

CYCLE WHICH BEGINS WITH Ramon Gomez de la Serna APHORISMS
and ACTS AS A PRESS RELEASE FOR SEQUELITIS
(at Drama Gallery, Saturday, February 24, 2024)

PART 1

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The q is the p coming back from a walk.

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The peacock is a retired myth.

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The silk scarf is the goodbye of a caress.

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The girl with a hoop in her hand goes off to the flower garden
as if to school, to play with circumferences and tangents.

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In mineral water invisible fish bubble up, the souls of aquatic
silence,
the breathing of frogs, extinct fish, and last gasps.

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When we go by a jