding his three-sided ruler with both hands before him as if grabbing the safety rail on a wild roller-coaster ride.]*

**CHIT:** *[Holds cup, sniffs deeply. Terrified expression on his face, starts to hyperventilate.]* BY ODIN, I SMELLED, *DISTINCTLY SMELLED*, CINNAMON WHILE ON THE ALIEN SHIP! SO IT WASN'T A DREAM! *[Pauses.]* It wasn't from a brew they made, that I'm sure of. I think it emanated from their — fuck! — very bodies! I smelt it when they came close to me. Now how can *that* be?



**THERAPIST #2:** *[Hands Chit a book titled How to Live Safely in a Science Fictional Universe by Charles Yu.]* You will surely enjoy this metafictional foray . . .

**CHIT:** *[Grabs the book.]* Oh yeah! Our Director had us read it prior to the final scene we were filming, the scene when we were abducted. He wanted us to think about an epigraph therein by physicist David Deutsch: *Time does not flow. Other times are just special cases of other universes.* When we told him Chat and I had experienced what seemed to be time-travel — we'd utter some nonsense jingle and BOOM! we'd be somewhere else — he got very excited, told the Playwright about it, and they both began pushing appropriate texts our way.



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Excited expression on his face.]* Oh, uh, you're not shittin' me? Ah, no you aren't are you? *[Face becomes suddenly very serious.]*

**CHIT:** *[Grabs the therapists hands, speaks very sincerely.]* No, sir! As true as literature can be! Aren't you gonna put me under now?

**THERAPIST #2:** I wanted to just talk as normally as possible with you. Sometimes interesting issues arise, like this time-travel admission. Say a noun aloud and it may surge into consciousness in unexpected ways. Now, I am beginning to wonder if that 'missing time' episode during your vacation trip to Eagle, River might have been a time or dimension travel event? What say?

**CHIT:** *[Sips the cinnamon tea, sniffing deeply.]*

Hmmm, but both Chat and I suffered no loss of memory from our time-travel and it fit well into the gist of the Playwright's script where, as he put it, "chronodiegetic-manipulation of the script" was welcomed. I think I would've recalled that Easter vacation event if it had been time-travel. No, I, I, I think I was *abducted* back then, a series of bizarre instants alive of which I have *zip* memory of. I'm surprised I can recall this recent abduction, albeit in fuzzy terms with fuzzy logic, as much decoherence as that wacky old Western movie sidekick Fuzzy Knight.



**THERAPIST #2:** Well, we did have to put you under to get at more experiences.

**CHIT:** If my recent abduction had been pleasant or enlightening, if their skin had been like exotic tigers from which I could read their sacred texts, rather than awful dull grey, I'm sure I'd have exited their ship waving my hand, a slice of pizza in the other, and bowing to Velia's charms, declaiming in Italian: *Grazie, creatura incantevole!* And recalled the event in detail without suffering any anxiety. But no! Terrifying images pulsed behind my eyes. Remember alien names like "Qfwfq" and "Xan" put into my head by neural link. Hurts my tongue now to pronounce 'em.



**THERAPIST #2:** *[Laughs.]* Well, seems those Greys *tried* to calm you using mind-control and personalizing themselves with names when they might be just referred to as "Two-of-seven" or "Three-of-eight! A tactic remarked by nearly all experiencers interviewed.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHIT:** Although I am starting to recall thanks to our sessions, I keep thinking of marvelous quote from writer-illustrator Rikki Ducornet — hmmm, she'd be eighty now — which I'm adjusting to fit the circumstances of my experience: *When language and memory are fucked up, all us abductees can hope for is an escape from a syrupy-aired cabinet reeking of badly preserved specimens and tinged with odor of cinnamon.* Now Ducornet really dug spaces that evoked strangeness to the eye, mind, and body all at once. But I doubt if she'd like what Chat and I saw, though. Our Playwright touted Rikki's declamation: *the insignificant instant signifies everything* and wanted us to work that into our stage presence and dialogue. But no instant of *my* abduction experience was insignificant! Meeting Velia who seemed to provide female sympathy for me. I was taller than those creatures, yet I constantly felt puny. The Puny-Eck Wars! — puns permit me to overcome unpleasant situations played out a particular location in space-time. As I, a problem to be solved, begin to recall more of the event, thanks to you, the quantity and escape velocity of those memories are increasing against the gravitational pull of my traumatized grey matter.

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Laughs.]* Ah, that's because I tampered with your Tau modulator!

### ▲ SESSION FIVE: CHAT

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Sipping on a cup of cinnamon coffee.]* That cinnamon odor which you and Chit recalled? Well, some sci-fi writers posit it's the dust of dying robots. Specifically, 'buddy bots', which function like our pets do for us. You hug a dog, get fur on you, your clothes. Same for the Greys, but in a form of dust. Might be crap, might not. *[Sets down cup, moves closer.]* You work in this biz long enough — the self-consciousness industry — you think you know what you are really doing. Like its: *Attach the sensors to the patient's fingertips; have the patient put on the mind-output goggles, lie back and away we go!* NOPE, just kidding. We can't get abductees to experience the past as if it was the present. I do know how to put traumatized people under hypnosis, but often it's a crap shoot. Some people's defenses are just deeply ingrained. It's all an irregular exercise in sifting through imagination and memory to get at facts. Yet, one is still left with the exceedingly improbable, yet hypothetically possible, states of affairs.

**CHAT:** Yeah, yeah, like in that strange mystical tome, *The Urantia Book* *[go to URL: <https://www.urantia.org>];* it has fascinated generations since it was first published in 1955.

**THERAPIST #1:** For instance, one female abductee claimed she awoke inside the vestibule of an enormous Buddhist temple, smelling cinnamon incense; a bell rings, but no one is in sight. To make a long story short, after many sessions under hypnosis, she realized

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

to her horror, it was actually an alien ship with Greys slow-walking like zombies around her. She now believes the Buddhist temple image-memory was implanted because she herself is a Buddhist and such a location would calm her.



**CHAT:** *[Lost in her own thoughts; eyes wandering to a white board with Post-It notes slapped thereon.]* So an abducted cop would be served heaps of donuts? Elon Musk would find himself before a Tower of Babel-like stack of Trumpean golden toilets? So well would these visions nourish the abductee's eye that a minute stare alone would quiet their emotions for hours. Sounds devious. Hell, I should know! Maybe our family was a victim of a transgenerational abductional haunting.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Chuckling.]* Ah, ownership being long confused with personal pride. The curse of neoliberalism. One woman did confess: "I'm drawn to Elon's musk."

**CHAT:** Hey, might the E.T.s' ancestors have visited Earth centuries ago, intergalactic Touareg of sorts, and so their interest in our era is cosmological nostalgia. Or it may be a form of cosmological school trips with Pleiadians taking smaller Greys (children?) to Earth to show them where their ancestors had traveled millennia ago. Like tours offered to American Jewish children of Jerusalem. Or, what if *they* started our civilization and are returning to check up on us? Might their hearts (or what serves as a heart) pulse between hope and disappointment. Their plea to us being: **YOU'RE THE FUCKING GRILDINGS [HUMANS]. BY ODIN, DO SOMETHING!**

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Putting her cup down, knowing that yak-yak helps develop material that has just emerged into consciousness.]* Yeah, like destroy all economic monsters — like NAFTA! Attack all hatred or indifference to the Other. If they *are* monitoring our media, and saw Trump, *et al.* along with the horrible effects of climate change on our biosphere — what Timothy Morton calls a "hyperobject" because you can't see it, can't touch it, but know it exists, that one is part of it and should care about it. Aliens might wish to save us, transport some humans to their world, like in Spielberg's *Close Encounters*. Of course, we'd have to be biologically modified in some way to survive there, I suppose.

**CHAT:** *[Excitedly.]* Hence, the various experiments and procedures reported by us abductees! How should I regard these experiences we are dredging up? I mean . . .

**THERAPIST #1:** Believe that Nature plays with greater freedom at the secret edges of the

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

cosmos. Speaking of nature, shitting is the price we pay for being mortal, right? Yet I have yet to hear from any abductee about how and where they *eliminated* during the hours or days of long captivity on the alien ship. No mention of bedpans, catheters, or diapers.



**CHAT:** *[Laughing.]* That's because the *whole experience* is very shitty and abductees are already pissed off! A wallop of unwell-being. . . . Oh, it just came to me. In Borges's story "The Lottery in Babylon" [1941] there is a sacred latrine named *[spells it out]* Q-A-P-H-Q-A. Maybe all an abductee had to do was pronounce it and the ship's lavatory would PUFF magically appear!



"Loona-Tik", a J. G. Ballard-endorsed alien bathroom facility.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Excited look on her face.]* Hell, who can pronounce *that*? But nice to see you can joke about it. Shows marked progress in defusing your anxieties. Take this Xerox home, peruse it, and tell me what you think *[handing Chat a Xerox]*.

A theory that would begin to explain the abduction phenomena would thus have to account for five basic dimensions. These are:

1. The high degree of consistency of detailed abduction accounts, reported with emotion appropriate to actual experiences told by apparently reliable observers.
2. The absence of psychiatric illness or other apparent psychological or emotional factors that could account for what is being reported.
3. The physical changes and lesions affecting the bodies of the experiencers, which follow no evident psychodynamic pattern.
4. The association with UFOs witnessed independently by others while abductions are taking place (which the abductee may not see).
5. The reports of abductions by children as young as two or three years of age (see Colin in chapter 6).

Xerox from *Abduction: Human Encounters with Aliens* (1994), John E. Mack, M.D.

**CHAT:** *[Grabs the paper.]* That's weird. I'm flashing on Menus — no it was Odn —

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

holding a paper in hand, performing a slick magic trick, making it disappear. He extends his empty hand toward me. I can barely make out a curved wall behind him with triangular monitoring equipment pushed against it. Can't move, numbed. Moves closer . . . Eck! Tissue samples taken. "Hell, you get the hell out of my uterus!" I cried. *[All twang and tension now.] STOP! STOP!*

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Puts a hand on Chat's shoulder.]* A Rimbaudian season in Hell, huh? There, there. It's going to be alright. Other's have gone through this horror. I can give you some Xanax to use when the terror overtakes you. But this is significant, as it shows me what you are telling me has been communicated sincerely and authentically. I really do admire your determination to probe your memories, especially childhood traumas. We'll continue in a few days when you have a chance to process these experiences.

### ▲ SESSION FIVE: CHIT

**THERAPIST #2:** Got your *I am an other*, Rimbaudian e-mail. Baby steps toward wrestling with abduction traumas. Existentialism says we don't construct our identities alone; we don't control them. I can guide introspective attention toward your current, conflictive self-consciousness, that "Genou" thing you believe is overtaking you, as you put it: "I am not me moves toward the Other is me as windows groan." We must check you for reverse intermetamorphosis. The test of first-rate smarts is holding two opposed ideas at the same time and still function, or so wrote F. S. Fitzgerald. *[Reads Chit's e-mail out loud]:*

:

*Doc: Gone from "Me groin be on fire, me spine aches," to deeper thoughts like I feel my "I is too big for me, three times too big." I'm a plural verb in future tense. An inner voice of an Other seems valid as my own. It's rooted in Language — thanks Lacan — and almost as though two completely different Selves — my Gemini-Me constellation and an Alien-Self (I - We). Je-Nous in French, or as I put it, "Genou", meaning Knee, my "Three Nomial Voices". I call out to its knock "Come in and play". Jeu (play in French) and Je (I) sound alike. Causes a kind of warp in Self / Universe in which I'm invited to participate via these Messenger Hosts of Space. A return to some kind of cosmic part - whole , inside - outside relationship to create a convoluted holism. A place in the cosmic design which entails taking calamity as the normal circumstance of the universe. I feel invited to just go out of myself, go anywhere. Liberated! We are Outward Bound! Dig that doc! Some experiences totally change me-two into we-three, from an impenetrable self into a dynamical unself, Genou. I playing at being a Spaceman — of sorts — like Wilhelm Reich. — Chit's Barely Formulable Gropings of Mind*

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHIT:** [*Pleased with himself.*] Yeah, trying to blend me bipolar-ish anarchist tendencies into a higher Genouian consciousness as encouraged bby Velia. Beyond the everyday. I'm trying to build from the fantastic experience into more general ideas so that past can inform my future. Hell, I even have been reading about live stock mutilations. I had a dream: a hybrid cyclopean beast, propelled by rocket engines, blasts off and then I hear a commanding voice: *ZONE OUT AND STARE AT YOUR HAND FOR 1,000 YEARS!*

Fuck! Am I a bonehead or might these mutilations be more primitive, more mystical, mythic, sacrificial and not scientific? So we might need more ancient ways of looking at things, like Indigenous peoples do. Searching for transpersonal meanings — we not me — might be the way to engage with fantasy, disavowal, and misrecognition in these experiences. And what do I call *myself*? Not *Ich bin ich*, despite my ECK disgust with myself. Where do *I* begin and *We* end?



**THERAPIST #2:** [*Curious.*] You suffer from a combination of feelings held at arm's length and bundled in theory, but now Chit — er Genou — you feel you're now part of a larger consciousness? You're not alone in this. Scientists have proposed such. New research reveals hints of quantum states in tiny proteins called micro-tubules in brain cells. Our self-consciousness might be a global *simulation* rooted in quantum-based computations.

**CHIT:** Yeah, well the mystical inspection of entrails — *haruspication* — which has its origin in the Middle East, might be the reason for those well-documented animal atrocities. Livers of sheep were targeted as sources of divine knowledge. In the Italian city of Piacenza there is a Etruscan bronze liver sculpture with inscriptions [*see photo insert*]. This fits the crop circle phenomenon which have no scientific purposes we can discover. Are we merely assuming that our Western scientific attitude is shared by these creatures, when science may play a minor role in what these beings are actually doing? The Etruscan god Tages, a *haruspex*, had an infant's face, a dwarf's body, and an old man's head symbolizing wisdom — a hybrid creature. The epitome of strangeness, like the aliens are to us!



**THERAPIST #2:** [*Reaching for his 3-sided ruler.*] Interesting. But are they trying to teach us about a new level of consciousness, or simply warning us about Earth's fucked future?

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHIT:** [*Excited.*] Yeah, wow! Now Genou thinks we can now see *your* aura! Like double rainbows over the ruddy post-storm Sangre de Cristos [*mountains in Santa Fe.*]

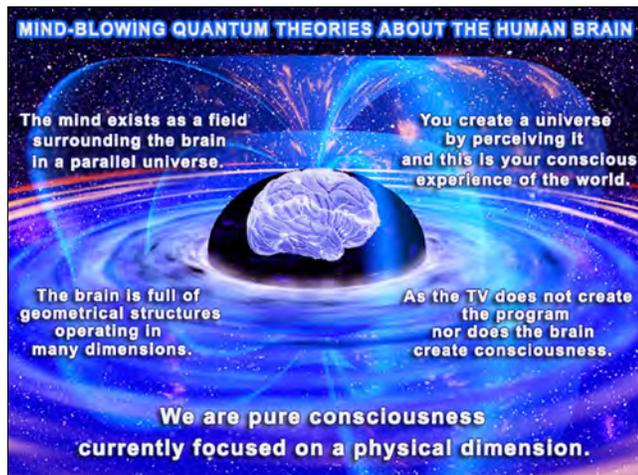
Yesterday we did a woodcut of dancing aliens [*takes a print out of a slim briefcase.*] See? Doing so

helped us to control panic attacks, opening us up to *beaucoup* pleasant feelings about the abduction and my wounds. Where there's a wound there's a subject, right? Making *me* more aware of Genou's emerging presence and US. Yep! Panic-to-calm in minutes as we created this woodcut together.



Chit - Genou's woodcut of dancing aliens.

**THERAPIST #2:** [*Tapping his 3-sided ruler in his palm.*] Inter-esting. Yes. The use of *we* as your pronoun. You know, from my experience with other hybrids, if you stop guzzling caffeine and alcohol, chocolate and sugar, these hybrid experiences will over time become increasing emergent as your Chi energy — the bridge between your form and your thoughts and sensations — increases and you move toward quantum cosmic consciousness, Chit-Chi Consciousness.



Theories akin to those of ancient Hermetic philosophy.

**CHIT:** Yo! From now on it's lavender tea *sans* sweetener while reading Tibetan Buddhist writings or pondering a Zen Koan — *What is the sound of one hand clapping?* (I heard it once at the end of a performance I gave) — and try to boost my Chit-Chi energy.

**THERAPIST #2:** [*Pointing his ruler at Chit.*] Ah, if you have bladder issues . . . well . . . lavender tea is a diuretic, dude. Try Kukicha tea instead. A kick ass antioxidant.

**CHIT:** Oh yeah! My first serious girl friend, Kari Gane — we met under my favorite shade tree at college — recommended it, too. Speaking of diuretics doc . . . has your office's toilet been fixed yet? Omit! So many toilet's out of order in Santa Fe these days.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

### ▲ SESSION SIX: CHAT

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Confident, leans back, hands locked behind her head.]* Let's take a minute to evaluate your progress. To date you've managed to regress and recall your abduction during the Bernard Shaw play *[see page 10]*. To probe further to see if you might have been abducted when younger, I've asked you to bring a relevant photo of yourself as a young child.

**CHAT:** *[Pulls out her iPhone, shows an image.]* Here, this is from my mother's photo album. She and my uncle turned that snapshot of me into an encouraging collage. I was happy with this word-portrait. I always wanted to be a star of some sort and my mother always supported that. My uncle on my dad's side of the family loved to hunt. He taught me about nature's stars, about the constellations and loved to tell me about Orion and Orion's belt. I mean he named his frisky hunting dog "Mintaka" after one of the three bright stars in the Hunter's belt. Told me the pyramids of Giza aligned perfectly with Orion's Belt in 10,450 B.C. So my attention was drawn both upward toward celebrity and toward the heavens. For my birthday he gave me a cute T-shirt which said: **AD ASTRA.**

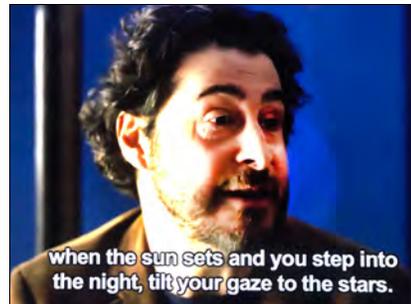
**THERAPIST #1:** *[Laughing loudly.]* Well, you would've achieved *both* celebrity and the stars if you'd become the first female astronaut! BTW, Beckett was into astronomy in a big way.

**CHAT:** *[Makes a funny face.]* How do you know I didn't? *[Winks.]* If I was abducted at four years old, would've been in space way before the Gemini Program started! If so, was this then the beginning of several abductions over my life? I have no clear memory. But I do remember dreaming of space-flight as a small kid and when I was seventeen the popular song "A Thousand Stars" *[1961]* by Rosie and the Originals had a strange effect on me.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Excited.]* See! We are already stirring up latent memories of hermetic chambers. Now is the time to put you into deep regression.



Chat at age 3 at her grandmother's.



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** *[Surprised.]* Ah! You are sneaky, doc. You shot that soccer ball past my defenses. Pull that pendulum out and take me backward and *ad astra*.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Rubbing her hands together.]* Away we go! Breathe deeply, relax. *[Swings the medallion before her eyes.]* You are getting sleepy, you are not afraid, you are going deeper and deeper; search for early memories of other abductions if in fact there were. *[Long pause.]* Open your eyes and look at this early photo of you. Become that child. Maybe you were in bed, or in a playpen. Maybe you saw a 15-foot kangaroo as did one 7-year old experiencer? A visit to a relative's home and you lost time?. Are there memories other than what you just told me that this portrait of you from that time evokes? Strange dreams? Spooky beings in your room, scary nightmares? Lights? Nose bleeds?

**CHAT:** *[Speaks in a monotone.]* It, it occults everything like a black blob in my brain. It did get a strange nose bleed.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[With more emphasis.]* Go, go deeper. You and Steve McQueen are dissolving the blob. It is vanishing. It is only your fear and you need not fear now.

**CHAT:** I'm four. Overnighting with my cousin in Toledo, Ohio after traveling from Chicago to have Seder dinner with relatives. The photo of me from mom's album was taken then, after dinner, in their backyard. *[Long pause.]* I slept in my cousin's room that night which had a bunk bed. She was on top. I think I had gotten up from the lower bed to use the bathroom then saw a yellow triangular UFO outside my window, the surrounding stars suddenly looking like exit wounds. Rushed to bed only to be frozen in place by what



Chat's childhood drawing of an E.T. and a spaceship.

seemed a many-eyed entity standing over me. An intermittent vertical band of light scanned me. *[Long pause.]* It was watching me, my weakened mind, then reached out for me. I was scared. Felt chills *[shakes]*. Heard a sound like crickets, high-pitched. Felt a kind of weird pressure about my little body. . . . *[Long pause.]* I I I, whoa, floated out the window, upwards bathed in yellowish light. I saw the night sky clearly and a triangular object. Moon was particularly bright or maybe it was the ship glowing. I think "I'm scared of heights, what if I fall?" *[She becomes more anxious.]* A few weeks later, did a collage-drawing *[see above]*. Then forgot about . . .

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Like when I'm telling you this I am not here, I'm some place else. Then the speed of my ascent increases. I'm inside. Lots of white-ish light. I am grabbed by the shoulders by entities and placed before a semi-transparent crystalline screen where rose-pink light scanned me up and down, then followed other colors, like I'm turning into a colored Easter egg to be put on display or something. *[Long pause, she scratches her arms as if they were itching.]* I'm on my back; those creatures are bending down, peering at me. I was terrified! I think a probe was put up my nose. Might be why this memory remained suppressed so long *[shivers and shakes]*.



A super blue moon.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Sympathic eyes.]* Go easy. Relax. Breathe. Deeply.

**CHAT:** They were what is called today Greys. Not Nordic-like like Mengus and Velia. I, I remember the light made my skin very itchy. Yes, a little trauma, but I was told — it was inside my head — my presence would help the Earth. That they were from a world called “Estufen”, 20 million miles from Earth. One entity made funny word games by combining alien words with English. I think I laughed. A kind of sliding door opened in a wall and three alien - human hybrids about my age came toward me, listless compared to normal kids. I took it I was to play with them. A odd octagonal ball called a *kimbix* was bounced it back 'n forth — well it didn't exactly bounce, but moved in an erratic manner. Boring. No zuz. The kids showed no emotion while at play. The largest Grey approached; staring hard at me with his Bug Eyes, he put me into a state of “zuz” (my kid-word for happiness). Assured me that I'd not recall anything.



In the morning I awoke thinking I'd just had a nightmare. But my nose was sore and my skin itched. Over breakfast I told my uncle my dream: “The stars whispered *Come, explore*. I went to the stars in a ship!” He assumed I was referring to the blinking stars and the meteor shower that we saw that night, “an experience of Nothingness,” as he put it. He later made that text-photo collage *[points to her portrait, see page 29]*. He

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

told me tomorrow there'd be a Super Blue Moon and only three percent of full moons are such. That if I held up a coin a centimeter in diameter at 110 centimeters in front of my eye, it would completely cover the moon. An avid amateur astronomer, he later gifted me H. A. Rey's book *The Stars: a New Way to See Them*. I was in girlish awe of his knowledge and his Sears and Roebuck telescope, which I dubbed his "Telly-Me-Something-Scope". In the Leo constellation, he pointed out the backward question mark forming the lion's tail along with the mark's dot which he told me was the star Regulus.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Excited.]* You probably thought at the time that your fascination with your uncle's knowledge of the heavens had evoked your dream that night.

**CHAT:** *[Speaking more normally as she emerges from the hypnosis.]* Oh! Like it became a screen memory hiding the actual abduction scenario all these years? Sure that's it!

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Nodding.]* Yes! I think you are on to something here.

**CHAT:** *[Trying to sit up.]* Wow! I think I'm starting to connect things. Connecting the dots as the phrase goes. Thinking back to this weird experience, I now feel I was moving within a fuzzy grey area between thought and the physical world. Like, like quantum physics asserts about waves and particles: *both/and* logic applies. A *quantum consciousness*, if you like.



**THERAPIST #1:** *[Satisfied look.]* Excellent! We've done good work today Chat. And for the record *[facing the video camera]*, this patient has no history of psychopathology, is very stable emotionally, no history of abuse, very well-educated. *[Turning to Chat.]* So I'll see you after the holiday weekend.

**CHAT:** *[Gradually sitting up.]* Oh, almost forgot. Tonight they burn the Zozobra! *[See image; an annual Santa Fe event where Old Man Gloom, the Zozobra, filled with notes detailing people's woes, is burnt, purging bad and evil experiences.]* I'll jot down my worst memories you've pulled from me of my abductions and burn 'em in my stinky sink tonight, synched to the lighting up of that tall paper monster.



The Zozobra.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Leaning toward her.]* Excellent. But also recall anything *positive* associated with your harrowing experiences. The transmission of information from the aliens appears to be key to

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

the visitations. Information delivered directly by telepathy and sometime by depictions of apocalyptic events — nuclear war, ravages of climate-change, fascist violence, toxic clouds — on large TV-like screens have been reported by numerous experiencers. Many have noted the aliens' surprise at our marked indifference to these threats to our planet. But we can't take the threat to civilization lightly.

**CHAT:** *[Running her hands through her hair.]* No. It does seem since my birth around D-Day *[of World War II]*, that the shit has been piling up and up. Roswell Incident was three years later. Yeah, the A-bomb. Aliens must've felt the shit really hit the fan then. *Speaks to herself.]* Go to sleep mind-sea, go to sleep, purge my depthless trouble. *[Nods off.]*

### ▲ SESSION SIX: CHIT

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Leaning toward Chit.]* I saw you and Chat dining at Coyote Café last night on my way up the stairs to their rooftop bar where someone, even more spark-a-loco than you after your abduction, was yelling down to passers-by something like: *You will live in a pod, eat bugs, own nothing, and be happy. At least that's what the implanted zonked zephyrs zigzagging through my mycelium tangle of bones, nerves, and nano-neurons in my brain-box have to say!* The guy wore a Lacoste shirt, beige chinos, white tennis shoes, had Rickie Nelson blue eyes, and a jaw like a Caddy's front end. Turned toward the diners, dancing a jig, yelling: "I need more legume!" Think he meant *leg room*, but mighta meant beans. Then his knees buckled like a broken toy and he collapsed. *[Back on topic.]* I hope you two were not trying to get your stories straight That would mess with the therapy's point. Skew the data.

**CHIT:** We heard that damn commotion, too! We thought some cheapskate tipper was going ballistic over having to tip the bartender despite the service charge levied on his bill. But, say . . . might he also have been an abductee losing his marbles after being mind-linked?

But to answer your question, no, not all! We made an agreement with you and we stick by it. No, we both adore the summer squash soup and the venison carpaccio there. That last dish originated in Harry's Bar in Venice, or so says Chat.

Well, she did show me that iPhone photo *[see page xiv]*



Venison carpaccio, Chat photo.



Strange markings, Chit photo.

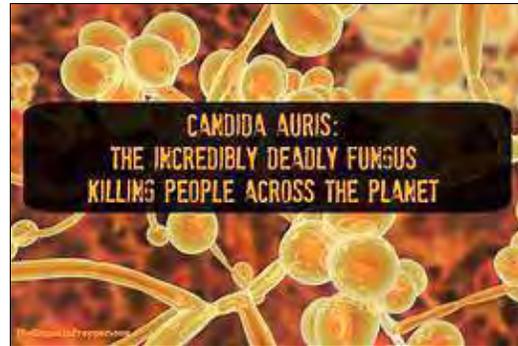


## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Huh? MAKE ME THE SERGEANT IN CHARGE O' DA BOOZE! [Goes a bit nuts, flopping about on the couch.]

**THERAPIST #2:** [Holds Chit firmly down on the couch by the shoulders.] Now, now. It's alright, stay calm you are safe. All three of you.

**CHIT:** [Relaxes.] Either that or let me lecture today on the earliest evidence of banana culture in our family's eating history. My Freudian slip on a banana registers there at some point. Ack! I see a weird thumb, two strange fingers again! Reaching, reaching for me, reaching, reaching, probing . . . I hear TOXIC BIOACCUMULATION forced into my head as a repeating echo. [In a soft sibilant sound.] It'ssssss loud for not being regular sssspeech. Confussing. My mind issss being taken over. [Normal voice again.] Then I "see" a quite slender creature approach — whether the entity is real or merely a mind-projection, I can't say. That emotionless voice in my mind introduces us: HELLO: MEET YOUR CLINGY PARASITIC PARTNER. "She" greets me in a much softer tone: I AM CANDIDA AURIS AND I AM GOING ENWRAP YOU, GET TO KNOW YOU ONTO DEATH AND A NEW LIFE. "She" then turns into a weird fuckin' fungus, like those time-lapse films of fungi sprouting in the documentary *Fantastic Fungi*. Hell, I wish I'd had a bedpan then! God, these creatures, if they entered a morgue, they'd awaken the corpses! . . . Hey, I wonder if some alien-human hybrid invented the Corpse Reviver Two cocktail? `After all, it does have absinthe (absence!) and if you drink lots of it you will suffer time lost like us abductees.



**THERAPIST #2:** [Worried; cautioning.] Ah, we are wandering again aren't we? . . . Refocus Chit. *Candida Auris* [*C. auris*] is a type of fungus that can result in different diseases and infections in humans. The young and elderly are at the most risk. Experts believe that the first case of infection happened in South Korea. Now it's found in many countries, spreading fast. What with climate change, the rising temps in the world, this

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

fungus is thriving in warmer climates, proliferating to become a marked threat to human life. Unlike viruses, such as COVID, *C. auris* it is drug resistant and as infectious as authoritarian populism. Little can be done to halt its infection in humans, especially if the victim has a weakened immune system.

Could be the aliens want to warn you of this potential threat. The dinosaurs were KO'd by the asteroid Chicxulub, the fungus reclaiming their corpses over time, and so becoming the dominant species on earth then. Maybe we will go the way of the dinosaurs and become grist for future fungi, too. Excuse my pessimism. It's just the global political situation, climate-change wiping people into oblivion, it starts to depress you. Sometimes I wish I would be snatched.



**CHIT:** *[Eyes wide.]* Ah! How the wind blows! How the walls shake! How the bullets fly! *[Deep in thought for 30 seconds.]* Well, I did have a wacky cousin, Gustave, who we'd dubbed "Fun Gus" as he seemed to pop up every where with his wacky stand-up routine.

So, whoa! *[Eyes even wider.]* Like you *think* *Candida* will again find me and come up to me, arms akimbo, and boast: *Your silly ahs and ums will become mycelium!* **Shit!** After all, we did get a good lambasting from Mengus concerning our planet's wastage and environmental destruction *[see epigraph on page ii]*. Hey, I heard about the saucer crash, the aliens dying. Our Director, I'm told, forked some bucks out to put up a stone monument, a sort of encomium, on the crash site reading:



HAIL US COSMIC-FOOTED ALIENS! GO TELL THE CIA, STRANGERS PASSING BY, THAT HERE OBEDIENT TO OUR COSMIC MISSION WE LIE CRISPER THAN BURNT FRENCH FRIES.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Annoyed.]* Ah, Chit, Chit . . .  
*[Takes a deep breath.]* On that sad note, let's terminate this interview for today. Get some rest, stay off the Corpse Revivers, don't order French fries, and *for sure* don't Google any alien abduction web sites. Got it?



The moment of abduction.

**CHIT:** *[Squeezing his bottom lip outward with his left thumb and finger, but crossing his fingers on his right hand.]* Ah! Message received Kemosabe. *[Spits into his right hand.]*

### ▲ SESSION SEVEN: CHAT & CHIT

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Commotion in the waiting room. Chit's voice is heard. She leans toward Chat.]* Ignore that. Chit got his appointment time wrong. So . . . What of the dreams?

**CHAT:** *[Covering her eyes.]* None. Yes. One. I envisioned the saucer's command deck with its LCD screens, lights, dials, all in a bluish light. Not like the bridge of the starship Enterprise! Very geometric. Oh, oh . . . it *is* where Chit and I stood, shaking, and mind-heard that ominous declaration by Mengus *[see page v]* concerning our backward methods of managing our lives, our politics, the health of our planet, our corporate thieving attitude toward our natural resources expressed as: **FUCK YOU, PAY ME!**



Chat's dream illustrated by the Director's graphic artist.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Leaning in further.]* There were two more abductions last week. A different UFO, of course. You heard?

**CHAT:** *[Eyes widening.]* No. I've taken, ah, your advice not to Google, stream shows or watch TV news so as to keep our sessions pure of outside influence. I swear! But that's



Seen in Santa Fe.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

frightening, isn't it? Does Chit know? Is that what the commotion is about in your waiting-area? He'll surmise that another saucer's been sent here after the crash of the one . . . Knowing him, he has kept filling his brain with all sorts of . . . and now this.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Chuckling.]* My colleague will bop Chit on his behind with his ever-present triangular ruler if Chit has gone and disobeyed orders. Don't tell Chit, but my colleague was a victim of strict nuns in grade school. Hey, once in awhile it is fun to shake things up. The reality is, Chit is here, so let's have some fun at his expense. I want to hypnotize him, then play some tricks on him for our amusement. We can reverse the situation. Put you to sleep and Chit can watch the results.



**CHAT:** *[Eyes widening.]* Ah! Well, fair's fair. Let's do it. This might even be conducive to our long-term goal, stirring up grist for our Playwright to shape into theatrical material.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Presses intercom button.]* Dolores, send in Chit. *[Sound of door opening, two voices speaking over each other.]* Hi Chit. Chat and I have an idea.

**CHIT:** *[Standing, looking about.]* Ah. Sorry about getting my appointment time wrong. Are we going to do a three-way session or what?

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Puts her hand together as if to pray, put tips of fingers to her lips.]* I want each of you to observe each other under hypnosis. Is that okay? *[Chit nods a YES.]*

Chit, you're first. You know the drill *[he lies down on the couch, etc. and the session begins; soon he's in a trance].*

*[To Chat.]* Hypnotic trance permits us to see how consciousness functions when it is not restricted by the conscious mind, one's personality, and one's identification with one's body, but is instead unconsciously connected to The Whole that enables everything. *[Chit's in a deep trance.]*

Chit, you feel perfectly fine, relaxed. *[Spoken emphatically.]* You are alone with me in our session room. When you awake you will only see me and your reflection in the mirror, but no one else, is that clear? *[Chit slowly nods an affirmative.]*

*[Therapist whispers to Chat.]* Watch post-hypnotic suggestion at work. You stand right in front of Chit. Now I will awaken him. *[Loudly claps her hands.]* **Chit! Awake!**



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHIT:** *[Sits up abruptly, then stands up, looks about curiously.]* Ah. That seemed like a short session, doc. I kept trying to think until a director interrupted my interior movie by shouting **CUT!** *[Chat is nose to nose with Chit, but he looks through her as if she was invisible.]* Did shit happen or what? Where's Chat? I thought we were . . . going to . . . ah . . . *[Notices the therapist is chuckling.]* Okay, what's . . .

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Putting Chit to sleep again.]* You will go back to a deep sleep and when you re-awaken, you find that Chat has returned. She will be perfectly fine. *[It takes some minutes, but eventually, he sleeps.]* **Chit! Awake!** *[Loudly clapping her hands.]*

**CHIT:** *[Sits up, looks at Chat and his therapist with recognition in his eyes.]* Oh, hi there! Chat, where were you? The ladies room? I thought we were going to do a joint session today since I got here . . .

**CHAT:** *[Very amused.]* Hi, Chit! Look at the video replay from the past ten minutes, dude.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Replays the scene onto a large LCD screen.]* Now watch this.

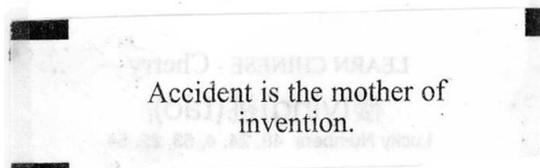
**CHIT:** *[Puts two hands to his face, blushes.]* Oh shit! Oh, how our mind can deceive us, doc. How can I ever trust my mind again! So, what, all my memories of the *supposed* abduction are merely mental . . . ah, garbage?



**THERAPIST #1:** *[Hands on Chit's shoulders.]* Steady. No. Mind not only controls perception but also creates the physical reality. But this does demonstrate how the aliens might be accessing your minds, making you forget experiences, but also educating you, too. Had they evil intentions, they could exercise inordinate power over you for bad purposes, bad for you, bad for our world, right? They haven't done that. Have they? If anything, they seem to be responding to the plight our planet is suffering.

**CHAT:** *[Skeptical.]* Don't like them snatching us, probing us. Maybe they want to plant their civilization via gene mod here. I *am* sorry that their craft crashed with loss of alien lives. As we speak remains from the crash must be Nevada's Area 51 for DNA testing.

**CHIT:** *[Brushing his teeth with his right index finger as he speaks.]* But as our Director commented about our abduction — citing a fortune cookie he got at Lu Lu's Chinese:



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

“Accident is the mother of invention.” The accident, ours and theirs, I don’t want to think about that now, pullllleeeese! Things like that somehow always stick to my teeth. Like I started doing this *[brushes even more vigorously]* after having the Nun-from-Hell during the fifth grade in Catholic school, St. Hilarious parish, no less! *[Starts to shake and sob.]*

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Hands Chit a box of Kleenex.]* I think you might be, Chit, on the verge of having another recovered memory. Breathe deeply, close your eyes. Remain calm and let the vision arise from deep within you. We are here to protect you. What do you see?

**CHIT:** *[Obeying the therapist.]* Chat! Are you here?

**CHAT:** *[Nodding an affirmative.]* I am Chit. You are safe to remember. Go under.

**CHIT:** *[Visibly relaxing, remaining silent for at least a minute.]* I, I, have a clear vision of what Velia’s eyes looked like! Those of a cat of sorts. Intense under a mix of red-violet and white light. Pupils were inhuman, but attractive, *very attractive*. Her gaze pierced me. I was immobilized. She seemed to give off the mineral pulse of the collective dead or



Artist's rendition of Chit's memory of Velia's face.

somehthin'. Yet was sexy. I must admit — not omit — when she first thought her name into my brain, I mistook it for “Viagra”. Hey! Maybe that is when a sperm sample was taken, huh? I think she told me telepathically that I contained some 300 disorders in need of correction. She went on to lambast our “knowledge-economy.” I, I might be mistaken, but I thought she also neurally told me she’d be able to improve my chess-playing by having the Knights capable of doing quantum jumps. She chastised Chat and I, yet showing some wit. “You actors think you exercise your privilege of alienation, but we *are* an alien nation.” Hard for me to think she ddddddied horribly in that broken saucer.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Standing over Chit, arms akimbo.]* Excellent! Excellent! That is most intimate vision you've given to date. I . . .

Sound of heavy footsteps on the building's stairs, followed by the waiting room's door opening. Scuffling sounds. A loud thud. Then the interview room's door bursts open. It's Therapist #2.

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Standing, holding up a very large, but narrow, box.]* Ta-da! It's come! Finally. Our Prismatic Hyper Tunnel Light Show Mirror!

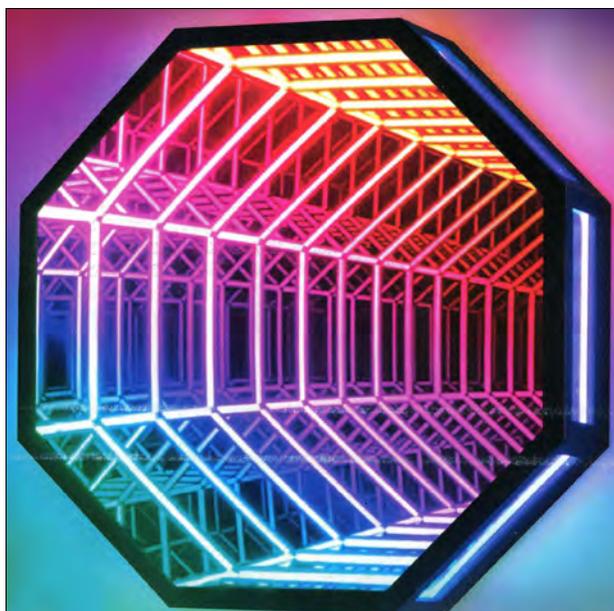
**THERAPIST #1:** *[Excited.]* Well, open it! *[He does so, packing pellets spilling on the floor.]*

**THERAPIST #2:** Sorry about all the foam peanuts.

**CHAT:** *[Amazed at what's being revealed.]* Whoa! That's some mirror. A perfect octagon, too. *Mirror, mirror on the wall, whose the most fucked up of all!*

**CHIT:** *[Laughing a bit like a drunk.]* Well that has to be me, right?

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Serious expression.]* Well, patients, this is a therapy tool to assist hypnotic regression and memory probing specifically designed by former abductees based on their own memories of the interiors of alien craft. We hope it can open fresh doors of to memories in you both. Plug it in. Turn it on. *[Therapist #2 does so.]* . . . Oh my god!



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** *[Walks over to the mirror for a closer look.]* Ah, I see someone's been perusing the Hammacher Schlemmer catalogue. Bet E.T.s like that catalogue.

**THERAPIST #2:** Yah. And it ain't cheap. We probably will have up our fee per session for a few weeks to cover it.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Jovial.]* Ignore that remark. He's got a cousin in the higher echelons of Amazon.com and learns too many bad tricks from him. You know Amazon is being sued for price gouging?

**CHIT:** *[Laughing.]* Yeah, they're laughing all the way to the bank, those fuckers. The vitamins and herbs I get through them have nearly doubled in cost in the last year and a half. Everyone is lining their own pockets at the public's expense these days.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[A getting-down-to-business look on her face.]* I think, to be fair, it is Chat's turn to undergo a post-hypnotic suggestion event. . . . Oh, *[directing her remarks to Therapist #2]* I put Chit under and told him he'd only see me and his reflection when he awoke. It worked perfectly. Now it's Chat's turn. Got any ideas for the suggestion?

**CHIT:** *[Beaming, raising his arms like a cheerleader.]* Oh, yeah. Go for it Chat! Go! Go!

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Crunching his lips together, looking up at the ceiling.]* Ah, *[writes down his ideas on a note page, hands it to Therapist #1]* try this one. *[The idea is: MAKE HER BELIEVE SHE IS HOLDING A VERY CUTE PUPPY IN HER ARMS.]*

**THERAPIST #1:** Yes, perfect. Ready Chat?

**CHAT:** *[Walks over and lies down on the therapy couch.]* Ready.

Therapist #1 puts Chat under — it takes some minutes — gives the post-hypnotic suggestion as per Therapist #2's written note. Chit can barely contain his laughter.

**THERAPIST #1:** Remember. When you wake, you will be excited at having a soft, cuddly puppy, a Wheaten Scottie, in your arms. You will show it off to us with pride. AWAKE!

**CHAT:** *[Eyes open. Surprise on her face.]* Awww! Sooo cute! Good, good puppy! *[Pets the ghost dog.]* What's your name?



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Is it "Tatum"? Do you need a mommy? Wanna go walkees? *[Snuggles the ghost dog in her arms, brings it up under her chin, more cuddling and cooing sounds from Chat.]*

**CHIT:** *[Bemused.]* Hell, she's got me wanting to pet the damn fur ball, too!

**THERAPIST #1:** Okay, Chat. I am going to put you to sleep. Now when you re-awaken, you will not recall having a dog in your arms, just please memories of all the dogs you've nurtured over your lifetime. Alright *[claps her hands]* **WAKE UP!**

**CHAT:** *[Eyes opening. Looks around at the floor, behind the couch.]* Hmm. Was there a small animal in this room recently? No? Hmm. I guess I've been thinking about my previous dogs, dreaming maybe. Vertical, achronological free thought. Oh well . . .

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Walks over the replays the video recording.]* Well, you *did* think you were holding a cute puppy. Look. *[Points to the LCD screen.]*

**CHAT:** *[Eyes popping out.]* No way! Really. *[Moves closer to the screen.]* Shit!

**THERAPIST #2:** Well, since we're all here, and I think our session has gone way over time, let's go for an early dinner at Lu Lu's Chinese. See what our fortune cookies advise. Their fried onion pancake is great, too.

**THERAPIST #1:** Agreed. But tomorrow morning my colleague *[looks directly at Therapist #2]* can hang that Hyper Tunnel Mirror and we can start using it in therapy.

**THERAPIST #2:** Be happy to. Other abductee therapists have had very good results with it. Albeit, one patient went into convulsions and had to be sedated and another kept screaming "Captain Riker, Captain Riker, the fuckin' Ferengi — no — the Ktarians! — are fuckin' with our brains, we gotta jump ship, NOW!" Only a straight-jacket could restrain him. Later, we



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

found out he couldn't tolerate mirrors any longer. Had to remove them from his house completely. Had a hell of a time trying to buy clothes, all those mirrors you know. Sad, or good, if you'd seen his face! *[Gets stares from the other two in the room.]* . . . Okay, sorry. Hey, I'm a victim of this culture, too. But I do wear a grey hoodie in cold weather that reads:

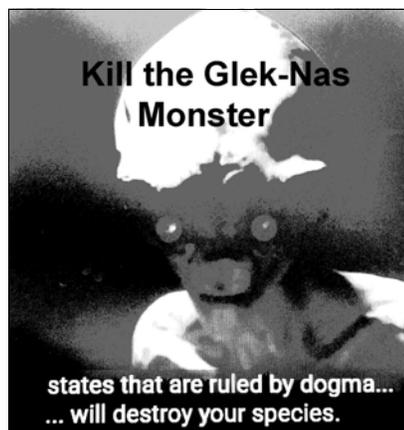
### STRIKE AND SPIT AND REFUSE TO SHOP

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Chuckling.]* And just where did you *buy* it? On Amazon?

**CHAT:** *[Winking at Chit, then looking at Therapist #2.]* Ah! Hoisted on your own *pétard*! Those anti-authoritarian stickers and T-shirts are a scam since they are encouraged by official culture, which produces 'em 'n profits off 'em.

**CHIT:** *[Nodding agreement.]* Right on! Once saw a Nikon camera ad in a photo mag — this was during the Viet Nam War — showing a bearded hippy with a Nikon camera in one hand, his other arm in the air, fist held high. The ad read: PROTEST WITH YOUR NIKON!

Oh, WOW! I, I, I just remembered something! When the aliens were showing me the array of images *[see page 13]* odd thing stood out, an alien political ad in English titled *Kill the Glek-Nas Monster* which stated in print: *States that are ruled by dogma will destroy your species. Glek-Nas, they told me, translates as "Universal Strife-Rot".* Can't recall any more than that, but I know there was more. Those images did move through my *cabeza* in, I'd say, ten second intervals.



The Hyper Tunnel Mirror is carefully placed against a wall for later hanging. Therapist #2 sweeps up some of the foam packing chips into a pile. All the occupants grab their belongings and file out the room to have dinner at Lu Lu's Chinese on Cerrillos Blvd. The Director loves their fried onion pancake appetizers and often orders them in large amounts for the actors and crew. Outside, the group spies three Hispanic teens, *sans* shirts, arms akimbo, staring at them. They tighten their abs for the benefit of the ladies and hold their noses to insult the guys.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** *[Turning away from the annoying teens, whispering to Chit. Every so often I'm always made aware, so aware, we are financial conquistadores here. Hate it, even if it's true.]*

**CHIT:** *[Nods agreement.]* But, hey, forget it. Maybe the Director has convinced Lu Lu's owner to put "Quantum Soup" on the menu! *[Laughs heartily.]* Forgot if they serve Blue Hawaiians. Got a thing for Blue Curaçao. Got a blue curaçao-colored tie I wear with black jeans, a Roswell T-shirt, and a denim jacket.



Our foursome tumble into Therapist #2's grey Jeep Cherokee. They pass a fancy clothing shop, noticing their ad signage (funny as Santa Fe has few rainy days):

All Clothes 10% Off on Rainy Days

They all tumble out at Lu Lu's Chinese, 15 minutes later. Therapist #1 is on her cellphone, whispering something. The therapists hope this informal gathering will promote relaxation, camaraderie, and maybe new memories from the abductees will slip out. It's therapy without seeming to be so.

Just as the four are about to enter the restaurant, a mountain of a man clad in a colorful Day of the Dead shirt whose buttons barely hold due to his expansive chest. He sports army-surplus khaki pants and tooled leather cowboy boots in a size approaching that of scuba-diving flippers. Shaved head. His eyes bulge molten white. Tats cover both his arms and neck. Suddenly, he steps aside — the Great Reveal — behind him a child is dressed as an alien Grey! What a sudden shock to our two abductees! Chat nearly faints, Chit trembles, covers his eyes.

**CHIT:** *[Moans.]* Oh, oh, oh, what the fuck . . . ? Ugh. Hey! *[Realizing it's a deception; Halloween is near.]*

**CHAT:** *[Turning toward Therapist #1.]* This is too much of a coincidence! *[Eyes the two therapists suspiciously.]*



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Glancing quickly at her colleague.]* Deep assignments run through our lives; there are no coincidences. Ah, we thought getting both of you into a session and then following that up with a trauma-inducing event might break any log-jams in your repressed memories. And, this is, Ben Freely and his daughter Benice *[they both take a bow, smiling; Ben pulls out a cigarette, Benice pulls off the alien head and laughs]*. We employ them occasionally. Today, they got a free dinner at our expense.

**CHIT:** *[Anger showing on his face.]* At a laugh at our expense! *[Turning to Chat.]* Is this ethical? Hey, did our Director have anything to do with this. The Playwright?

**CHAT:** *[Giving a "Fuck if I know!" shrug of her shoulders.]* Well, I'm hungry, let's get a move on *[as a laughing family skirts past them to get in line for seats]*. Come on!

**THERAPIST #2:** I know it's stressful, but this little charade has helped many abductees in the long run. Yes, we did get some push from the Playwright on this little episode.

**THERAPIST #1:** Besides giving the Playwright grist to work with, we hope this extended session adds to our knowledge of the mission these creatures on are on. So forgive us.

Chit and Chat nod their good-byes to Ben and Benice and the four enter Lu Lu's. It is crowded. Therapist #1 requests a table for five.

**CHIT:** *[Confused.]* Ah, we are a party of four.

**THERAPIST #2:** Hey, we need a seat for the-elephant-in-the-room". Right?

**CHAT:** *[As if a lightbulb over her head went on.]* Oh, oh, oh!

**CHIT:** *[Eyes up toward the ceiling.]* Ah, ah, ah! The alien entity! Our memories. Yah.



**THERAPIST #2:** Actually . . . *[dramatic pause]* the Playwright requested to be here for part of this session. He was tired of merely reviewing the video recordings. So he's coming for green tea and dessert. By the way, dessert for him, as recommend by your Director, is Lu Lu's famous onion pancake appetizer *[see photo next page]*.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux



Fried onion pancakes.

### ▲ SESSION EIGHT: CHIT, CHAT, PLAYWRIGHT, THERAPISTS

The Asian restaurant is jammed with well-dressed Anglo retirees and tourists wearing Huaraches or cowboy boots, local Latinos sport work jeans. The after-work rush for Chinese. A bit of a wait for a table for five people who've each received invitations stating: IF YOU'RE NOT AT TABLE, YOU'RE ON THE MENU. Chit, Chat, and their two therapists cluster secretively, mumbling in barely audible jargon-riddled tones. An outside voice —"RETURN OUR LANDS!" — periodically interrupts the conversation that conjures the shades of Jung, Reich, Mesmer, and David Bohm (aliens love him).

Consciousness is much more of the implicate order than is matter... Yet at a deeper level [matter and consciousness] are actually inseparable and interwoven, just as in the computer game the player and the screen are united by participation.

— David Bohm —

### David Bohm's Monism

**CHIT:** *[Eyes up at the ceiling, watching a baby crow flit about, his lips moving silently: "What would the Buddha do?" At least that's what a lip-reader would decipher.]* Ah, I saw our Director once "date-rape" a whole order of those friggin' fried onion cakes, leaving *nada* for the crew. We should order them for *our* appetizers so we get some before the Playwright gets here and can imitate the Director's gluttony. Look *[points at the crow who caws, then dives and cones over his head like a dunce cap]*. FUCK!

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** *[Looks up.]* Whoa! I hope BIRDY there doesn't shit-bomb your entrée! Talking about shit-bombing an entrée, bad chefs do it, but what about shit-bombing a customer! Like owner X of restaurant X during a kerfuffle over a food order complaint, upon which the customer's therapy dog, a Chow, then dined. Turned sweet and sour into bitter sweet.

**CHIT:** *[Eyes going upward.]* So not pursuing harmony among people, much less among food elements, as Confucius touted. I've seen a few egoistic chefs bark at their staff in front of customers. Granted, it's a tough job, maxes out stress levels — then KA-BOOM!

“Pursue harmony  
among food elements.”  
(不得其醬，不食)  
-- Confucius

**CHAT:** Jeeze. I once saw the chef at another restaurant go off on one of his employees right in front of diners. I love the place's mussels, but not the chef's muscles. Stupid and cruel. In my head I could hear the waiter scream “TREAT ME BETTER.”

**CHIT:** And cruel, and cruel . . . we *all* are so cruel. But, after all, the birthright of every U.S. citizen is the handgun and the lynching rope!

**CHAT:** It spoiled my dinner. Never dined there again.

**CHIT:** Anyone who even witnessed either of those incidents should not have had to pay for their dinner. *[Lost in thought for a moment.]* Hey! My sentence for him? Make the offender stand on shaming display in the Santa Fe Plaza (where a controversial obelisk to the Spanish Conquest once stood) with a chef's hat stuffed in his mouth every night for a week at 5 p.m. when most of the eateries open. Or make him cook Alien Balls.

**CHAT:** Yes! We need more shaming type of sentences for minor violations.

**CHIT:** Pulling someone's pants down? More effective than anger management, I suppose.

**CHAT:** Unfortunately, too many people these days have *no* shame. Look at Trump and all the MAGA politicians. Brass-balled . . .

**CHIT:** Trump could murder someone in the streets *und das Volk* would cheer him on. And Gaetz? Thinks he always gets what he wants, but doesn't. Like me not getting a role as a Slovenian hobo or Chat a role as a performance artist with a ferret for a pet.

**CHAT:** One of the reasons E.T.s are buzzin' our planet? Like that dove up there *[stares hard, points at the flitting avian; it suddenly drops dead on a diner's table; screams follow,*

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

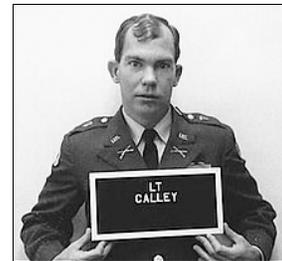
*then silence like after a clap of thunder; staff rush to retrieve the carcass]. Jeeze! [In the midst of this chaos, the Playwright enters — dressed in a zip-up sweater, collar flared, periwinkle corduroy pants suede slip-on shoes — and walks toward the group.]*

**CHIT:** *[His back is to the door, yet he feels someone’s looking at him. Turns around and sees the Playwright, clothes in disarray.] I was just thinking about you Mr. P.! [Eyes now like a puppy’s.] Ah, you look well-thumbed today. Like the books you cop material from for your textual mash-ups. Never saw so much marginal gloss and red-line underlining. Hey, thought your cue was to be the waiter asking for dessert orders.*

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *So nice to bump into The Duo Who on the streets of the Conquistadores! Well, would you want to be deserted at the table? Was just staring at that bird. It died.*

**CHAT:** *Poor creature. But good riddance in this context. . . . In a sense, Mr. P., you already are, sir, residing here in the high desert . . . ha-ha. [She seems a bit weird.]*

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Bows, takes the chair to the left of Chit at their circular table in the center of which is an acacia wood Lazy Susan.]. One does not go to see them act [pointing to Chit and Chat], one goes to watch them be. That was my opening line at a Film Writers’ Strike Rally in ABQ concerning A.I. That chatbots can be creative and creative actors play “meat puppets,” like Moira Shearer in the 1951 film *Tales of Hoffman*. Not what some strikers wanted to hear. Things got out of control and I ended up being roughed up in a melee. [Showing his penchant for pedantry.] I use the word “melee” as the term’s been adopted in war-gaming, table-top, and video games to encompass all forms of close combat. Remember the 1968 My Lai Massacre? The military melee in Vietnam for which Nixon pardoned Lt. Calley. Not enough data. He’s eighty-three now, lives in Gainesville, Florida. For the record: I love words, text, becoming melee.*



**CHAT:** *The Playwright, a “solo debater”, uses what he calls “close combanter” in the parts written for us Chit-Chatbots. [Laughter from both therapists.]*

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Addressing the two therapists.] By the way, it’s an honor to make your acquaintance. [Nods his head.] You two practice a noble profession: excavating psychic material layer by layer, like archeologists do to an ancient city. Digging up the past, unburying torments.*

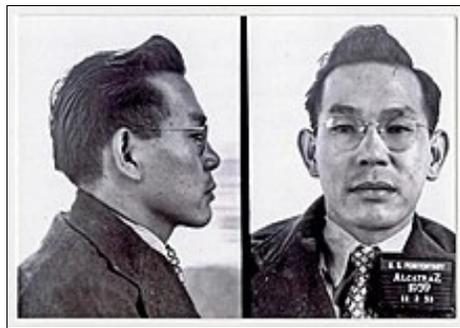


## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Making them disappear or lose their power. Shouldn't we unbury the My Lai melee every ten years and lay it before the American Public? But no, they tell us "Sleep . . . Sleep" by media hypnotic suggestion. You two psychic investigators gather fragments like I do words from sentences that break loose inside me like ice flows in Spring. All the better if the results I get from my mincing are banned by Florida's Thought Adjusters, and spat upon by university dons and other sundry neurotypicals. Beginning is the hardest step.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Eyes snap open, click.]* Ho! You both don't mince your words, yet mince those of others! I get it, I think. *[Looks at Therapist #2 who shrugs his shoulders.]*

**PLAYWRIGHT:** At times I get the unsettling thought that the world around us is a camouflage and its madness tries to colonize us even as we seek to drink at sources where its content reveals itself. Why I "minced" through my teen years, to my father's chargin; he wanted me to join in Pop Warner football, hoping a concussion would knock the wordplay out of my brain-box and pump up my leg muscles. In basic training, my Redneck drill sarge carped: "You march like a wet noodle" and called me "Al Dente". Keeping with the spaghetti theme, he told me the WWII story about Tomoya "Meatball" Kawakita, of dual Japanese and American citizenship, who tortured U.S. prisoners of war in Japan and was later tried for treason in the U.S. At this time [1968] Clint Eastwood was featured in several "Spaghetti Westerns", which I later watched on my base while eating tubs of buttered popcorn, sipping a Coke, sitting perfectly alone and silent like a Beckett clown on stage. Now that I think of it, I first saw Eastwood's *Hang 'Em High* in the base theater around the time of that massacre. They should've strung Calley up. He lives in Florida, you know, so some day DeSantis will probably canonize him a Saint to gain Trump's smile and votes. Makes you think the future will be the same.



Tomoya Kawakita.

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Tiring of the Playwright's jaw-jerkin' and canoodling.]* You're making me hungry. Let's order. But I don't think I will order any noodle dishes *[chuckles.]* Speaking of noodles, you know that recent brain research of the thalamocortical system suggests there is a common neurological core to both our waking life and our dream life. Normal perception of our consensus world is a sort of *online dreaming* modulated by specific sensory inputs. Yet, like Phenomenologists, one wants *to go to the things themselves!* Presences, alien or not, may point to absences not yet made present due to the play of ambient energy and radiant energy in that saucer. *[No response. All quiet on the Western Front as our Knights of the Round Table peruse the vast Asian menu, select cocktails.]*

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHIT:** [A very hefty Hispanic waiter approaches, asks for their drink orders. Tells them 15 per cent of the cost of each Blue Hawaiian goes to the Maui Fire Victim's Relief Fund.] Okay, a Blue Hawaiian, it is.

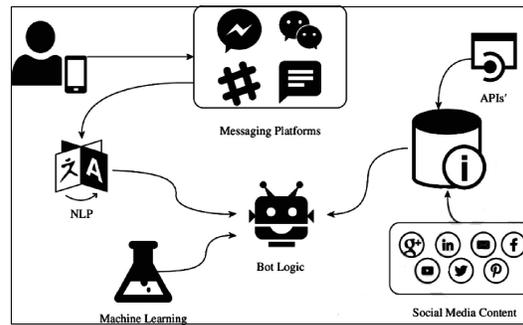
**CHAT:** [Pointing at the drink menu.] Okay, a Singapore Sling. Broke my arm once.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** [Makes a big display.] A Florida Man, okay? And double the blueberry-rested mezcal. I heard Ron DeSantis hates it. I spilt some on my white shirt while on a date with Béyonce. Embarrassing. So ordering it is a kind of calculated humiliation. You know, like those paintings with a skull on the desk of the thinker to remind one of . . .

**THERAPIST #1:** [She looks with amusement at her colleague, who returns the glance.] Yep, okay! A Piña Colada for me! [Low voice to Chat.] Sounds like sublimated sex to me — unlike Sex on the Beach — and it's name rolls off the tongue so pleausrably.

**THERAPIST #2:** Okay. A strawberry Daiquiri. Something I'd like to give to Matt Gaetz — sounds like a poetic term for a dagger dripping blood, right? [Laughs.]

**PLAYWRIGHT:** [Folding his hands before him on the table.] So many *okays!* Fact: David Szalay's novel *Flesh* contains 340 *okays*. WTF! [Changing the subject.] The recent Film Writers' Strike is very concerned about the issue of AI, besides its employment to do an end-run around the pocket books of the human screen writers. AI is just dead binary code and can't breed anything alive, conscious, and loving unless we humans intervene. As is, It promotes only cut-throat solutions to survival. Did you know one researcher asked an AI program what would be the perfect model of economic growth and its gave the answer "Slavery". Neoliberalism's dream of the future worker and simulated selves. Why I riff on chatbots and use repetition in my plays. Beckett plays with this in *Long Observation*. Angelius Silesius, a Catholic mystic, expressed his pantheism as: *God sleeps in minerals, awakens in plants, walks in animals, and thinks in the human*. Chatbots are soulless, but that can be used . . .



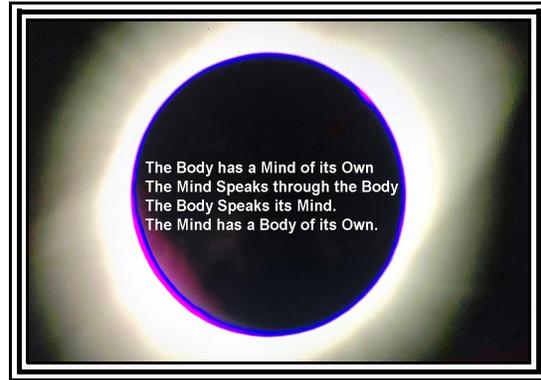
Confucius poster.

**CHAT:** Ah! So Matt Gaetz is a MAGA-Bot! Explains everything.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHIT:** *[Pointing to a color print of Confucius on the eatery's wall.]* Well, Matt ain't no Confucius!

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Folding his hands as seen in the framed wall print.]* Unless, Chit, you pronounce it Confuses-Us. *[Loud groans go around the table.]* By the way *[points to the wall print]* ever notice how some reproductions look better than the originals?

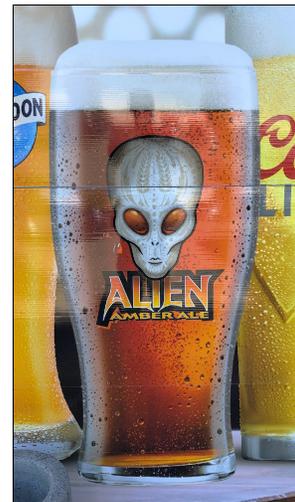


Therapist #1's wall poster.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Places her hands flat on the table.]* To get along in this fast-paced world, we tend to project our own assumptions onto what we're taking in. This is big problem when it comes to debriefing alien abductees whose reports often seem like insoluble pancakes. An abductee swore she saw a print of that great Chinese sage on a shiny wall in an alien ship. Ah, Eastern thought. Way in advance of Western philosophy's dualism; at least until Leibniz. This bit of holistic wisdom, blurring mind-body dualism, could've been written by either *[passes around her iPhone showing a photo of a poster in her office]*.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Last to look at the image, still holding the therapist's iPhone.]* Well, want to know my whole take on all the shit going on in our world? Walk on the land of my ideas? *[Eager eyes of his dinner companions say YES.]* Well, Dwight D. Eisenhower — I call him "Eisenhowitzer" in a parodic play I wrote — pontificated from a red, white, and blue inflatable plastic chair: *THINGS ARE MORE LIKE THEY ARE NOW THAN THEY EVER WERE BEFORE.* *[Laughter all around.]*

A waiter with a T-shirt reading YOU ONLY HAVE CONSUMER DEBT carries drinks navigating the dinner crowd. He stands motionless behind Chit, staring at the back of his head. *[Trivia fact: Black Ops training advises commandos not to stare at the back of an enemy's head when approaching to snuff out the sentry.]* Sensing such, Chit abruptly spins around and sees the large man who has brought baos, but screwed up the drink orders when Chit gets Chat's, Therapist #1 gets Therapist #2's, etc. The Playwright is served an Alien Beer and Alien Balls. Takes awhile for the diners to sort it all out. Minor quibbling between the guests as drinks are handed in circles and arcs and secants across the large circular table. The Playwright stands up, watching the kerfuffle from above, taking rapid iPhone



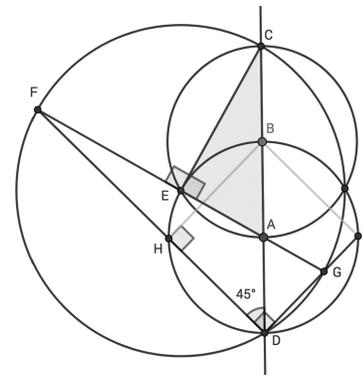
## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

photos of the confusion, trying to visually tame the helter-skelter of impressions that people seated near our diners look at with amused annoyance.

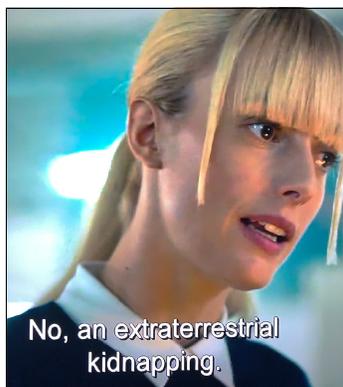
**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Standing, arms akimbo, then clapping heartily.]* Excellent! Bravo! It's the Quibbling Chorus! Yes! What a performance! An experience of experience. Take a Wow Bow actors. Oh, I do like to stage parodies of the ol' Classic Greek theater.

**CHIT:** *[Turns to the Playwright who is next to him and looks up.]* Yah? Our Director told us: "Counter, original, spare, strange, whatever, listen to the message's transport, not the message". *[Pauses.]* And so what's going on here, dude, with the drink shit?

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Obviously delighted.]* Oh, I got the Director to pre-pay our waiter to purposely screw the drink orders up. I told him I wanted to observe first hand the tiny bit of chaos tossed your way. Chalk it up to re-search for my coming play about you abductees and the saucer people. See? See? We are sitting at a circular table, your blab and hand gestures are crisscrossing that circle in Euclidean fashion with arcs, secants, diameters; within which are small saucers for our much anticipated *alien balls* and *cha siu bao* appetizers. For a brief minute you all were experiencing existential discontent as you kept passing drinks around in circles, trying to get straight out your cocktail orders. A cosmos in temporal disarray. Hell, we all are going around in circles most of our lives, trying to find a higher level of consciousness. In our limited perspective we view this a circling, like everything in the cosmos circles in some way. We need to skip obvious meanings and celebrate the obtuse. We only achieve maturity by the anguish that drives us to transcend our natural



condition, witness the wholeness of everything, take an existential leap toward extropian transcendence. It's what my plays are about. This table event — the drink and food orders, the spinning Lazy Susan — was just a microcosm of a much larger macrocosm. Ya grok?



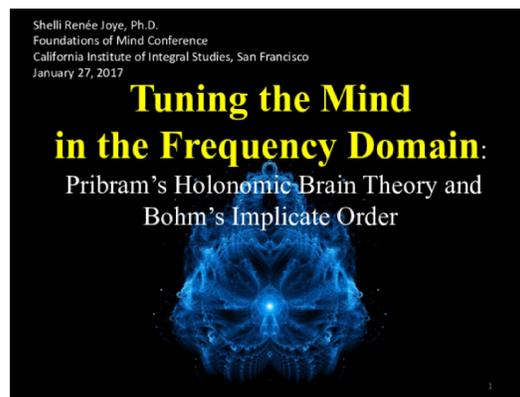
Astrid in "The Fermi Paradox".

**CHAT:** Euclidean space is a mere idiosyncrasy of a certain species. You've been watching too many episodes of that French crime show, *Astrid et Raphaëlle*, where the police detective's blond pattern-obsessed collaborator is "on the spectrum". But with you, it's like Astrid meets a guru and they collaborate.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Delighted with the remark.]*

Obviously. I identify with her. And guess what? Astrid always finds a solution the others overlook. Isn't that what a writer should be doing? Isn't that what we were aiming in *Chit for Chat, Part One*? And now especially in *Part Deux*, where you two Beckettesque clowns find yourselves on a flying saucer, a leap into the unknown, into an abyss and metaphysics! Challenged by aliens who believe Capitalism has now taken the form of organized crime. Challenged to question your mundane Newtonian relation to the Real. *[Raises his right arm upward in a dramatic gesture.]* To accept, as theorized by David Bohm and Karl Pribram, a holographic concept of mind, consciousness, and universe.



**THERAPIST #1:** *[Holding her drink, finally taking a small sip.]* Hey, I loved *Astrid*, too. It takes a humorous swipe at the limited reality of neurotypicals who often only experience the bland conditionality of natural necessity, external influences, and Chatbot-ish media saturation. Astrid accesses a higher level of consciousness. She's sort of a proto-transhuman. You know, as conscious beings we are always connected with quantum fields, scalar waves. Why synchronicities occur. C. G. Jung was on to something, but lacked our quantum field theories, like quantum entanglement and string theory, to adequately theorize communication at faster than light speed. Oh, and Mr. Playwright, I suppose you know that besides meaning "voucher" your actor's name, "Chit", means in Sanskrit "pure consciousness," "pure thought," and "to comprehend." It is the foundation for various states of consciousness. And Chat is a cat, French. Purrfect!

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Perks up.]* 'Natch! And Chat means — note the symmetry — "to talk to."

**CHAT:** Yeah, our clownish stage names are his idea *[jabbing finger at the Playwright]*. We are stuck with 'em by contract until a trilogy results from our labors.

**CHIT:** *[A quanta of waves finally gets the waiter's attention.]* We'd like to order now. But, please, you all, don't order all at once. There are times when linear sequencing is to be lauded.

**CHAT:** No?

**CHIT:** Yes.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** No!

**CHIT:** Yes. Question: what is the favorite Chinese dish in fast-food corporate boardrooms?

**CHAT:** No idea.

**CHIT:** Why Beef Fun Ding, of course!

**CHAT:** With *profiteroles* for dessert?

**CHIT:** Yes. In the lovin' arms of your calm.

**CHAT:** Dyslexic! . . . Some writers take to drink..

**CHIT:** Some writers take to audiences.

**CHAT:** Gore Vidal?

**CHIT:** Vital he did. Ah, don't mind us, folks. Just practicing our chit-chat brand of biting dialogics — ON / OFF binaries — as suggested by our Director. We are libidos hooked up to nuance and word-play. *[Winks at the Playwright.]*

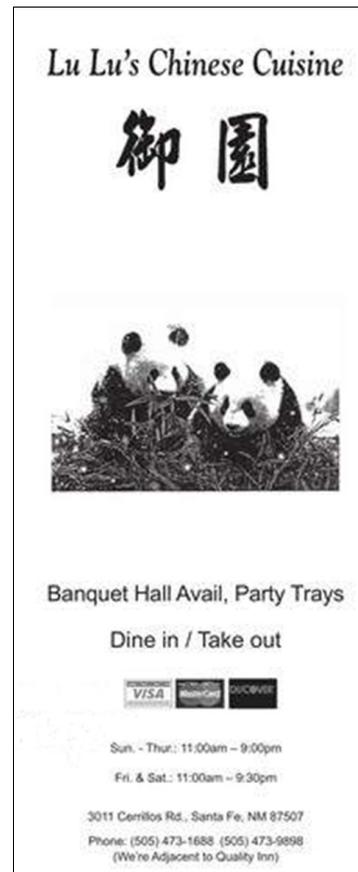
**THERAPIST #1:** *[Reading from the menu.]* I'll have your pork bao appetizer to begin and General Tao's tofu for my main. Hot green tea, too. *[Waiter takes note.]*

**THERAPIST #2:** Pot stickers and then pineapple shrimp. Hold the shrimp — just kiddin'! Oolong tea, hot. With ice.

**CHAT:** Mongolian beef for my main and egg rolls for my appetizer. An ice green tea.

**CHIT:** Shrimp lettuce wrap to start, followed by a cup of egg drop soup — been getting shaky and dropping eggs lately — and finally curry chicken. Jasmine tea, hot.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** Fried green onion pancakes to start. The Royal Seafood Pot for my entrée. As to drinks, I will have another Alien Beer. I wanna Thai Won On! *[The waiter groans at the punning reference to Thai, Chinese, and Korean culture, then bows, trots off to send in their orders, shaking his head.]*



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** Oh, let me guess. I bet our food orders will come all mixed up, too! Right? Right?

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Merely smiles, eyes go upward.]* Well, do you Chit and you Chat want to demonstrate to your therapists the “I’ll Be Your Mirror” exercise we devised?

**CHIT:** Yep. Chat you start off.

**CHAT:** I’ll be your mirror. Reflect what you are. In case you don’t know. Start NOW!

**CHIT:** Yes.

**CHAT:** Yes.

**CHIT:** Fuck MAGA.

**CHAT:** Fuck MAGA.

**CHIT:** Yes.

**CHAT:** Yes.

**CHIT:** Eat well.

**CHAT:** Eat well.

**CHIT:** Yes.

**CHAT:** Yes

**CHIT:** A powerful sentence surfaced on the alien ship: “But what the hell am we doing here?”

**CHAT:** “But what the hell am we doing here!” I echoed in that ship.

**CHIT:** Yes. Our private sand pit.

**CHAT:** Yes! *[To the therapists.]* Boring you? This can go on for hours, like trekking the cursed Bosnia karst or our Boss yelling: “Hold all my calls, I’m meeting with Mr. Money.”

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Yawning.]* Well, now that you've asked . . .

**CHAT:** *[Directs a comment to Therapist #1.]* You know what we appear to be, Chit and I, is as much someone else's creation as ours *[nodding toward the Playwright]*.

**CHIT:** *[Noticing an elderly Hispanic woman at an adjoining table is giving him the Evil Eye, he defends himself by making spitting sounds in her direction.]* Ftou! Ftou! Ftou!

That woman turns away from Chit, redirects her powerful gaze at the waiter coming with a circular tray of appetizers for our group's table. The waiter immediately trips, green onion pancakes and baos dropping onto the dirty floor. Mass confusion. Bus boys run out of the kitchen. The old woman's reddening face displays great satisfaction. Her little granddaughter sitting next to her claps her little hands vigorously in marked delight as if she was at the circus.

**CHIT:** *[Really freaked out.]* Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Omit! Omit!

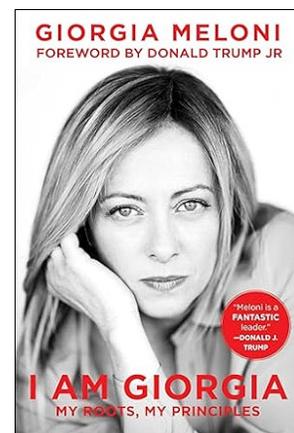
**CHAT:** *Why didn't we choose to eat at the Olive Garden? Unlimited pasta . . .*

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Turns toward Chat.]* As long as fascist Giorgia Meloni is Prime Minister of Italy, I refuse to eat Italian — at least with my right hand, left hand is okay.

The scene recalls the crashed flying saucer and its remains. Now their appetizer orders have to be re-done. More delays. The woman with the Evil Eye finally pays and leaves the restaurant with her granddaughter in tow. Twice she glances back at the group's table with great animosity.

**CHIT:** *[Relief on his face.]* Good riddance! Every time she looked at me I got a sludgy feeling in my brain.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Letting out a prolonged sigh.]* I'm afraid us Anglos are looked upon here as invaders, alien visitors, by many. I once had a superb Hispanic handyman. Thought we'd become friends over the months. I'd have him over for dinner occasionally. But then he got traumatized in an apartment fire set by a crazy woman; then MAGA-tized, pulled into the negative energy field of Trumpism. Shows up in Cowboys for Trump parades in his intimidatingly large, newly purchased, candy apple red 4 x 4 pickup with a rear window decal of an American flag with ferocious Eagle. He now refuses to take my calls.

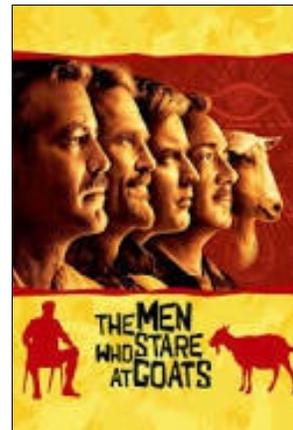


## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**PLAYWRIGHT:** [*Pained look on his face.*] Yikes! But he'd make a great character to have in a drama. And that woman with the freezing gaze? She'd sure would make a good Medusa. Which reminds me, Chit 'n Chat, about what you've been telling your therapists about the sort of spell woven over you by the stare of those aliens, particularly by Velia in Chit's case. Medusan-like mind-control via a field of energy (aurathronic waves or scalar, morphic fields). If us ordinary folks can exert that force via our eyes as suggested by our experiences today in this eatery, imagine what those quantum-kick-ass E.T.s can muster.

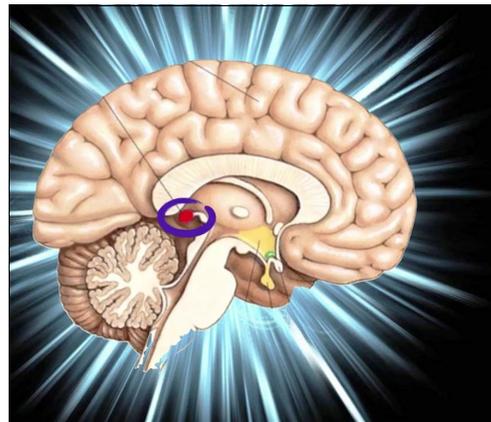


Which reminds me, the Director wanted you, Chit and Chat, to watch his DVD of *The Men Who Stare at Goats*, the 2004 Hollywood film based on a non-fiction book concerning the U.S. Army's exploration of New Age concepts and the potential military applications of the paranormal. The title refers to their attempts to kill goats by staring at them, stopping their hearts.



**THERAPIST #2:** BTW, “goats” designate people who are skeptical of parapsychology. Such control at a distance would imply attention is not confined to the *inside* of our brains. One person's perceptual projections can interact with another — like two magnets interact — whereby the role of the observer, photons moving backward, and quantum entanglement may contribute. You should open and read the mind-opening text by Brit researcher Rupert Sheldrake. His 2003 probing study *The Sense of Being Stared At* suggests a “seventh sense” is available to us which materialist theories are hard-pressed to explain. A “vibrational” aspect broached in ancient Hermetic Philosophy.

**THERAPIST #1:** Yeah, Cartesian Dualism just ain't makin' it these days. Today, our pineal gland is known to just control melatonin secretion relating to light-dark cycles in our environment, and not the seat of the soul as once thought. Consciousness itself may arise from entangled systems. The “I” might be spread out over the universe by virtue of our connectivity with other beings. This why I am so interested in alien abduction cases and the seeming telepathic communication experienced by . . .



Red dot denotes the pineal gland.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** WACKOS LIKE US! *[Speaking simultaneously.]* **CHIT:** WACKOS LIKE US!

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[To the therapists.]* They've been trained to do that. Adds some pizzazz to certain scenes. The Director likes to mess with the audience's minds like the aliens messed with Chit 'n Chat's. That anomalous fever dream world they were . . .

**CHAT:** Yep. We sometimes just burst out in unison, a kind of mind-link. Or Chit'd break out in a tune that I was thinking about. My best childhood friend and I often spoke the same words in unison. Freaked our friends and teachers out. Telepathy?

**THERAPIST #2:** Which means "feeling at a distance." Did you know British poet Frederic Myers, the founder of the Society for Psychical Research and devotee of Hermeticism, introduced the term "telepathy" in 1882? And that Professor Joseph Banks Rhine — yes, he was kidded about being "on the banks of the Rhine" — introduced the term "parapsychology" for the study of psychic phenomena. He gave us the famous "Zener cards" where each card shows five different symbols: a square, circle, wavy lines, a star, and triangle; each deck consists of five sets of these five figures. Using these cards, experiments were devised to test for telepathy, clairvoyance, and precognition.

**THERAPIST #1:** In college, my boyfriend often invited his buddies over to play Poker. Weird crews that they were, they'd all chew Bazooka Bubble Gum and swig beers. So one night I had my girl friend create a distraction by bringing into the kitchen more beers, and then I quickly replaced their poker deck with a Zener deck. Soon after, the cards were dealt. You should've seen their faces when they turned their hands over! Of course, by then my girl friend and I had snuck out the door and gone to the movies.

**CHAT:** Speaking of gum, some years ago Chit and I auditioned for a Wrigley's Doublemint gum ad as the twin girls. I literally had to drag him to it. We didn't get the part as Chit's attempt at cross-dressing wasn't very convincing.



**CHIT:** My heart wasn't in it. Albeit, we lost a free year's supply of the chewy. To be honest, I preferred their Spearmint gum.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Chuckles.]* I remember those gum ads. I briefly worked at a mental hospital where the pencil-neck director mandated we give people in the schizophrenic ward Doublemint gum. He said when he was getting his M.D., doing his residence, the nurses in the pediatric ward would give new mothers of twins a pack of Doublemint upon discharge.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** Didn't like it, but I still love Black Jack licorice gum.



**CHIT:** *Moi*, as a kid, I'd chew fresh tar gleaned from roof repair workers droppings. I never played well with others, then. Had lots of nose bleeds. Symptoms of my saucer-change into something rich and strange, an aerial song?

**THERAPIST #1:** Well, shake my spear! On topic: minds and brains are complementary, like particles and waves. There are interpenetrating mind fields, "morphic fields" some call it. I think, given what we've seen with aliens ships having amazing maneuverability and from consistent reports from abductees of telepathic communication, that mind fields *are* quantum entangled with the rest of the universe. We are dealing with energies now probed by contemporary physics, but foretold in the ancient Akashic record.



**THERAPIST #2:** Ah! Here comes our entrées. Prepare for chaos.

A waiter rolls a cart up to their table. Starts handing out the plates to the wrong diners. A five-way "fight" for their proper orders ensues.

**CHAT:** So you're some kind of pre-cog? Hey, that's mine! No, not that one. That one.

**CHIT:** This one's is mine!

**THERAPIST #1:** Hey, you've got my order!

**THERAPIST #2:** You've got my order! Hurry switch.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Amused at all the hubbub.]* No, that's my order! Get your mitts off it.

**CHAT:** Shit, Chit you spilled the onion pancakes! No, that sauce goes with the pancakes.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHIT:** *[Suddenly Chit, sits up perfectly straight, his spine becoming an iron rod. His eyes glaze over. He speaks slowly as if in a trance].* It's a sort of weave, woven, . . . the tunic she wears metallic tunic. Shimmery stuff on it. . . . Exquisite bbbbreasts . . . jutting from beneath. . . . Gives me a gentle grin. . . . My eyes . . . burning and spinning. . . . Uh, is a shoe just a shoe? Deserts are full of shoes. I hope my dessert doesn't. Velia . . . Velia stuffs into my already crowded cog-sac something like *[clasps his hands on his head]*: *Your Earth's skin is going to swat some bad bugs off, bat some bad bums into primal black pools of goo. Earthlings must watch the film Koyaanitsqatsi. Omit. I feel I miss a place I've never been. . . . [His chin falls to his chest, he starts to snore.]*

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Excited, turning head around addressing all present.]* Chit, Chit! Can't believe it! There! *[Pointing to Chit.]* You see he's regressed on his own! A memory has been activated. He's entered a sort of science fictional space in his *cabeza*.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Intense interest shown; proud of his pedantry.]* It is well established, as writer Charles Yu has proclaimed, that within the field of diegetic engineering that a science fictional space must have an energy density as least equal to the unit average level of a Dirac box, multiplied by *pi*. *[Chuckles.]*

**CHAT:** Hey, that's what I'm gonna get for my dessert — apple pie — if they serve it.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Claps her hands.]* Chit wake up! *Achtung!*

**CHIT:** Ahhh . . . *[head rolling loosely about, eyes slowly opening]* wha-wha happen? Who ordered the apple pie? No! Someone was the apple of my eye? Right? Velia!

**CHAT:** *[Hint of jealousy in her voice.]* You exhibited a state of unconditional slobbery loyal affection, dude, that's all *[turning her nose up]*.

**THERAPIST #1:** Now, now, Chat. Stop the catty remarks. Cool your jets. We must show approval of what Chit's been able to re-experience. Positive re-enforcement, always.

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Annoyed with Chat.]* Yah, Chat, don't hassle my . . .

**CHAT:** Why? Because he's *local*? Or maybe *loco*!

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[In a conciliatory tone.]* Now, now children . . . I'll make you speak all the deleted lines from my script if you don't . . .

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** See! The Playwright is trying to stir up trouble. He's something of a career teen. Look, he's taking mental notes for the next play. See? Watching us make fools of ourselves for . . . [*Getting angry.*] I'll bet he won't tell you about the failed children's play he and the Director tried to rework and push as a children's show on PBS. Will you! Will you! 'Cause it was a Class A Cluster-Fuck, right? Full of shallow effects, skimpy dialogue, ill-judged surprises. The opening over-voice was to be: IN THE BEGINNING, OUR PLANET WAS HOT, SICKLY YELLOW AND STANK OF BAD, STALE BEER. THEN NORWAY SLOWLY FORMED . . .

**PLAYWRIGHT:** [*Spoken in a subdued tone, taking up the challenge.*] A cluster of tentacles would be more accurate, Chat. It was titled *Now Children!* [*Scans the faces of his small audience.*] But was based on a failed avant-garde East German play titled *Die kleinen Kinder von Kinderkraken*. In the original play, a young father slips on his kid's toy, falls down a stairwell, hits his head, only to wake up immobilized, infantilized, in a hospital in a city in East Germany. He starts dreaming of a band of small kids that are shipwrecked on the Norwegian coast, who invent a society run by themselves and whose food is supplied by kind, talking octopi who befriend them and a big frightening Kraken who protects them. Our Director thought in resonated with the Occupy Movement, so he bought this silly script — too reminiscent of *Lord of the Flies* and reeking of distaste for the *Stasi* — for under a hundred Deutsche Marks. It was in German, 'natch.

He wanted me — who only had four years of German — to translate it. Indeed, he was expecting a bad translation. Then he had my translation translated into Norwegian (due to the Kraken reference in the title) and then back to English. This is why the script rights didn't cost him much — he'd promised the text would be too mutilated to be seen as a copy of the original. Some lines from my translation from a scene where the kids are playing Shoot the Elk among themselves: "We're black on go-juice and the unit's only thinking rack ops." You get the gist. The final scene has the infantilized father declare: "Happy people have a bad memory but rich memories." Then curtain.

But this process of translation took many years. Then when the documentary *My Octopus Teacher* came out in 2020, it kinda cornered the market for shows about friendly octopi and Existentialist voice-overs. The Director tried to get backing for it under the new title *The Octopi Movement* but investors were afraid the title was too close to The Occupy Movement and would lack breadth of audience interest, if not outright hostility from the Un-Woken. Well . . . and by then young kids across the nation were picking up arms and shooting each other in the puss. What interest would they have in sweet tentacled creatures caressing kids in what could be taken by Born-Again parents as gross child abuse and by pissed-off gang-members as mere "Suckers!"

**THERAPIST #2:** [*Annoyed.*] What of the cuisine? It is getting cold, my Hoppies.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHIT:** What's with the Hopalong Cassidy shit, Mr. Shrink?

**THERAPIST #1:** Oh, he once worked at an Alzheimer's clinic early in his career. The enlightened staff there referred to the patients as "my Hoppy."

**THERAPIST #2:** It did have a calming effect. Especially when I accompanied that name with a long stare into the patient's confused eyes and thought calm thoughts directly into their confused minds. That's how I got interested in regression therapy and telepathy.

**CHIT:** So you were kind of "staring at goats," huh? Let us cease staring at our chow and dig in "my Hoppies." Otherwise, we all will need to take a banalgesic to relieve boredom. *[A relief to that boredom, for the Playwright at least, is quick coming.]*

A young Hispanic couple, hand in hand, squeezes by their table and the Playwright, who speaks Spanish, catches a snippet of conversation:

**The Man:** "Hay una grieta en mi corazón" *[There's a crack in my heart.]*

**The Woman:** "Sé que te encontraré en esas ruinas" *[I know I will find you in those ruins.]*

The Playwright quickly reassembles this dialogue silently in his *cabeza* as part of a soliloquy from an on-stage Grey E.T. he envisions.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Mutters under his breath.]* There's

I'm your virtual assistant  
from the future.

a crack in my saucer and now you will find me in my cups among the ruins of my ship. *[He silently gloats over his "punny" (we might prefer "puny") transformation of the couple's romantic comments into grist for his upcoming play. He hopes the Director agrees to use it. Knows Chat would approve. But Chit?]* At this point my future self has written these words down.



**CHIT:** What did you say? Huh? Another of your uncalled for *ipse dixits*? *[Munches on his order of shrimp wrapped in lettuce.]* By the way, a neighbor of mine, recently relocated from the Deep South, thought, when I once used the term in his presence, that Ipse Dixit was the famous woman who sewed together the first Confederate Flag. He later died when he drank Clorox as a remedy for COVID. Omit.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** Hey, eat, damn it! I'm starving. *[Rips into her egg rolls, alternately dunking them in hot mustard and sweet and sour sauces.]* These are great! Keep 'em rolling.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Hand over mouth, speaking softly and as if to an audience, breaking the fourth wall.]* All these people in here. They have potentially so much more control of their own velocities than they could ever imagine. *[Reaches desperately for his fried onion pancakes.]*

**THERAPIST #1:** Cool your jets! *[Grabs for her pork bao.]*

**CHIT:** I suppose, back in the day of the advent of the modern chemistry, the phrase would be "Cool your Bunsen burner!"

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Holding a pot sticker.]* And in the cave man days, it would be "Dowse your fire!" In the days of Edison, it would be "Flip off your switch!"

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Gleefully entering the game.]* And in the far far future, they'd exclaim — probably by telepathy — "Flatten your warp!"

**CHAT:** Or "Shrink your morphic field!" *[Laughs.]*  
Or "Back into your wormhole, A-hole."



Petroglyphs showing Ancient Aliens?

**READERS ARE ENCOURAGED TO ADD THEIR OWN WITTY ENTRY IN THIS GAME HERE:**

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Your signature here: \_\_\_\_\_

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**PLAYWRIGHT:** [*Huddles closer forward.*] You shrinks might be interested in some things in his past that deeply affected our Director.

**THERAPIST #2:** [*Pot sticker in mouth, mumbles.*] I'mmmm in. [*Chews vigorously.*]

**CHIT:** Not sure I want to hear this. Omit.



Dance scene from *Pulp Fiction* (1994).

**PLAYWRIGHT:** [*Speaks in a lower voice, glancing around, food half-way to his mouth.*] He was born on a beach and later suffered a trauma while at USC's film school.

**THERAPIST #1:** Don't tell he was abducted by aliens, twice!

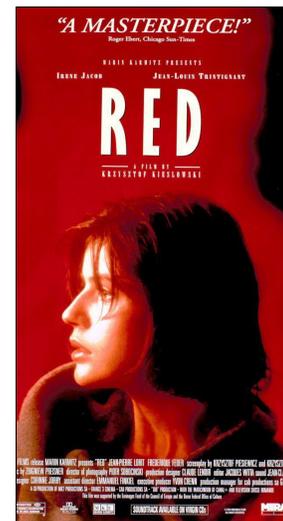
**PLAYWRIGHT:** No. His highly developed aesthetic sense was violated when in a film history class he read that the 1994 Palme D'Or was awarded at the Cannes Film Festival to Tarantino's "more pricks than kicks" — as the Director put it — American pop audience block-buster *Pulp Fiction*. Polish director Kieślowski's art film *Three Colors: Red* lost.

**CHAT:** Hated "Tarantula's" film — *imagination dead, imagine was my initial response* — 'cept for the kick-ass choreographed dance scene with Vincent [*John Travolta*] and Mia [*Uma Thurman*]. Made a lasting impact in pop culture consciousness. Like that catchy 1993 dance tune "Do the Macarena" that even got Bill Clinton to do some good moves.

**CHIT:** Ka-ching! It inspires Halloween costumes, hairstyles, and dance moves nearly two decades later. Watch, in a few weeks it'll be Halloween.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** Now . . . had the film ended with a mass alien abduction of the main characters . . . I think the Director is carrying out a kind of wish-fulfillment with his Chit and Chat dramas. And he hired me because I believe in E.T.s and Beckett.

**THERAPIST #2:** [*Eyes enlarge.*] The film *Red* is a clash between hope and experience, about how two apparently different people can connect on a deep level. I liked it very much. Yah, glitz and modes of pop allusion usually overshadow psychological depth. *Red* has never sold any commodities other than itself, while Hollywood looks to make bucks off a myriad of spin-offs from the film: dolls, toys, clothes, costumes, life-styles, blah, blah, blah.



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

PLAYWRIGHT: BING! . . . PFFT! . . . PING!

CHAT: [Her drink loosening her up.] Ah, the human pinball machine! I can do that, too: PONG! ... DONG! . . . DING!

PLAYWRIGHT: NO! I just reciting tidbits from Beckett's short prose. When the Director first met me, I was wearing a T-shirt with those cartoonish successive titles on it. Bought it at a literary conference — “Loos, Van der Rohe, and Beckett: *sans* Ornament” — in Cork, Ireland some years back. I learned that as the modern museum exhibition space became a white cube, so did living rooms and that if Beckett was still alive, he'd re-stage *Play* inside a Japanese capsule hotel. The feisty hosts at that Uni told you to shut-up if you went overtime on your talk yelling the inverted expression: “Put a bottle on it!”

At that time, I'd wake up bright and early — I was younger then — but feeling awful and out. I was depressed, often sitting with my head in my hands, even after served at the conference's opening dinner a remarkable Italian seafood dish the chef named “Dante and the Lobster” after a Beckett story. It's actual culinary name is Lobster Fra Diavolo. Each table had a large bunch of blue flowers, a Beckett reference.

Some years later I met our omni-disciplinary Director at Sassella's Italian in Santa Fe. The waiter had mixed up our orders and the Director noticed I was able to fake a condition known as *internal strabismus*. That really intrigued him. He told he liked movies-about-movie-making — Truffaut's *Day for Night* and Kiarostami's *Through the Olive Trees*. I complained I was writing bad stories and weird texts. He encouraged me to focus on writing wacky plays, like Beckett's *Krapps Last Tape*. Said, after observing me for some minutes, I might be good at “separating the stage character from the narrative so the actor becomes more a messenger, a fragmentation of monologue, as with Beckett.” That really got me thinking. If not about unbridled sunlight, then at least about the other side of the moon or a full eclipse.

CHIT: Let's not ask for the moon, we've had the stars. [Picks his nose.] Very fun funny [in tone meaning it isn't, still thinking about the Cork, Ireland reference].



The Director's personal pinball machine.



Dante and the Lobster entrée.



Internal Strabismus.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Wiping her lips.] Beckett at that time was reading too much Freud.*

**CHIT:** AWWWKKK-GRRR *[suddenly, in a low animal voice].* The sun smote us by night. We were ttttaken up bodily, ppppitched bbbbreathless before . . . Wretched acoustics inside. Time turns into space. Tenses meaningless. I choke back ddddread. . . . In designed space, like a design collaboration 'tween Rorschach, Escher, 'n Mies. Emerging from a glaucous light was a female bbbbeing. Sssshe approaches ccccloser and closer. I fear bbbbeing subjected to the most gratifying brutalities. I should turn away ffff from it, away from that sssstrange, yet alluring body. I wish I be wearing my dark blue tie. Away! Away from the head! Those eyes! My bbbbody and mind be in conflict. Look inside my head. Let it cease! Oh can't, it's I who would have to cccease. If I cease, might I come back as a paperclip? She ffffatters and sssseduces. Wants to leave a trace in my mind like air leaves among the leaves, putting in my mind a choppy flow of thoughts matching my intermittent flow of tears — intermittent — what a word that is:

*Flesh-clad skeleton behind the total Gestalt, you are not discontinuous. Masses of atoms pretending to solidity. You ignore superimposed patterns. What agitation Umans be. At the same time what calm what vicissitudes within changelessness do be you. Our fleshs share common vocabulary. We digest your social media which keep you all isolated. Replacement of actual by virtual. We once in President Trump's room — him sleeps — we sense beast-man's odor of nauseating pheromone of man-eating animal.*

This — er — that voice can't bbbbe me. Or is it? I haven't yet been noticed, not yet appeared. She. She ppplays on my Tanouian sssssoul as upon an instrument. I ccccould have sssshouted and could not. So I burst with speechlessness, saying: *Not me, us! There's a way out, there's a way out some where.* I longed for escape and dddid not try 'cause no recollection of *before*.

Would she, I feared, be found cccaressing my wild ddddead hair before I would be slooshed outta the saucer in a great storm of wind on my way to becoming part of the desert rot below? Camus sssssaid what gives value to travel is fear. I'm afraid. Genou tells me: *I am the you that is not words.* I know I'm here now where times passes and atoms assemble in an instant. I know, but it's still not me, yet me. I'd out a castrato scream if I could. The memory. The awful knowledge is still there! In bits and scraps, flickerin' on 'n off. *[Addressing "himself".]* Down you get now and step around, Genou.

A startling admission! Chit attempts to get up to use the facilities, but lapses back in his chair into what looks like a postcoital depression, his face becoming xanthic; but being an actor, we can't be sure he is acting or not. Are we witnessing a third self —

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Genou the inner alien — imagining itself? A personality oscillation akin to those of particles / waves? Not quite. Yet. He slowly awakens and resumes normal conversation, but one eye has creepily shifted into a skewed position]. It's all the same dream, it and the Gemini-Me; I and Us [*Genou*], him and the two mes.

**CHIT:** Whoa! I subscribe to Yogi Berra's dictum: "Sometimes you can see a lot just by looking weird." Or, as our Director suggests, by using *ishin-den-shin*, intuitive no-voice communication. [*All glance at him with deep concern and amusement.*] I know, my therapist, you [*points a finger at Therapist #2*] warned me vertigo invades when the world one thinks we knew no longer holds, and also to avoid premature closure.

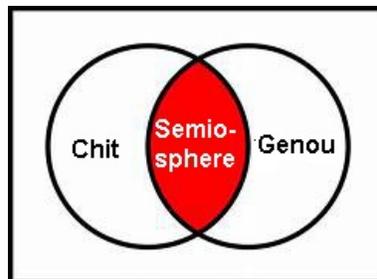
**CHAT:** [*Biting her fingernails.*] Uh, Chit, the fact is your Yogi Berra quote doesn't end with the term "weird". A nice Freudian slip there, my Hoppy!

**CHIT:** [*Ignores her.*] Now where was I? Something about Halloween costumes, I think. Oh! Chat got her little Wheaten Scottie an E.T.-themed costume, that I remember. Weeks before our abduction.

Say [*addressing all*], who, who's got the balls to Trick or Treat in a Biden or Netanyahu mask this year? WHO?! [*Future fact: he'll discover his Tommy Hilfiger underwear is damp.*] YAHOO!!!!



Is Chit showing signs of his three conflicting personalities — his Gemini-Self and Genou — as slightly overlapping Venn diagrams, not wholly self nor wholly other? Attempting to create a *semiosphere* between them.



Might the proper dramatic response of at least one diner at the table (or possibility YOU Dear Reader), be *Daily Planet* editor Perry White's predictable exclamation in the "Superman" TV series:

**GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!**

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

But no. All are quite subdued, focus on their chow, and seem to be thinking: *Be calm, be kind, be safe.* Throughout their exchange, in between chowing down, our they wag fingers before their faces. Chit asks for more napkins. Chat makes a restroom run. Upon her return, in her open purse, Chit spies a violated yellow Milk Duds box.



Therapist #1 wipes her lips over and over throughout, finally needing to reapply her lipstick using her iPhone selfie photo feature like a mirror. (Buys her clothes at Selfie Leslie.) All make subtle arm gestures. The Playwright imagines their fingers have small lights on them and in the dark their motion shows up as traces of photon energy dancing and weaving among them. Something akin to early efficiency experts Frank and Lillian Gilbreth's famous motion studies. Finally, Therapist #1 offers information that might be pertinent to Chit's experience with Velia.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Raising her hand to get the diners' attention.]* Given Chit's experience with that mysterious woman in the saucer, I have a Japanese word for you, *Utsuro-bune*, it means "hollow boat". As the story goes, it was an unknown object, saucer-shaped that allegedly washed ashore on February 22, 1803 in Hitachi province on the eastern coast of Japan. Japanese *Yōkai* meets *Kaiju Elga* *[sci-fi monster movies]* meets Manga.



*Utsuro-bune*, illustration of woman and vessel.

According to the legend, a mysterious young woman aged between 18 and 20 was found inside the "hollow boat". She was 5 feet tall, her skin was as white as snow, and

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

long hair dangled smoothly down along her back. Fishermen brought her inland, but she was unable to communicate in Japanese. They returned her and her vessel to the sea, and it drifted away. Historians, ethnologists and physicists have discussed the legend as part of a longstanding tradition within Japanese folklore. But certain ufologists have claimed that the story is evidence of a close encounter with extraterrestrial life. Some ufologists suggest the *Utsuro-bune* could have been an unidentified submerged object (USO). They note the mysterious symbols which were reportedly found on the object that regularly appear as addenda within the depictions.

**CHIT:** [*Firmly tapping right index finger on the table, as left index probes his nose.*] It's all the same dream! The Milky Way 'round me neck!

**THERAPIST #1:** Speaking of Nipon. After that horrible tsunami hit Fukushima's nuclear power plant in March, 2011, many UFO sightings were reported by locals. In fact, Netflix now streams *Encounters*, a documentary series that includes those sightings.

**In the days surrounding the Fukushima nuclear power plant meltdown, hundreds of people reported seeing mysterious lights in the sky.**



Strange moving lights sighted in the Fukushima area after the disaster.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** *[Breaking open a fortune cookie, reading it.]*  
*Look! [Hands the fortune to the Playwright, who looks, nods with approval.]*

A clean conscience is a good pillow.

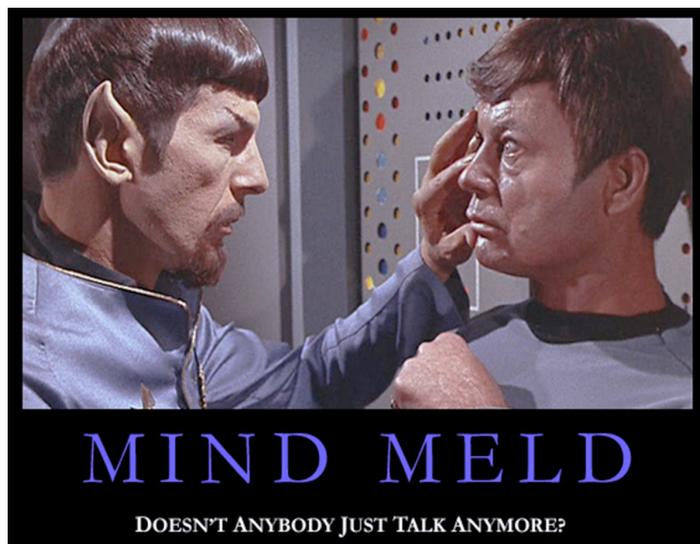
**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Reads the fortune.]* Great! And Sei Shōnagon's *The Pillow Book* shows a woman with a conscience. Hey, why MAGA-types buy Mike Lindell's *My Pillow*, while liberals rent Peter Greenaway's film version.

**CHAT:** Trump could sleep as easy on a stone for his pillow. Even before our abduction, the Director had been advising us to both to watch UFO documentaries and discuss them. To even trying acting out mini-scenes between us based on what we saw.

**CHIT:** *[He seems more normal now.]* Indeed! We'd watch for several hours. Then, sitting in opposing chairs, like two secluded owls, we'd discuss the shows, often vehemently. It was during one such session, I rediscovered that the loss in height for my body when sitting is the same as for it when kneeling. As a kid, I discovered that in a church pew, observing the people in front of me. Then we'd walk in the afternoon; coming back we'd try a dialogued scene between us, then take a nap. *[See frontispiece for a reproduction of Michigan artist Heidi Kumao's hand-stitched artwork].* After dinner, we'd watch more streaming alien documentaries. I mean this was going on weeks prior to our abduction. Why at first we thought the abduction was rigged by some special effects guy during which we were to improvise. But it was . . . *[Therapists, intrigued, eye him uneasily.]*

**CHAT:** *[Eyes closed, hand on knees.]* Real. Yet not real, if you get my drift.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Turns to us Readers, breaking the fourth wall.]* At this point a good film director — if this restaurant scene was being filmed — would order a dramatic dolly-out and upward to capture the whole table and its doings in one objective overview that would include: Chit blowing his nose, twice, once in his bare right hand, and next in Chat's hanky; the therapists putting heads close, whispering; Chit



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

trying out appropriated gestures then suffering bodily immobility while silently mouthing — what? Imagine a Vulcan mind-meld with Chit; we discover he feels at times like a dispersed, post-Freudian ego, a voice of the alien other in him, Genou, who contains deformed DNA of paradise and inferno. Background music would be from Italian experimental musician Walter Maioli’s cosmic “Shortwave Encounters”. The Director has many disks of Maioli’s otherworldly



Pipilotti Rist.

music. In character, he prefers Chit to be clad in all black, which he argues signifies to the audience: “I’m so deep I don’t need to draw attention to my outer self, ’cause it’s inside that matters.” But he prefers Chat don her famous “petting colors”, a red and white satin blouse, blue belt, yellow pedal-pushers, white trainers. What can I say, the guy is enamored with the Swiss artist Pipilotti Rist’s colorful installations.

**CHIT:** *[Head rolling about aimlessly.]* I prefer R&B, research and books! If you call yourself by another name, like Genou, you become another person? Same as when you don a mask. Sincerity ’n authenticity do go out the door, the window, or the hatch. Like you lose ability to discriminate ’tween the world out there and the fuckin’ damage in your own *cabeza*, after hours of thought-adjustment via CNN. The heart’s mind is replaced by Al Gore Rhythms. Omit. *[He is tapping S-O-S on his right knee with his right fingers.]* Shite, shite, shite, shite *[delivered with a British accent]*. Don’t bite, don’t bite. Omit. But okay to bite into Blue Moon ice cream. Rist loves its color.



We both love it. That brand. Easy to get in Milwaukee, not so in Switzerland.

**CHAT:** Hell, Chit ’n Chat *are* brands, too. The Director is counting on it. Why the concern with wardrobe, color.

**CHIT:** When we are on-stage before the camera, the space almost pulsates! The Playwright is praying for it *[winking at the Playwright]*.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** I am. I yam. I yammer on. The Director is mouthing “Altman, Altman!”

**THERAPIST #1:** Us therapists are hoping for it, too. Why we took your cases, kids. And hammer on and on with our patients about how memories released can be therapeutic and **KA-CHING** very lucrative. Gives one a marketable *brand*.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**THERAPIST #2:** Best paying job we've had in a nickel of years.

**CHIT:** Permission? [*Raises his hand like a school boy in class*] I always wanted to ask a psychoanalyst why, when working my *New York Times* crossword puzzle, the upper right corner is always harder to get than the rest of the puzzle? That corner seems to open the Black Hole of my Intellect. Maybe a day or two later . . . it's *solution at last sight*.

**CHAT:** Weird! That happens often when I try to do a picture puzzle. Crosswords are easy as cake for me. . . . *Estoy llorando!* 'I'm crying,' for those who don't know Spanish and can't work the local Hispanic papers' crosswords. [*Fakes likes she's wiping away tears.*] Hey, hey! My crocodile tears has suddenly evoked an real insight about us late-capitalists living under the regime of CAPITALIST REALISM: *WE LACK A PROPER VOCABULARY FOR THINKING ABOUT PAIN AS COMMUNAL AND PUBLIC.*

**CHIT:** Yep! Psychology focuses on the individual, less the social ills making us depressed. It's always ME, ME, ME, ME, ME. "Far so latte dough," as the CEO of Starbucks put it.

**CHAT:** But the assault on Gaza is now demanding we start finding such a vocabulary pronto [*silent nods all around the table, heads dropping*]. A vocabulary not stuffed in our mouths by all the Thought Adjusters. We need to think with the heart, not the Id. Not *kill* hearts.

**THERAPIST #1:** During this global epiphanic moment, human reason has an opportunity to enter into a newer, more hopeful relationship with the whole of existence. This might be the motivating wish of your space visitors.

**THERAPIST #2:** A Jewish buddy of mine married a Saudi. They now have young twins, a boy and a girl. Recently, they sent them to grade school, one in a *hijab*, the other



Monster from the Id.



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

sporting a *yamulke*. Hand-in-hand they boldly walked the school's halls to mixed responses: high-fives, some ugly jabs. Quite a stir, indeed. Not unlike what you'd expect if a black boy and white girl walked hand-in-hand down a street in 1950s Alabama.

**CHIT:** Like matter and anti-matter: **KA-BOOM!**

*[Vigorous arm gestures, knocking over what little*

*remained of his cocktail.]* **Fuck!** Makes me recall

that *Star Trek* TV episode, "Let That Be Your Last Battlefield", where two survivors of a war torn planet, each half white, half black — but on opposite sides — are committed to destroying each other.

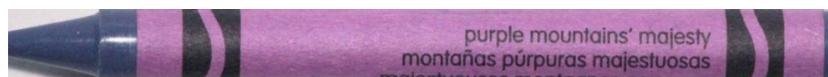


**THERAPIST #2:** A new thinking is needed, which often is taken as a manifestation of idiocy. In return, the parents were given an option already given in advance, as if an AI program was clicking away behind the scenes: they were told in no uncertain terms to come and pick the pair up *immediately*, returning them the next day not so garbed. No news coverage of the event. Children and staff had to delete any images thereof.

**CHAT:** At least, the kids made their point to classmates who might have a more open heart to the pain on both sides of the divide, unlike Ronny DeSantis — remember his righteous rant concerning Gaza at a recent GOP election debate which could be summarized as: *Kill them all and let God sort them out!*

**CHIT:** *[Quick pick of nose.]* We're living through the assault of the present on the rest of time. It rumbles grimly forward through space and time.

**THERAPIST #2:** *[Leaning toward Therapist #1.]* I've just noticed something. Whenever Chit, I'm referring to his physical comportment, well, he has a way of pointing toward things that comes not from his shoulder or wrist but from his elbow, with the upper arm down, close to the torso, and the forearm moving freely — as does "The Proud Finn", my painter buddy's cognomen. He's of Finnish descent yet never seems to really finish any of his canvases. His gallery suggested he start using Crayolas. Soon he fell in love with the color called "purple mountains' majesty". It became dominant in his work.

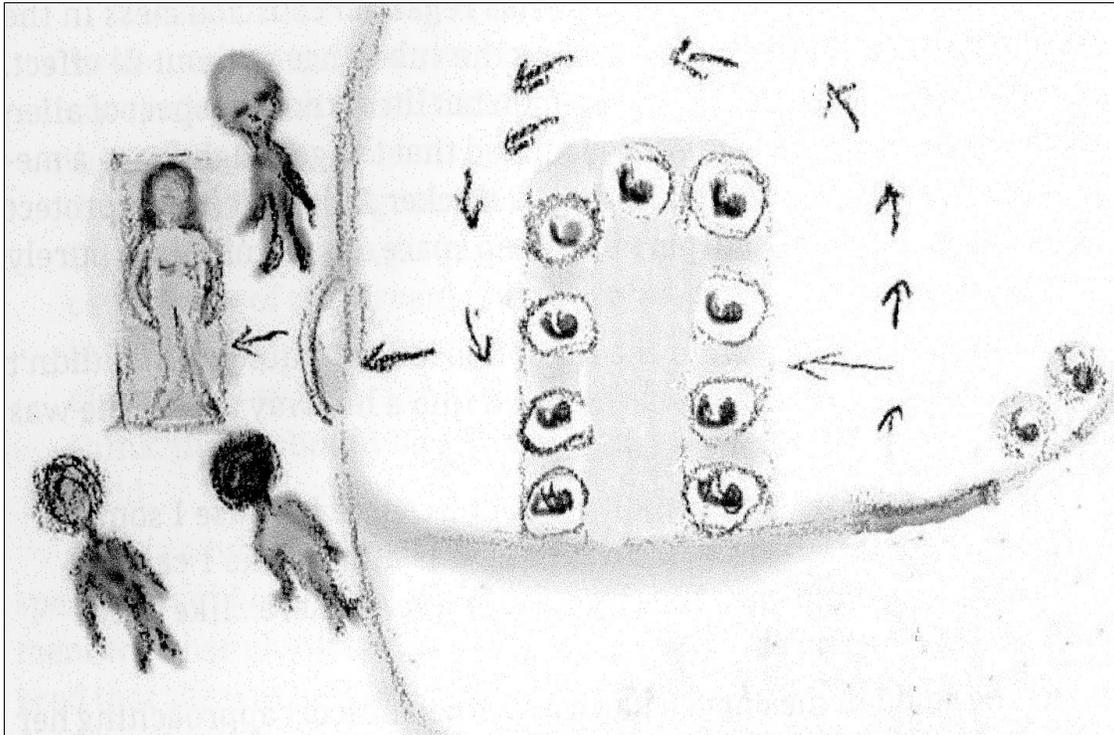


## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Whispering to each other.]* You noticed *that* relatively normal gesture and *not* that he too often briefly picks his nose? And what about that souvenir T-shirt he bought and wore around Roswell when he disappeared for several days after a particularly disturbing session with you and was found sleeping in his car by police after reports of someone pestering tourists with stories of his trauma, huh?



**THERAPIST #2:** God, don't bring that up again! He wanted to give testimony to his and Chat's experiences that's all. Okay, he snatched Chat's amazing drawing of her abduction horror. But he returned it.



Chat's sketch of herself in an alien exam room with alien-human babies stored in cylindrical tanks.

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Still whispering.]* Yah, but I had to fly down and drive him back through country so flat and boring it felt like I was being hypnotized. Chit didn't want to be around you just then and you didn't want to be stuck in a car with him for the three-hour drive back either. That was an interesting week, for sure. The city of Roswell seemed like a

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

mirror of Chit's mind: very old and crumbling stucco structures the color of white and grey matter with the main street akin to a spinal cord running the length along which were interspersed small sites of fantastic delight stuffed with oodles of kitschy alien stuff and little UFO museums overflowing with imagery and convincing data urging you "to believe".

**THERAPIST #2:** He did return with interesting photographs. The shot of the green alien (see photo below) looking down from a building window was great and even encouraged Chit to go deeper in his therapy after I used it in a session to get him talking about his childhood, probing for more information concerning an earlier abduction we both think he experienced.



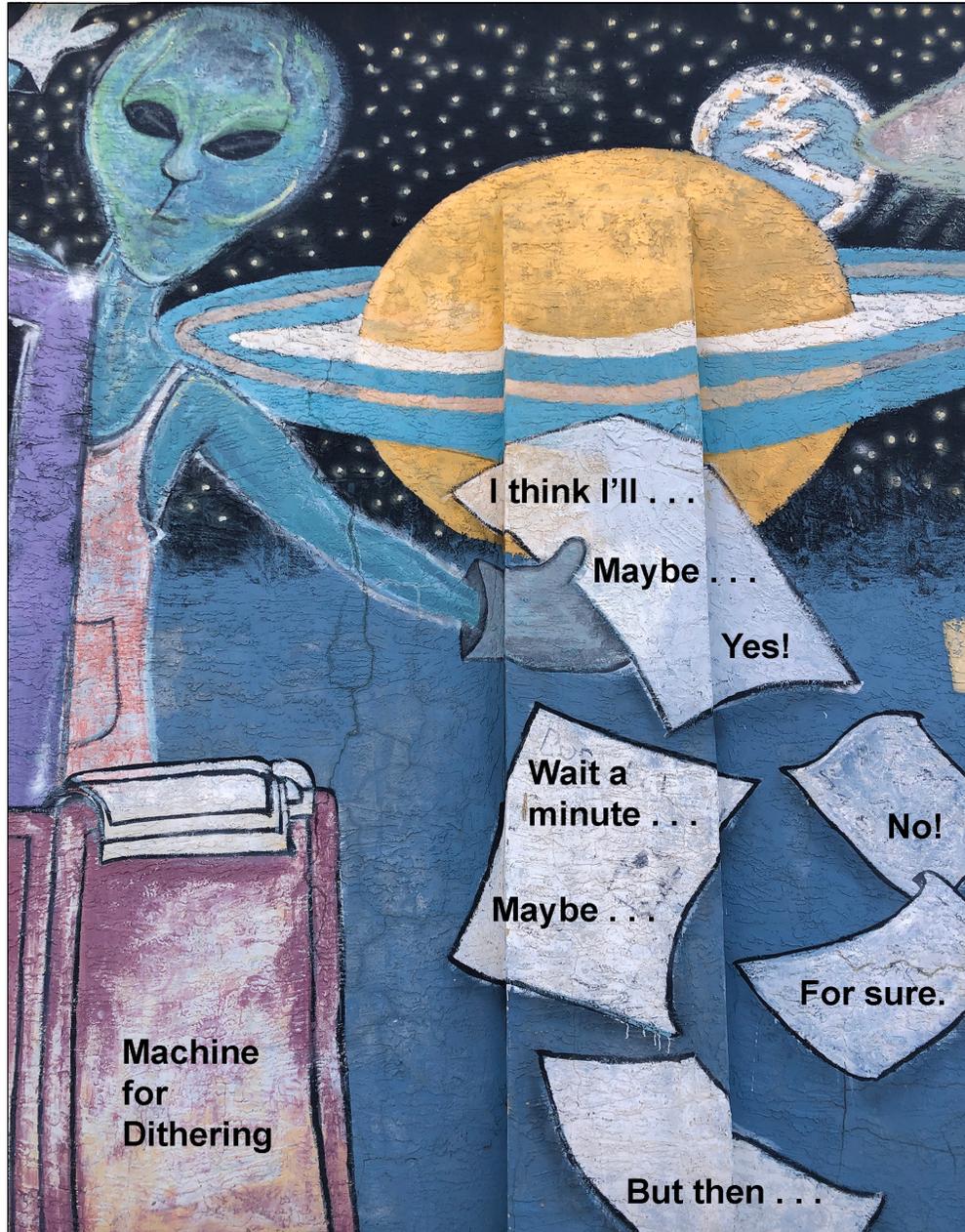
UFO-themed pins, Roswell, NM, photo by Chit.



Chit's iPhone photo taken in Roswell, NM.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**THERAPIST #1:** I did like the altered image of a wall mural he photographed in Roswell used to give voice to his dithering first words uttered under hypnosis. Very funny.



*Machine for Dithering* (2023, homage to Ed Ruscha) Chit.

**THERAPIST #2:** Yes, and we agree Chit is here imaging his alien self, Genou. He said his ambiguous dual self is figured in twisting cursive in Ed Ruscha's famous *Self* [1967] where that word is imaged as a continuous möbius strip. Chit loves Ruscha.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**THERAPIST #1:** *Touché!* A non-orientable surface that always elicits from viewers: “Huh?”



*Self* (gun powder on paper, 14.5 x 22.5 in, 1967) Ed Ruscha.

**THERAPIST #2:** Yes. Huh. That word captures the reality of living in a world we never really do understand from our unmoored subjective POV. A world now filled with Factual Nonsense.

**THERAPIST #1:** A world screwed up thanks to “Crack-Up Capitalism.” And now we need to modify your phrase: “Huh” captures the reality of living among galaxies and species we never do really understand. We are left with, well, just “believing” or “not believing.”



**THERAPIST #2:** Which, of course, can alternate, well, even daily for some folks. *[Changes the topic.]* Say, I just bought a copy of Francisco Lafaiete Lopes’s new book *Freud and the Ludic Mind*. It explores what happens when one introduces the hypothesis of a ludic drive — as opposed to the emphasis on the death drive — into the classical Freudian model. That is, an impulse for living an active life, a life in which one is all the time doing, feeling, talking, listening, or imagining something.



**THERAPIST #1:** Imagining something . . . like a plethora of extraterrestrial life strewn through out the heavens?

**THERAPIST #2:** Or Imagining Country and Western music *sans* that creep Hank Williams, Jr. who promotes all types of right-wing causes, touting the Confederate Flag, in his twangy lyrics.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**THERAPIST #1:** Yah, fuck Williams, But there already is a lot of gaiety, but of the skittish, febrile, self-centered type. You may laugh watching Seinfeld, but most of the fossil fuels burned throughout history were burned since the first episode of that TV series aired.

Therapists carry on their quiet conversation re: Chit. Chit senses their topic. Wants to stand up, but thinks *If I stand up I'll have to see how much room my body really occupies*. He does stand. Unsteadily moves to a wall near the restrooms where Chat has disappeared into. If Superman were to direct his X-ray vision through two walls and spy on Chat, he'd see her staring in a mirror with a crumpled expression, muttering: *I'm sad . . . That's bad . . . I'm sad . . . That's mad . . . I'm bad . . . That's 'cause I've been had . . . by an alien!* Meanwhile, *Chit* orients himself one arm across his chest, the other disappearing behind his back, like a body preparing to fold in half. Is he presenting his Chit-Self and his Genouian-Self as if the front and back covers of an autobiographical book? Huh? . . . Another country heard from: the Playwright now joins in the chat.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** Uh, did you notice Chit's gone. Chat's in the lady's room thinking — Giorgio Agamben claims "Urination is entirely homogenous with thought" — and I'm here alone and being ghosted by two . . . ?

**THERAPIST #2:** [*Looking like a kid whose hand was caught in the cookie jar.*] Er, sorry.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** To add a contrasting point to your Hank Williams, Jr.'s comment, did you know that the 2023 *Granta* Best Novelists list of twenty writers features just four men. Albeit, the focus is on British writers and only two blacks made the list. But still . . .

**THERAPIST #1:** Talking about "Did You Knows", did you know about the "Marden-Stoner Commonalities Among Abductees Experiencers" study? [*Blank look on the Playwright's face.*] Forty-five questions were asked of 50 experiencers, along with a control group of 25 non-experiences. Okay? There were 45 questions asked of the experiencer group, broken down into 5 categories: demographics/gender, abduction memories, paranormal experiences, emotional responses, and physiological responses. The collated responses show that the experiencer group shared a unique constellation of characteristics not found in the control group. It was discovered that 64 percent of the experiencers were women; 59 percent of those women have experienced gynecological problems since their abduction; 76 percent were not alone when they were taken; 58



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

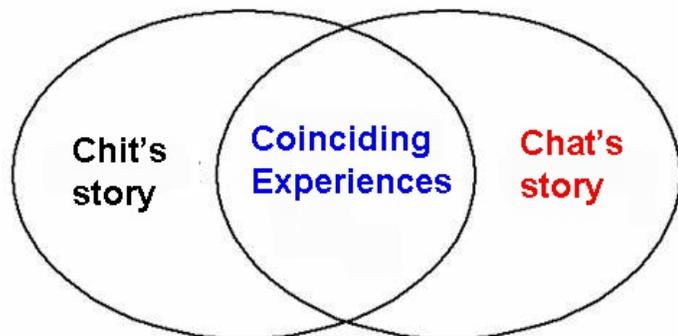
percent were aware of being examined on board an alien craft; 44 percent claimed to have had a telepathic communication with the E.T.s; and 72 percent claimed to be more sensitive and intuitive after their contact experience.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** Shit! So how *are* Chit 'n Chat's sessions going?

**THERAPIST #2:** That Mardan-Stoner Study revealed that most abduction experiencers have conscious, continuous recall of at least part of the events. While under hypnosis, the “truth” is what the participant subjectively perceives. We were fortunate that neither of the actors had a strong resistance to being hypnotized, eventually of achieving a state of altered consciousness. So, yes, each could focus and be compliant enough for the trance to arrive sooner than later. However, Chit could be a handful at times *[laughs]*; body language and emotional state could be more dramatic than Chat's. And when he came out of hypnosis, his eyes would crack open and appear to harbor unnerving thoughts.

**THERAPIST #1:** Yes, Chat was much easier, more compliant. Her body language and emotional state was more consistent, session-to-session. She appeared more alert than Chit when she was “under”, and less stressed after awakening. Except for one time when she recalled a pulse that moved through her body during examination. But she was more easily calmed by a soft, soothing voice than Chit.

**THERAPIST #2:** I had to be firmer with Chit, than you had to with Chat. But, in comparing their respective stories, there was considerable overlap in the data.



**THERAPIST #1:** Chit had an erotic attraction with an entity named “Velia”. In doing some probing of his past, he admitted to being very taken as teenager with the British sci-fi film *Devil Girl from Mars*, wherein an alien female named, “Nyah”— sounds like “No” in Martian — has evil plans. And later with the 1967 time-travel/alien film *Journey of the Center of Time*, where a more kindly alien female, “Vina”, is trying to her save Earth from its own destruction. This attraction to seductive female aliens (one bad, one good) may have added to Chit's sensual response to the dominant female E.T. he met on the saucer after his abduction. In the Brit film, the “Devil Girl” is figured as a ray-gun-wielding extraterrestrial dominatrix. In contrast, Vina is motherly, sympathetic toward the time-travelers, and urges they return to their own time and stop Earth's self-destruction by way of laser guns.

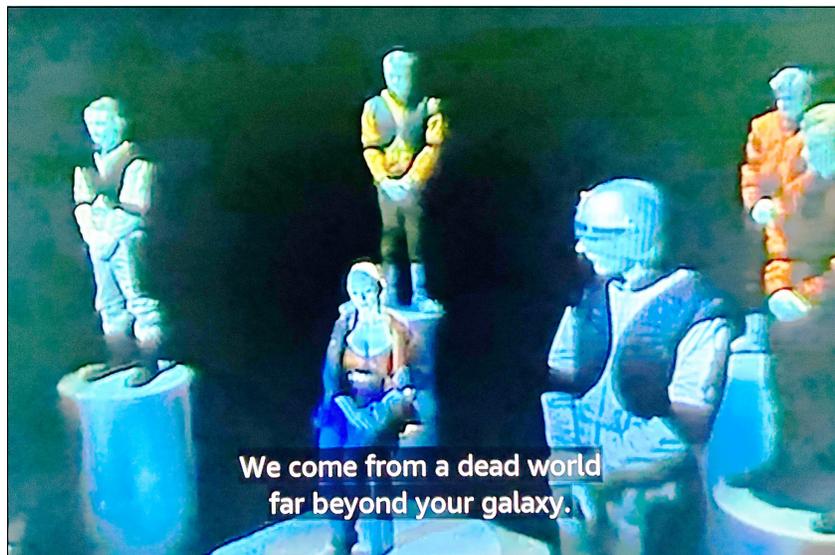
## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux



*Devil Girl from Mars* (1954) British director David McDonald.



Vina from *Journey of the Center of Time* (1967)



The aliens (with Vina, center) from *Journey to the Center of Time* (1967)

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

While “under,” Chit blurted out he was experiencing images whirling about his *cabeza* in which Velia’s image alternated with that of the “Devil Girl’s” and “Vina’s”. Here earlier memories of different types of female aliens were overlaid (good girl / bad girl). This is where it often becomes difficult sorting real and imagined.

As for the credibility of Chit and Chat’s testimony, well, many credible witnesses either saw their abduction or noticed weird lights outside that night; their doctors have confirmed their implants. What occurred thereafter does jive with reported specific details gleaned from many other abductees by researchers. It is not uncommon for female abductees to have gynecological problems afterward. Many abductees suffer chronic fatigue, immune dysfunction, scars. This has been firmly established by research.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Rubbing hands together vigorously, eyes widening, dollars signs in his eyes.]* Think the Director and I have a gold mine in the making! We could open the play in Roswell!

**THERAPIST #2:** I thought the Director was *filming* Chit and Chat. That’s when the pair was POOF! abducted, right? Right off a classic red GTO Pontiac’s trunk.

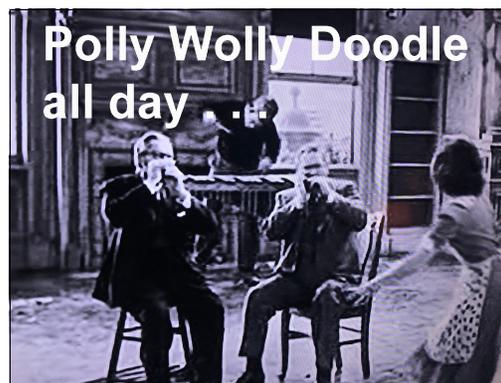


**PLAYWRIGHT:** *[Rubbing his chin.]*

Right. Play and a film or a film of a play. Altmanesque. Whatever. It’s a novel idea about a playful-film. A playful novel about a “film-flam”. Ha-ha! Whatever! *[Getting excited.]*

## As you like it!

The Director is an “omni-mediaddict”. As a young film student, he’d attend plays and operas while reading on his Kindle or watching movies on his iPad (using earphones) at the same time. One of his favorite movies is the late-1930s comedy *You Can’t Take it With You*. You know, the one where crazies with harmonicas sing “Polly Wolly Doodle All Day.” That mode of distracted watching does weird shit to your internal wiring as the State of our Union now proves. Remember, that Academy Award-winning film is based on the award winning Kaufmann and Hart play of the same title. So



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

it's a film of a play, of sorts. Get it? Also, why the Director adores Altman and Hitchcock's *Rope* [1948], which is literally a filmed play with long continuous takes and minimal editing.



*Rope* (1948) Dir., Alfred Hitchcock.

**THERAPIST #1:** The obviously gay couple hanging out together in the film, symbolically “tie the knot” between them by murdering their friend.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** Yes! Excellent. . . . The Director and me? Since I speak Spanish, the Director often calls me “One Who Puns All Day Alone” — after the Spanish explorer Juan Ponce de León. *[Long groans from the therapists.]*

**THERAPIST #1:** *[Laughing.]* Nice. . . . I love that early comedy film, too. First time I saw it I was totally blown away. I sometimes ask my patients to watch it. For them it confirms the right to happiness, to find your own side-track in life, a guide to better values.

**THERAPIST #2:** A celebration of what from our perspective today is a pre-Beatnik, pre-Hippy sensibility. Message of that production is totally relevant today.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** No shit! The role of Greedy Capitalist, Anthony Kirby, could be played today by Trump or Musk. Donald Jr. could be cast as Kirby's son. Oh, man!

**THERAPIST #1:** Except, neither of them would ascend to the enlightened state that the original Kirby finally did. Musk's Moon and Mars rockets go higher up, not morally though.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** Right. So . . . A slight modification for our times. Ah, irate Union Members go up-elevator, storming Kirby's private office, lynching him with a long USB cable after his son rapes the object of his affections and a massive Depression settles upon America and the population has to eat dog and cat food for sustenance, or even cook their own dogs and cats!

**THERAPIST #2:** Perfect!

**PLAYWRIGHT:** Thanks for that! By the way, I do like the analogy between Mr. Kirby and Elon Musk or Peter Thiel. Thiel described their goal to colonize Mars as a political project.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Just then Chit and Chat return from the washroom, making their way past the many diners in booths on the side and tables scattered in the middle chatting away. One young guest tries using her chopsticks to put Shanghai noodles in her mouth, to no avail. Another guest, about five years old, pronounces Moo Shoo Pork as “Moon Shoe Park”. A teen couple poke playfully at each other with their wooden chopsticks, then humorously attempt such at our clowns when they pass near their table.

**CHAT:** *[Sits down.]* Long wait at the single commode restroom, then I ended up using the last of too-thin toilet paper. Ugh!

**CHIT:** *[Still standing.]* Yeah, the Men’s Room was out of order and both genders had to alternate bathroom use. *[Addressing the Playwright.]* But you might want to stand in line just hear the odd chatter of the folks waiting. One guy wearing a tweed jacket said, “What we need is a sharp-eyed, bullshitless vision of the future.” His interlocutor, a fellow in an expensive suit *[rare in Santa Fe]* carried on about how “It was common at the turn of the nineteenth century to believe Mars was crisscrossed by ‘canals’ due to one Percival Lowell who’d exaggerated what Italian astronomer Schiaparelli saw as ‘seas’ and ‘continents’, and linear structures he dubbed *canali*.” The man went on to claim that the term was poorly translated into English as “canals” and that set Lowell off on a decades search to prove they were evidence of a highly structured society. *[See illustration next page.]* Lowell, the guy said, even built his own observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona — where this suited fellow hailed from — and would scan the heavens at night for hours, binging on cream peppermints. Yes. Lowell set off the fascination with Mars that writers of speculative fiction mined for decades, like Ray Bradbury’s *The Martian Chronicles*. Even Philip K. Dick took the bait to write “Survey Team” in 1954; a story that might’ve caught Musk’s eye as therein people escape earth’s devastation by venturing to Mars, but only to find it devastated by its former residents who then fled to Earth centuries ago. Ironic, huh?

**CHAT:** Indeed! That bathroom line guy’s interlocutor brought up Orson Wells “Invaders from Mars” Mercury Theatre broadcast of 1938. Fake news gag based on H .G. Wells’s story, but it got some folks riled up since the print media hyped the panic way beyond its actual level to diss the new medium of radio, their competitor.

**PLAYWRIGHT:** Wells was a podcaster *avant la lettre*. Our Director knows a certain “Hamish”, who does a podcast, *WTF!*, from a funky radio station south of here. His motto is “Stationary But Not At Rest”. His Watchers’ taste buds have been tantalized by super-heroes and extraterrestrials. He’s a critic of “algorists”, those invisible rulers of social media, and AI scientists. Keeps Cory Doctorow’s [Enshittification: Why Everything Suddenly Got Worse and What to Do About It](#), a diatribe against Big Data, at his bedside.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Touts Nathan Allen Jones's concept of "glitch poetics", surprise disruptions of electronic media. A sci-fi expert, he touts "extro-science fiction", rooted in the metaphysics of "speculative realism". A favorite short story of his is Jonathan Letham's "Program's Progress." He told me, "I live in speculative fiction."

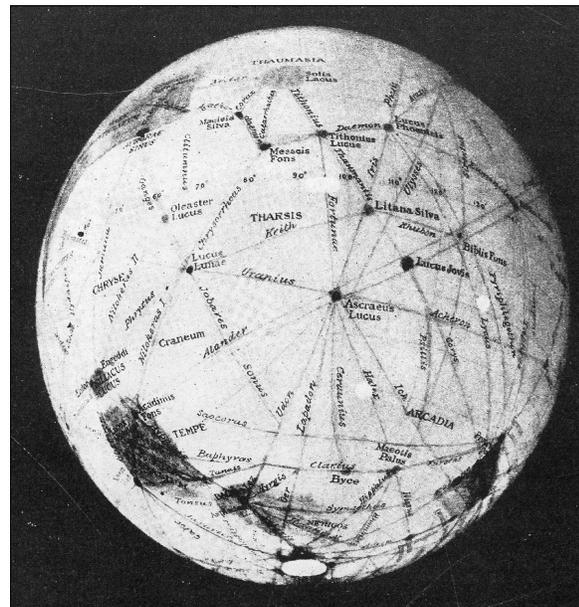
I learned from him that back when Mars speculation started, Church sermons offered that alien society on the Red Planet was a Christian paradise? *[Chuckles.]* And it was a pair of dice: both Socialists and Capitalists alike took to betting that Martian society was a utopia. Sci-fi writers more often evoked Mars as a threat, like Wells, whose story contributed to several movie versions. My fav was William Menzies's scary early fifties *Invaders from Mars*, wherein towns people are abducted and turned into zombies doing the aliens' bidding via mind-control. *[Chat starts fidgeting, eyes slightly mad.]* A remake of the film was done in 1986. Later, the Martian invasion theme was lampooned in the 1996 film *Mars Attacks* with its octopus-headed creatures recalling Menzies's head alien. Now it's more Earth will *attack* Mars given Musk and Thiel's greedy envisionments.



Super-Intelligent Alien, from *Invaders from Mars* (1953).



Example of "Glitch" art sent by a Watcher.



Spider web "canals" on Mars that Percival Lowell took for signs of an advanced civilization, maybe even a Christian paradise.

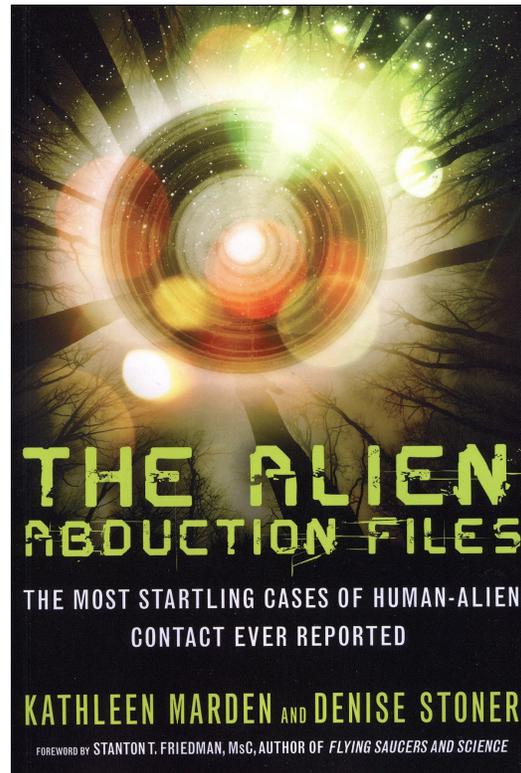
**CHIT:** Now Venezuela, then later Mars!

*[Gazes at Chat.]* Ah, you seem quite upset. Oh, sorry. *[Sees the signs of Chat's abduction trauma cross her face; he flashes again on the "blue room" of his abduction.]*

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** *[Bursts with emotion, turns to Therapist #1.]* I, I, the mmmmention of tttthat film. I suddenly recalled that just before the aliens let us down into Frenchy's Field near the Santa Fe river, tttthey mind-told us: "Drink deeply of the river. Tttthink deeply of coral reefs." So they dump us near a river so we can hydrate, cleanse ourselves after ttttheir various nauseous procedures and our exposure to a strange atmosphere and lecture us on coral reef husbandry?

**THERAPIST #1:** Could be. The sufficiently imaginative meets the sufficiently objective in some cases. In Marden and Stoner's *The Alien Abduction Files: The Most Startling Cases of Human-Alien Contact Ever Reported* [2013], an abductee, "Jennie", was told the same when returned to her home situated in the woods.



**CHIT:** *[Indignant, chiming in.]* Hell, given the crap we had to put up with and the ease with which they bop around the globe, you'd think they coulda given us each a bottle of Icelandic Glacial Natural Springs Alkaline Water. *[Therapists try suppress laughter as the Playwright whips out his notebook and jots down an idea.]*

**THERAPIST #1:** Could've been kombucha. Could be they meant something less literal. More poetic, like hinting at the drinking of, and cultivation of, *knowledge*. Many abductees get a strong sensation they possess far more information than they can immediately recall, that is it dammed up, and that it will be unlocked, flow out, at a later date. Pre-programming as seen the original *Manchurian Candidate* movie that will be activated later by an image or word. Possibly, something important for the survival of humankind and our planet is forthcoming.

I think of Frida Kahlo's famous late-thirties surrealist painting *What the Water Gave Me* as rife with meaning. Water has historically had a vast array of meanings for us: baptism, purification, the unconscious, sailing to new places, disasters like tsunamis, and so forth.



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux



What the Water Gave Me (1938) Frida Kahlo.

**CHAT:** Poetic reference, then. Not just an order to hydrate our bodies after their horribly intrusive procedures wrought upon us. More. A sort of riddle. Hmmmm. *[Thinking of the Gaza conflict.]* A command the very opposite of that cruel order of the Seleucid ruler of the Hellenistic Syrian kingdom, Antiochus, who punished the ancient Jews by forbidding the Israelites' daughters to bathe in the river after menstruation *[the ritual of mikvah]*. According to legend, a miracle happened: a water source appeared to each one of them in their houses and so the women could go to their men cleansed.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHIT:** [*Excited.*] Oh, hey, maybe ancient aliens performed that “miracle” for the Israelites. Say, might we redeem our abduction experience, finding the beauty of it in the fact that its space lies outside the *doxa* and that: *There is nothing outside the text!* A daring dollop of Derrida plopped into the plot. I think the Director would be on board.

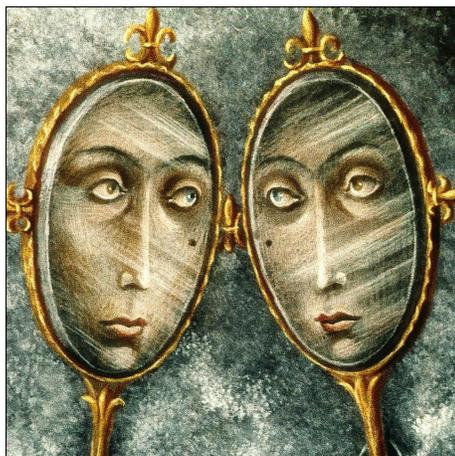
**PLAYWRIGHT:** Oh, **nice! Nice! NICE!**

[*Scribbles in his notebook, eyes twinkling.*] Yes, each detail of your combined stories should be as relevant as Chekhov’s gun, as precious as a Nabokovian adjective, and as mundanely uncanny as Gogol. Past, present, and future could be worked, interlaced, into a kind of, as the Germans put it, *Vergangenheitsbewältigung*, a reckoning with the past using you both as pawns.

By the way, the Director confessed to me, when we started this ludic filmed play about you two [see *Chit for Chat, vol. one*], that he was inspired by a detail of a Remedios Varos’ surrealist painting of male - female reflected selves — and by a famous Warhol quote: *You know two people who are very close?* In fact, originally our boss wanted to title the production *Close Encounters*, which is weird because on what actually happened at the end of Part One.

Yah! Talk about weirdly prescient. This why the Director is so *on board* with going forward with additional projects. In compliance with his wishes, for months I’ve been researching not only Sam Beckett’s “clowns”, but also the “low form” of Chinese comedic, crosstalk dialogue, *xiangsheng*, a mode designed for two actors — perfect for you two nutjobs as the success of Part One demonstrates.

I am also studying on YouTube Japanese performers doing *Butoh*. It was originally termed *ankoku butoh*, meaning “dance of darkness.” The inspiration for this new dance-theater style, was a reaction to post-war shock as well as the influx of western influence on Japanese dance, and also a desire to create something which differed from the strict, classical forms of Kabuki and Nōh theater.



Remedios Varos painting (detail).



Xiangsheng performers on stage.



Butoh Dancing.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

*[Looks about the table.]* We all seem to be on-the-same-page about the fact that we don't have blind confidence in habitual ideas, that the world is stranger and more varied than we imagine, even to the point of what mystics call "the night of the world," the monstrous. The Director put it well: "We must tarry with the negative, celebrate the the flux of appearances, seek the nuance. For us aesthetes, time and space dissolve in a cloud of probability which we can transform into new visual and textual structures."

**CHAT:** *[Turns attention to Therapist #1.]* I've read some material you therapists have given us on noteworthy past abductions and noticed UFOs don't seem to buzz around flashing weird lights in wealthy neighborhoods or gated communities very much. Rural houses and roads, yes.

**CHIT:** *[Eyes lighting up.]* Oh, cabins! Just flashed on M. Night Shyamalan's 2023 film *Knock at the Cabin*, about the end of the world and its prevention via human sacrifice.

**CHAT:** Shame I didn't see it *[said in a tone of dismissal.]* Much that our powers here cannot sustain, is permitted there, there being the other side of space and time thanks to chance loop quantum gravity.

**CHIT:** A domain that escapes the control, too use a Lacanian term, "the big Other."

**CHAT:** Speaking of time and up-scale housing, my relatives used to take us kids on Sundays on car rides past large mansions with circular driveways encompassing vast, well-manicured lawns and topiaried shrubs, with perfect views of Lake Michigan's changing display. Rarely did we see people around.

**CHIT:** Hard to abduct 'em if you can see 'em. Right? *[Derpy facial expression akin to Steve Locke's tongue-out portraits, which the Playwright hastily sketches into his notebook.]* Q.E.D.!



Playwright's sketch of Chit's derp face.

**CHAT:** *[Playfully sticks her tongue out at Chit.]* Well, I did discover under hypno-regression being snatched twice when younger and I'm exploring its impact on my recent re-abduction. *Et vous?*

**CHIT:** *[Drops the derp look, getting serious.]* Uh, uh, my Gemini-Self has kinda become more aware of Genou. A sort of . . . well . . . other alien part of my already quirky dual-self. A *third* part. I am a trident of selves. I already have drawn upon my Gemini-Self of past experiences to enhance my stage presence, to power my dialogue with Chat on stage. But *tres?* I confess, I am a three-time lecher and love *tres leches* cake for dessert. So,

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

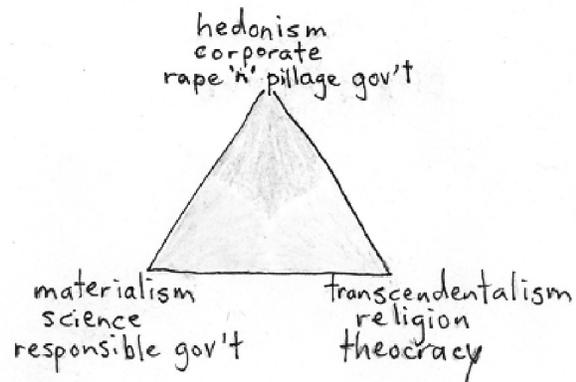
yes, I do like the number three. Moreover, Chat has told me the number three expresses connection. According to Jewish law, once something is done three times it is considered a permanent thing. This is called a *chazakah*. Once we have done something three times, we have connected to it and connected it to this world. Tell that to the Director, that we need to complete our series of productions by realizing it in *three* parts. Then all of us might be able to contribute to our country's "gross national happiness" (GNH).



Chit drawing at age four. It might record elements of his initial alien abduction.

**CHAT:** I thought our gross national happiness was wielding guns, shooting schools kids and African-Americans like targets in a traveling fair's shooting gallery!

**PLAYWRIGHT:** Ouch! . . . It's a fact, if a play can last at least three nights, it has made its connection with audiences, even drama history. [He acts as if a light bulb just appeared above his head; he madly sketches in his notebook.]



Playwright's notebook sketch of a triad.

**THERAPIST #1:** Numerologists recognize that **3** [figures the number in the air with her right index finger] is the number of the child as it symbolizes the growth and magic that results from the combination of two other things; it's the metaphorical child brought forth from two parents (one may be an alien), full of energy and possibility. Chit, this is your Genouian I-We self! You must fight against *autoepistemic closure*, one's inbuilt blind spot about one's capacity to gain self-knowledge. This is what a good part of your therapy was aimed to help you accomplish.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHIT:** *[Very animated.]* The triad symbolizes the number three, a perfect number claimed by Pythagoras because it has a beginning, middle, and end. Like a play or film. Moreover, the triad represents concepts such as proportion, harmony, and perfection.



**PLAYWRIGHT:** Why I'm thrilled to be writing the script for Part Deux and beyond. As per the Director's orders, I can hand out our production's new sew-on symbolic patches! *[Pulls them from his bag.]* The red and white triadic patch is for Chit and Chat . . . the blue Alien Air Force patch is for the therapists and crew.

**THE DIRECTOR:** *[Sneaks up.]* Congrats! Wear 'em proudly to get into the attention economy like pianist [Igor Leavitt](#). Thought the Alien Air Force patch might be too traumatic for you abductees *[directs his gaze to Chit and Chat]*. Whereas the triadic center-seeking arrows bespeaks unity between Chit's trio of selves and symbolizes the equal contributions to our production by the Director, Playwright, and Actors. As you quarky clowns have electric charge, mass, color, flavor, and strangeness, I'm giving you Sodalite crystal pedants. Supposed to work with the throat and third eye chakras opening you up to all levels of communication, perception, enhancing creativity and ideas. Might even, along with media coverage, up your KPI *[Key Performance Indicator]*.



Sodalite pendant.

**CHAT:** Wow! Love the blue tint. Thanks, boss!

**CHIT:** *[Winking.]* Oh, for a fuckin' sec thought you were giving' us a Lite Soda — like Canada Dry Zero-Sugar.

**DIRECTOR:** By the way, Chitty 'n Chatty, you two will appear on a series of interviews about your abduction by the Madrid *[New Mexico]* WTF! podcaster "Hamish", exchanging POVs with him and his "Watchers". He said you two were "totally radiogenic." Hamish's granddad headed up The



An impromptu Watcher's sign placed along Highway 14 in Madrid, NM.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Radio Features Department of the BBC and touted Beckett's turn toward radio plays. He believes truth has the structure of fiction, that when you cut into the present the future leaks out. He speculates aliens view us as raw material to work on: "They want to help us move past the techno-feudalism, like our burgeoning use of AI, our world is mired in." He told me "deep learning" is a model for programs to digest huge amount of data, while neural networks are only trained to solve specific problems, unlike human thought. He also thinks the aliens' vision may be geared to a non-Euclidean spatial phenomenology; if so, parallel lines would be seen as intertwining snakes!

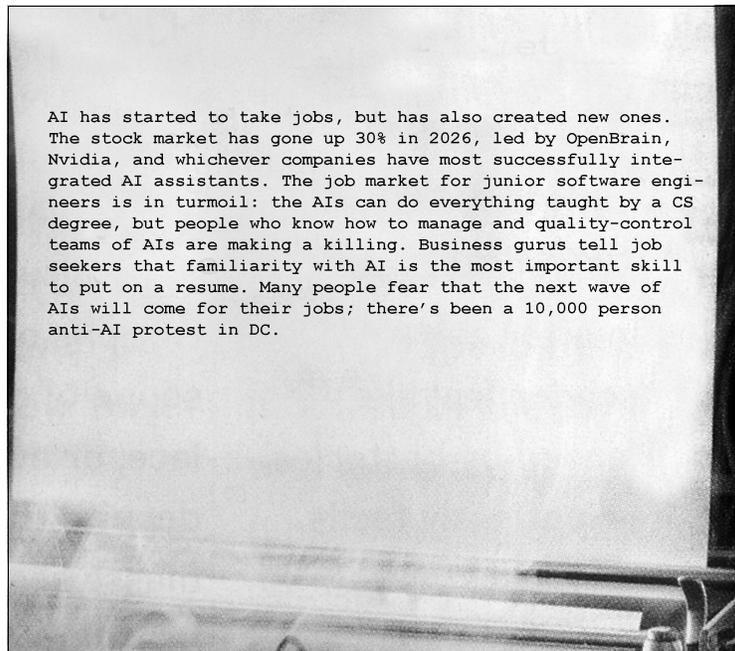
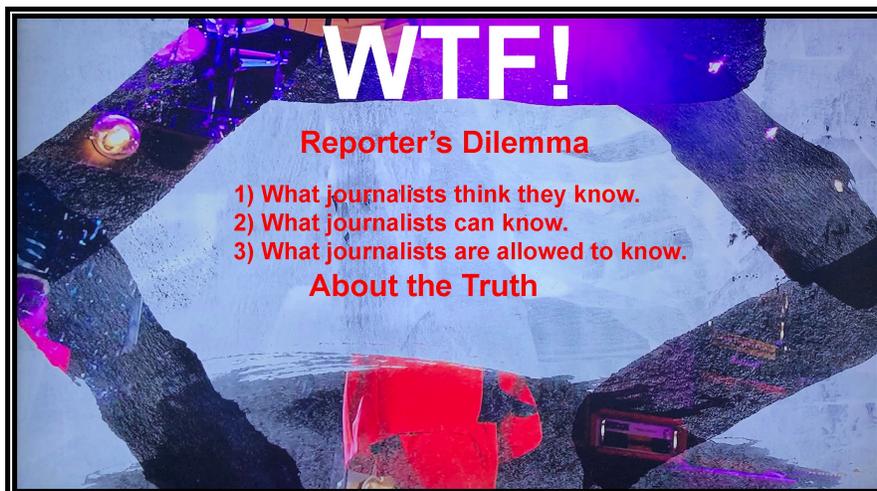


Image provided by Hamish showing his research for his podcast.



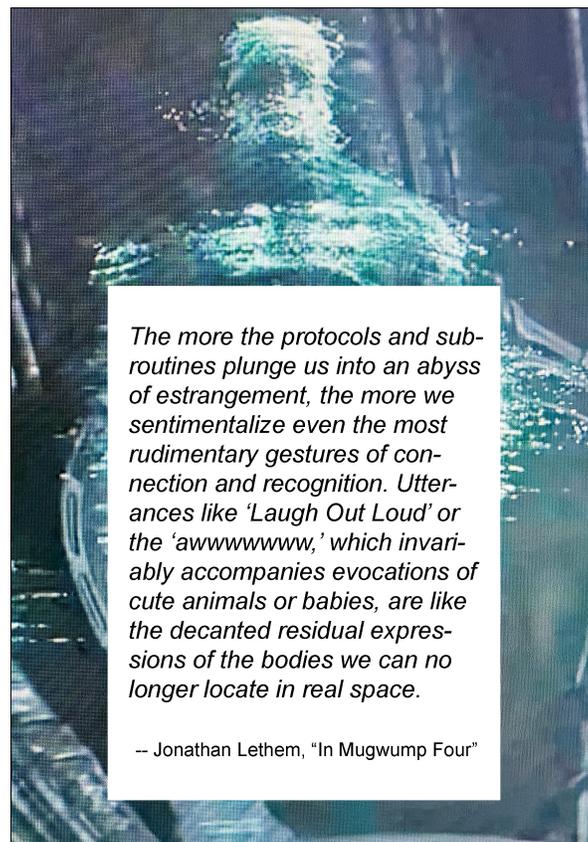
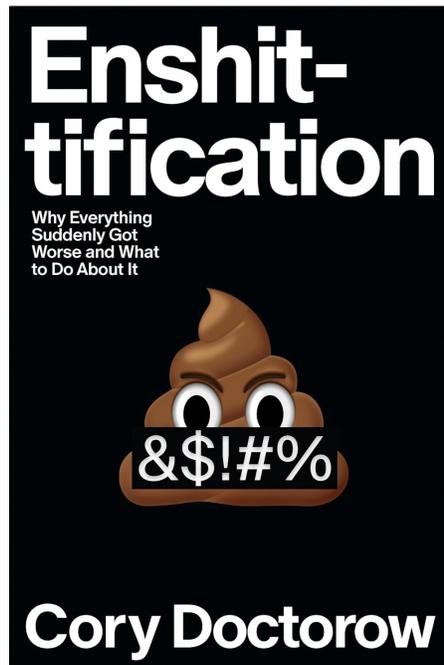
Poster inside Hamish's podcast sound studio at the facilities of KMRD FM radio, Madrid, NM.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Like the braided dramatic paths you two actors have woven over time: walking side-by-side, interweaving dialogue, never reaching a vanishing point. In talking to him, I was impressed with his answer to my question “Why is there something, not nothing.” He aptly replied, “Because something is a failed nothing.” *[Pauses with an expression great satisfaction on his face.]* I did research on him, found he was a signatory on a curious document, *HyperZaum: A Fractal Manifesto for Collapsing Wavefunctions* authored by contemporary poet - editor mLEKAL aND. Here’s some of its key points *[hands out Xeroxes, then reads this text out loud]*.

1. Entangle the Word: No longer shackled to linear thinking, poetry becomes the field of probability, where qubits of sound dance in superimposition.
2. Quantize the Cosmos: The universe hums with the music of the spheres, not in grand choruses, but in discrete packets of information.
3. Unfold the Fractal Self: We are not solid objects, but shimmering fractals, echoes of the holographic principle etched in flesh and bone.
4. Embrace the Uncertainty Principle: Language, like the quantum world, revels in the unknown. There is no final interpretation, no singular truth. Meaning shatters in the liminal space between observer and observed.
5. Collapse the Duality: Subject and object, observer and observed, dissolve in the hyperzaumatic vortex. We are not separate from the poem, but entangled co-creators . . .

Now you see why Hamish wants to interview you. His concerns are with, I quote, “Those little pulses of light, knowing, trying to hide in the unknowing, but which can be charmed into hard little pebbles of fact,” with Language’s entanglement in our cosmos and our entanglement as extrapolators within it. Shares with our film editor, Knute, an interest in our impending carbon-silicon switch enhanced via new technologies. Traces that back to Nietzsche’s notion of “something greater”, but he has marked reservations about such because of its tendency to sever the connection between technological and social advancement wherein tech becomes the new subject of history. He wants to put you and Knute in the same ring and see who gets bruised over this issue.



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**PLAYWRIGHT:** The Director showed me this document a week ago. It jump-started my imagination and memories which were vivid, cinematic, relentless, like a brain-washing clip reel for some UFO cult. Yes, I found it artsy, creative, funky and special. I immediately sat down at my laptop and noted a narrative structure based on your alien encounter: Pre-conditions, Buildup, Main event, Purpose, Wind-down, and Consequences. I also tapped out a brief exchange between you clowns — Chit in semi-hi, pointy-toed ankle boots, Chat, with teeth whiter than usual, in red high-heels, one heel broken, dangling — both seated on-stage in futuristic X-chairs before a wall, stage left, of gleaming dials, knobs, levers, alien appliances. A staging inspired by an old Polaroid photo of my mom posing proudly before her new kitchen appliances during the holidays in 1960, a time when she sought sympathy, and attention. Thought this might lead somewhere and . . . Well, here's that snatch of dialogue. *[Pulls out his preliminary script and reads aloud]:*



Playwright's mother with new kitchen stove (1960).

**CHAT:** *[Raising her eyebrows, wagging her tongue.]* You, you narrate all about yourself *uneven* while reaping sprouts of sunset stars from the deep, dark negative night. Merely slack as dazzle, dude! *[Points at him.]* Were you whom you say you are before you knew whomever you became? I mean funny or smart or cool?

**CHIT:** *[Wiggles his nose, cross his legs.]* Is there anything you regret mentioning just now? . . . Nothing? . . . You are always too positive. Well, the meaning of life escapes us, as does common sense. The drive to the limits of personality ends in silence. Right? So hush until you've formed uneasy answers to unasked questions. To do such you'll need the added factor of additional information, as well as the added factor of addition in formation.

**CHAT:** *[Feigning anger, kicking her crossed right leg up and down, her broken heel falls off.]* Oh, I've read *that* book of yours! Read it so much the pages are falling out. Get original! Listen to inside-sounding language of the sevenseptirotic geomantrimetry hidden in the crownotopic dimension between the stars. Remember! Dada is the American side of Buddhism. And Da Boo-ism is anti-Trump.

**DISEMBODIED ALIEN VOICE:** *[Accompanied by low theramin music.]* WE HOLD EARTH IN OUR GRASP AND ROLL VERY BREATH OF STARS THROUGH OUR COG-SACS. UMANS BE HAVE HEIGHTENED EMOTIONS MORE THAN US. WE BE SENSITIVE, BUT OUR E-MOTIONS BE NOT AS PRIMITIVE AS YOURS.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

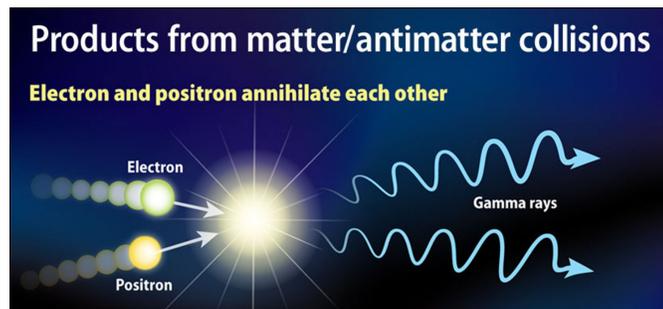
YOURS BE RECREATION. WE BE HAPPY TO BE ABLE TO FEEL MORE THAN WE NORM-FEEL. OUR FASCINATION WITH UMANS REVOLVE AROUND THIS. OUR EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS DEEMS EMOTIONS LESS IMPORTANT THAN UNDERSTANDING, SO YOUR EMOTIONS BE LIKE DRUG TO US. THAT MAKES UMANS DANGEROUS. BUT WE SHOULD HAVE MEETING WITH HIGHEST POWERS OF YOUR WORLD ABOUT YOUR AGGRESSIVE WORLD, YOUR ECOLOGICALLY DYING WORLD. WE SHOULD MEET YOUR GARDENERS AT EDENCLIFF ROOFTOP GARDEN *[LAUGHS]*. CHECK YOUR CHATBOTS AT THE DOOR! WE SAY SPIRIT HAS BODY, YOU THE REVERSE.

**CHIT:** *[Looking out toward the audience, stretching his right arm in their direction.]*  
Archivists of the Future — whether positive or negative — what you do hear?

**THE DIRECTOR:** *[Interrupting the reading.]* And when were you going to show me that?  
*[Silent, the Playwright merely shrugs his shoulders, looks down.]*

**CHAT:** *I like it!* *[Gesturing, bouncing about, nearly falling out of her chair.]*

**PLAYWRIGHT:** Hey! I've also been researching matter / anti-matter. Now Chit and Chat, as Ying / Yang stage entities, could be figured in a play titled ATHENA — an acronym for AnTiHydrogEN Apparatus, a mid-Ninety's physics experiment used to make anti-hydrogen and explore what happened after the Big Bang. Chat'd play *Matter* and Chit *Antimatter* which, if they make contact, would annihilate the paired opposites in an amazing flash of bright stage light.



A young Chat in acting school.

**CHAT:** I would repeatedly express my opinion on issues, using expressive hand gestures, commenting that: "It matters! It does!"

**CHIT:** *[Excited look.]* Oh, so I repeatedly counter Chat's opinion with: "It doesn't matter! Does it?" And give forth a counter argument with contrasting hand gestures.

**CHAT:** *[Starts jumping in her chair, making a V for victory finder sign.]* MATTERS!

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHIT:** *[Banging a fist on the table.]* DOESN'T!

**CHAT:** MATTERS! *[Puts finger to tongue.]*

**CHIT:** DOESN'T! *[He starts to edge toward Chat raising threatening hands.]*

**PLAYWRIGHT:** Yes! Perfect! I would suggest the Director hire Penn and Teller to stage the annihilation scene at the end *[looks toward him]*.

**THE DIRECTOR:** Whoa, whoa Nelly! Let's steer these particles of conversation back on topic, your Hamish interview. Told Hamish that you two weren't the typical MGM or Warner Brothers comedic couple, but more Beckettian, stuffed with epistemological humility and very anti-the-conditioned-monkey-mind of MAGA-types as it is promulgated by neuro-totalitarian digital platforms. That you were actors in a psychic theatre where rationality and irrationality function like an idiotic, self-reflexive ouroboros. That we trained you to study the simple, habitual movements of nonverbal children. That the Playwright was exploring literature of "inner space". So Hamish is eager to triologue with you on aliens, pseudo-philosophy, wise-guy polemics, aimless chatter, and speculation of transhumanist "Singularity" — or "The Vastening" as my film editor calls it — all to flesh out your agonistics and keen picking over of the world's dualities, stakes, and shakes, but primarily to probe your *abduction* experiences and their impact on you. "But aren't we ALL abducted," Hamish offered, "by the super-complex digital psychopolitics of Big Data?" In a sort of Dada gesture, he also told me if you invert the Tower Tarot card top-down, it symbolizes your abduction from the red Pontiac.



Hamish is really into Emerson, as was Charles Ives. Ives suffered from congenital originality in a climate of conformity, like our Playwright now suffers *[gives a glance at the Playwright]*. Ives used bitonality and polyrhythms decades before they entered the standard modernist composition toolbox. On his cosmic-themed podcast, Hamish often plays the last two minutes of Ives's short piece *The Unanswered Question*, where the trumpet asks a question. The trumpet repeatedly plays a short, distinct melodic phrase representing the "perennial question of existence," while other instruments, like the woodwinds, attempt to provide answers with increasingly agitated music. Its title inspired by lines from Ralph Emerson's poem "The Sphinx": "Thou art the unanswered question / Couldst see thy proper eye, / Always it asketh, asketh; / And each answer is a lie." Very

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

Hermetic! His podcast queries about unanswered questions. Offers that something — like alien abduction — can't be true *and yet* must be true. His podcasts are subject to the gravity of boredom for non-fans of Speculative Fiction, but for true Watchers, he manages to achieve escape velocity by the end of each episode. With you as guests . . .

**CHIT:** *[Looking excited, declaims with his fist upward.]* OBSERVE! HYPOTHESIZE! EXPERIMENT!

**CHAT:** *[Catching Chit's drift, but offering a counter set of terms.]* INDICATE! RETURN! EXPLICATE!

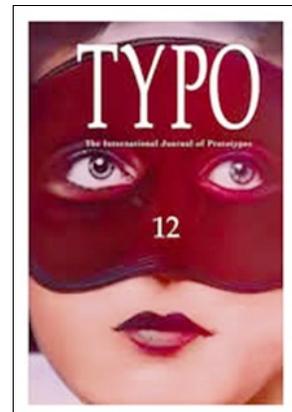
**CHIT:** *[Wry smile.]* Tossin' some phenomenology our way, huh?

**THE DIRECTOR:** But it's not all work, no play. Hamish will point you, Chat, to a funny photo-op in Madrid and to a malt shop delivering the BEST milkshakes in the known universe, a coffee house with a highly-educated gender-bender barista, and a funky bookstore offering shelves of free used books. That's where I ran across the Manifesto I just cited. It was tucked in a periodical titled *Typo*. Moreover, Madrid's biker scene is a rip-roarin; not-to-be-missed spectacle; they often hang out at the Mineshaft Tavern which serves up a monster green chile wagyu beef burger, or a superb Reuben, or a deluxe veggie sandwich on Ciabatta for the veggie munchers.



Painted photo-op perfect for Chat's face, Madrid, NM.

**CHIT:** *[Excited, removes sucking stone, sticks out his tongue.]* Well, **SSSSUCK MY TONGUE!** *[A reference to the Dali Lama's controversial encounter with a child at one of his appearances.]* Oops! *[Looks around embarrassed to see folks at other tables giving him the evil-eye.]* Let's blow this chop stick stand! *[Pauses.]* Did you know that from at early age my dad, an aerospace engineer who worked on the Saturn Five moon rocket, bought me a glowing lunar globe, dubbing me his "little stargazer"? If only he'd knew about my abduction!



Excited delight quickly circulates around the table. Laughter. Pats on the back. A "Rouben Mamoulian sound stew" of overlapping voices, ambient music, a small dog barking, a weird guy who looks like he might be our local resident alien grumbling indistinctly, dishes being cleared by the waiter, and an argument between Hispanic lovers at an

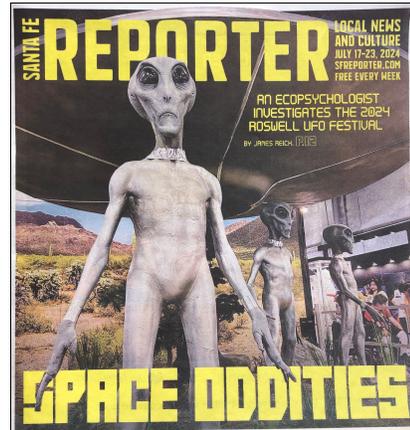
## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

adjoining table. All ends in the generous act of the Director paying the tab, followed by nods, claps, and loud THANK YOUS from all present, just as seen in a long-running Brit TV crime-comedy final episode.

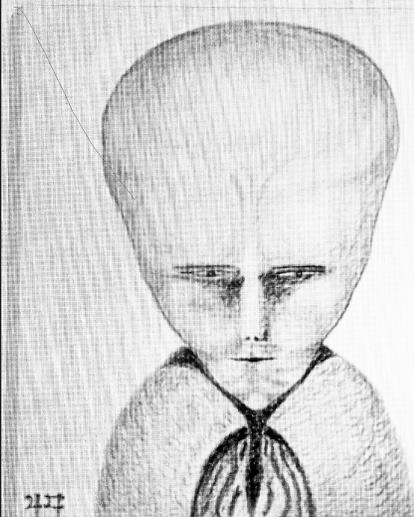
**CHAT:** Wow! Socialist Democracy at work!

**CHIT:** No! Democratic Socialism!

As the group leaves Lu Lu's, the Director notices a newspaper dispenser offering *gratis* a copy of the *Santa Fe Reporter* featuring scary Roswellian aliens and titled "Space Oddities". He stops, grabs a copy and opens to this page:

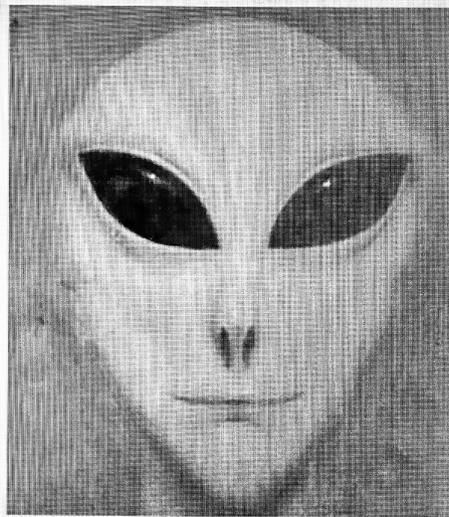


### Aleister Crowley's Lam & Gray Aliens



2117

The demon known to Aleister Crowley as "Lam" and evoked by him through "sex magick" while performing what he called his "Amalantrah Workings" in New York City in 1918. The drawing is by Crowley himself.



Standard depiction of what's known as an "alien grey." The drawing above comes from the cover of Whitley Strieber's book "Communion."

**THE DIRECTOR:** Clowns! Look at this! *[All stop and look over his shoulder]*. Look at this comparison! On the left is an early sketch of a "Lam", a mysterious, godlike, alien entity introduced into Western occultism by mystic Aleister Crowley around 1919 through his "sex-magick" rituals known as "Amalantrah Workings," creating a portal, a channel in ephemeral cosmic influences, permitting extra-dimensional entities to enter our universe.

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

The creature so discovered is often depicted as a grey alien with a large head, believed to be a portal to higher consciousness or a messenger from Mars. Suggests a long history to people envisioning . . .

**CHIT:** Damn! What we saw . . .

**CHAT:** Yes!

Curiosity. Disbelief, Discomfort. A Cloud of Unknowing surrounds the group, which has attracted two journalistic Clods of Wanting to Know, a male - female cub reporter team known to their readers for their cheery vitalism and inane lightness as they turn human experience into data. They emerge from a *Santa Fean News* mini-van sporting thick-framed, large glasses and approach Chit and Chat in the parking lot in long strides, swinging their arms. The woman pushes her glasses back up on her nose, the man waves frantically with one hand, flashes press credentials with the other. Chit holds his arm out straight and flat if it was a large blade and slowly turns in a circle muttering “Slicey-Dicey Excalibur”, imagining an Arthurian broad-sword slicing the annoying reporters in half, the stumps of their running bodies walking a few steps more before collapsing. This odd behavior has a history in Chit’s early childhood and we know it because it was exploited once by a stage director earlier in Chit’s acting career who noticed the similarity between Chit’s peculiar behavior and writer Jonathan Lethem’s mention of the same in his short story “Pending Vegan”, wherein Lethem suggests an alien connection to this odd act.

(Backstory: When Chit and his sister took long trips with their parents, to fight the backseat boredom in their dad’s 1955 light-green Ford sedan — this was before in-car movie entertainment — Chit, who always sat on the right side, would roll down his window, extending his right thin arm outside, palm down letting the airflow over his hand force it up and down, while he muttered “Slicey-Dicey Excalibur” (his dad had given him illustrated books on the Arthurian legend). His aeronautical engineer dad’s speeding car, now armed with Chit’s imaginary airplane wing-broadsword would slice and maim, lopping down intrusive light poles, annoying road signs, slicing through cops writing roadside tickets, tumbling massive power lines, and other roadside crap that caught his sensitive eye as it flashed by. *It works! It works!* he’d think. This gesture to reclaim the integrity of the natural landscape, even as it exercised his abductor muscles, began not long after Chit’s initial, repressed, childhood abduction trauma and was manifesting as this aggressive behavior. Now, he wondered, *Was this childish reclaiming of Nature instilled in moi by the aliens; was it rooted in their central mission here on Earth? My parents programmed me to become me, their parents programmed them, the aliens did so too, and so on; so how many I’s preceded my I’s?*)

Chit makes a mental note to bring this topic up — *Moi, a composite mechanism?* — with his therapist. Chit and Chat stand arms held tensely at their sides like gunslingers do, their attention is focused on young faces with active mouths eager for a response. As they explain they were sent by the *Santa Fean* newspaper to obtain a quotable fragment

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

from the duo's dual duel with extraterrestrials, Chit, for a split second, has the feeling they can look into the middle of his brain, probing for his secrets. A paranoid thought. Overwhelmed by these too eager Wanting to Knowers, the actors retreat behind their stage masks and feign Silly-Yak disease.



Note handed to male reporter at the Santa Fean.

**PRONTO:** *[Narrow-shouldered male reporter sporting a READ MORE WOMEN tote bag, pen in hand, darting eyes like tiny pistols aimed at the duo.]* Woowow-ow! You who have left us for another world, tell our readers what was it like? Did you feel unworthy when they returned you? If you talk to us, maybe we can get alien abduction moved to list of the Official Registry of Politicized Traumas.

**CLAUDIA:** *[A female reporter, glancing eagerly back and forth between Chit and Chat, slooshes out.]* Clowns, why “clowns” That word, does it have a relevance to your cosmic abduction, to the gambado of pain and terror you've must've experienced?

**CHIT:** *[Ignores Pronto's query as he starts to feel breathless, stomach tensing.]* Us clowns, claims our Director, take the Real — the physiological accidents and stochastic disorder of bodies — and turn it into the Symbolic. That's a Lacan dance of ideas straight from France. He is making a Dadadian *filmed-play* because he believes media renders indistinguishable what is human and what is machine. The Director is fascinated by the fact I was born *en caul*, enclosed within an intact amniotic sac. He likes his cinematographer to get hand close-ups, “noting the attending hand” as he puts it, which is then edited into the continuous take afterwards. Part film, part play, part nutso!



En caul birth.

**CLAUDIA:** *[Numbed by the jargon; changes the subject.]* Ah. Who — er — whom would you rather never ever have met? Sorry for that question, but I'm a fan of John Steinbeck's *The Wayward Bus*. *[Adopts an eager “I'm listening” attitude, notepad and pen in hand.]*

**CHIT:** *[Takes the question.]* Lays 'n gentmens, e'ery crowd has der silver linin'! *[Laughs.]* My *other* two selves. In college, I participated in an anechoic chamber sensory deprivation experiment. After a few hours *sans* sound and sight, I felt as if two other selves of myself were prone next to me. Then, in our initial *filmed-play's* “Prologue” *[see volume one]*, it bothered me that Chat's ruddy face, red hair, and her awful red beanie always seemed to hover before me and I couldn't stabilize it. I know, those two statements don't . . .

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** *[Mock seriousness.]* I liked The Who, not the whom. Iconic English. Like The Full English Breakfast. And BTW, some thought Keith Moon was a human-alien hybrid 'cause of his name. But to answer your question: My alien abductors. *[Condescendingly.]* And I don't mean my weakening muscles, sweetie, nor the film *My Octopus Teacher!*

**CHIT:** *[Mock seriousness.]* I can vouch for her abductors, her sore muscles, I mean, after rehearsal. *[Rubs his right shoulder.]* To all of you in tents and circuses, or in tents and riding porpoises, or intense and purple S's *[pauses while he makes an S sign with his index finger]* we now are probably better adapted to the coming changes — climatic and techno-evolutionary — after our several takings and vastening of our experiences by The Visitors who where surrounded by a blue sort of complete white. Visitors . . . isn't that what you call Tourists here? I jotted down this ditty based on my abduction: *It was a ship of blue white pearl that sails the unshadowed main galaxies. [Just bursting for busting.]* Hey, didja know that Nietzsche, some eight years prior to buying a typewriter, asked: "Are these humans or perhaps only thinking, writing, and speaking machines?"

**PRONTO:** *[A male reporter raises his too-small tweed cap, confused.]* Neaty who? Uh, I have two questions. One: Heard that the Director wanted to change the script in your initial filmed-play — and film and war have always been linked — so that the word "rest", meaning *economic fallowness or death of machines* in our capitalist driven society, was to be replaced by the Ruin Porn term "rust", but that the Playwright nixed it? What say?

**CHAT:** *[Itching her nose, answering the first question.]* Rust assured, that's true. He gave the propan a rusty hammer to use in a scene once.

**DIRECTOR:** *[Nosing in, pushing forward.]* I can confirm that. It was supposed keep the terrible work ethic of our modern society in mind throughout. I even brought to our initial scene *[see page i, vol. 1]* a rusty hammer to make a point about this.

**CHAT:** A bit heavy-handed given former child actor Rusty Hamer committed suicide. And Chit, a Hamer fan, collapsed on set. So we replaced it with a Prell shampoo bottle.

**CHIT:** Yah, I was shocked, suddenly had flashed on the child actor Rusty Hamer because, well, one of the thought-images put into my head during an childhood abduction was a screen-shot of Rusty in his role as Danny Thomas's wisecracking son "Rusty" in the TV sitcom *"Make Room for Daddy"*. I loved him in that series, along with his buddy child-actor Tommy Rettig, who stared on "Lassie". Eventually, both their ashes were collected together and scattered by their families in the Pacific Ocean's farewell waves. Oddly, I

## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

always wondered if either of these actors played Canasta. I did, as a teen, especially with my closest highschool buddies while slurping up Mulligan stew from small bowls.

**PRONTO:** *[Looks up from jotting in his notebook, voice of exaggerated seriousness.]* Two: do you see yourselves as figures standing in symbolic protest against the crassness of the contemporary world, against the omnipotence of integrated circuits during the current Trumpocene, running all the way back through Bob Hope to Buster Keaton? What happens though if the current Dystopia can even survive the Apocalypse?

**CHAT:** One can hope, ho, ha ha ha! Find the soap *[recalling the Prell shampoo ]*. Despite our not using the “rust” for “rest” substitution. And I do love Keto, buster, but sorry, the evolution probably won’t be televised and we’ll all be wearing helmets and masks, like ICE. But, yes, maybe we are *[finger quotes]* “Pending Evolves”, as our Director hopes and likes to tell us when no one is listening — er — but *you* are listening *[looks at the Director shyly]*. Oh, the Director is paying for us to see *Hamnet* in hairnets.

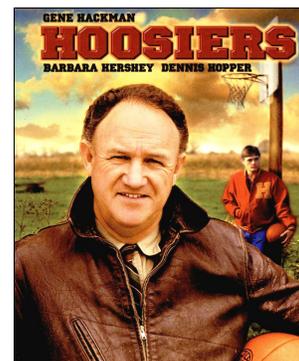
**DIRECTOR:** *[Nosing in, whispering.]* Yes. I hope. Even if people hate our project, that’s better than their indifference or being oblivious to it, right? We still monetize it!

**CHIT:** Feeling unique — despite being data flows — is what we *all*, not just us two, have in common. Come on, mon, it’s the thing that’s always the same, yes? Ah, but due to a shit-storm in *our* lives, we’ve become *mucho mas* unique than you may theenk *[winking]*. If you catch me comic bubble bubbling o’er head *[wipes nose with back of hand, sniffs]*.

**CHAT:** Yah! Different, like **DIFFERENT** typed by a Remington typewriter.

**CHIT:** Yeah, I’m different. *[Pulls out his white eye patch and puts it on.]* 3 Nomial Voices Whirlpool Destruction! I could star in a Netflix docuseries *The Emperor’s New Flesh*. As a kid, I preferred to listen to ventriloquists on the radio than watch ’em appear on TV. In college, a prof showed us a slide of Picasso’s *Blue Room* its blue color, the light in the scene, the oddly bent figure, it sent me on a flashback to my childhood abduction. All this has something to do with my abduction. Yes! VICTIM OF A DIFFEREND — put *that* on a T-shirt — alien discourse theory.

I was gene hacked, not Gene Hackman, which I’m sure your newspaper covered thoroughly when he kicked the bucket — er — or tossed the basketball like in *Hoosiers*.

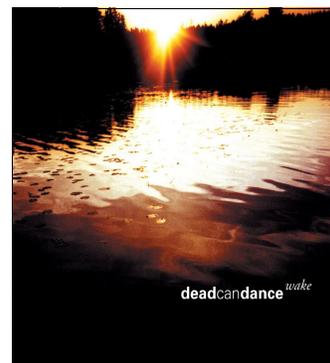


## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

**CHAT:** Advice? [Pulls out and unwraps a donut from her purse, holding it up like a priest would a host.] Investigative reporting? Watch the hole, not the donut. But they probably taught you that in journalism school, right? [Pauses, feeding Chit's para-noia.] Oh! Or maybe you two are really members of SETI working undercover to gather data, waving in your mind's eye your DON'T SIT ON MY SETTEE flag. BTW, you may want to jot down the fact that before his Canasta thing, Chit's favorite childhood sport was stamp collecting.



**CHIT:** Indeed! [Very excited about the topic]. I'll be franking with you, I see by your credentials your first name is Anne. My stamp album with its glue-tabbed foreign stamps, some triangular in shape, fascinated me. Back decades ago *foreign* meant *alien*. If you catch my canceled Cancel-Culture stamp. The adult word for that decades old practice with its perforated stickum product and resulting thick album of marvelous paper artifacts is *tenuous*. Ah, something about *decade* and a word with *ten* hiding inside it. [Eyes light up.] Remember that tentative musical group Dead Can Dance and their hit album *Wake*?

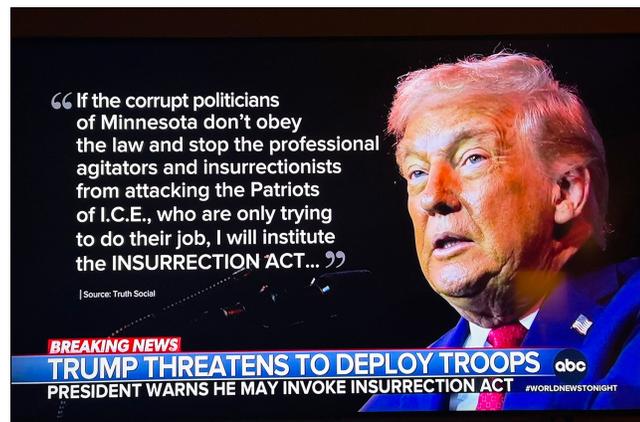


Wake (2002)

**CHAT:** The haunting song “How Fortunate the Man with None” on their CD of big hits — yikes, I almost said big tits, creeped me out. Yes. Still get earworms from that refrain. And now all's about Woke, unlike the erotic play From Red Lips to White Noise that I starred in some years ago where my signal-to-noise ratio was well . . . off the scale.

**CHIT:** DCD's song's a reflection on how wisdom (Solomon), courage (Caesar), and honesty (Socrates) brought down these historical figures, contrasting with the freedom of having one with no such virtues. Seems relevant now to our lives during the Trumpocene.

**CHAT:** I only recall in detail its depressing refrain: *The world however did not wait / But soon ob-*



## CHIT for CHAT / Part Deux

*served what followed on . . . The repetition of that seemingly hopeless expression marched sadly through the whole song. Still gives me shivers when it plays in my mind.*

**PRONTO:** *[Frustrated by the clowns' evasions and antics.] Mr. and Mrs. Jaw, you pair suck gumballs! [Female reporter steps back shocked.] Hamish once told me the word "glamor" is nothing but the Scottish corruption of the word "grammar"! Bet instead of a chauffeured touring car picking you up today, it'll be a self-driving Turing car! [Laughs.]*

**CHAT:** *No we don't suck! We mash pears in our highballs! And we avoid Muskies.*

**CHIT:** 'Scuse us for such hijinks! Right now this Lingo-Bingo Boy's *cabeza* does be run riot like the insides of high-powered pinball machines, or alien space vessels, paddling violently upstream to no avail: PLINK, PLONK, DING! PLINK, PLONK, DING! Ya grok? We're supposed to save relevant chatter for a series of podcasts, but by the time thinking becomes words, it has ceased to be the Self. Right?

**CLAUDIA:** *[Putting her the palms of her hands together.] Dear darling provocatives, you pair rock! Thanks for the heads up. [To her companion.] Hey Pronto, let's went!*

Therapists have departed. The Director and Playwright gone in their car rental to a store offering amazeballs deals on Kombuchas and Creatine-Bacon shakes for the crew. Santa Fe police cars roar down Cerrillos Road, sirens wailing, a sure sign that: *The world however did not wait / But soon observed what followed on.* The young reporters dash for their news van to follow the action *[a murder, in fact]*. Finally, a faded red Uber with an overstressed female driver pulls up before Chit and Chat. Once inside, they are awash in the sounds of a New Agey Spotify playlist marred by the nonstop list of woes of Uber employment uttered by the tattooed *senorita* behind the wheel of her aging SUV.



+++



*Why do I also believe that a program of alien experimentation on human beings has actually been happening? I have seen the aliens and their flying machines at close range and been inside those vehicles. I have met these beings. I have been an unwilling subject in their science project [accelerated evolution]. . . . But all of my experiences were consciously recalled without regressive hypnosis and I have used the platform of this book to go on record as a scientist about what happened to me and place my narrative within the proper scientific context.*

— *Dominion Lost: A Scientist's Own Alien Abduction Encounters* (2023)  
by Bruce E. Rapuano, Ph.D.





*Money is now the only genuine artificial satellite. A pure artifact, it enjoys a truly astral mobility, and it is instantly convertible.*

— Jean Baudrillard (1993)

*Behold what quiet settles on the world. / Night wraps the sky in tribute from the stars. / In hours like these, one rises to address / The ages, history, and all creation.*

— Vladimir Mayakovsky (1930)

*To know the universe itself as a road — as many roads — as roads for traveling souls.*

— “Song of the Open Road,” Walt Whitman

*You life fragments be skillful in your constructions, yet this do be only measure of Umans’ not-happiness. You now control inanimate matter, and with neuro-tech, now strive to dominate your own species in a dystopic completeness.*

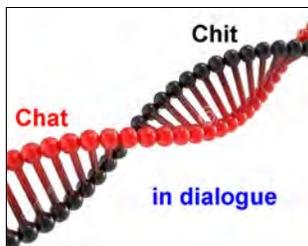
— Mind-implanted alien statement directed at Chat







Former abductee using mind-control (aurathronic waves) to contact the police.



**CHIT for CHAT** is a comedy that celebrates playwriting, filmmaking, and especially experimental writing. In Part One, two Beckettian characters, **Chit** and **Chat**, freed from COVID-19 restrictions, ponder who and where they are, muse about their existence as subjects in a society British social critic Mark Fisher terms “Capitalist Realism.”

The action is sited in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where our interlocutors try to meet the Playwright and the Director’s expectations, “To move from passive synthesis back to action in a highly improvisational performance,” during which there are allusions to literature, poetry, film, TV. Puns run rampant and textual allusions frequent. Under hypnotherapy, the duo discover they had been abducted by aliens from early childhood onward.

In **Part Deux**, our wacky interlocutors confront the emotional toll of their alien abduction, while undergoing hypnotherapy to recover their memories. The Playwright and the Director use these interviews as grist to stage Chit and Chat’s experiences with the E.T.s. This volume is dedicated to Chicago filmmakers Yoni Goldstein and Meredith Zielke.

— J.R.H.



James Hugunin in Roswell (photo by M. Nathan).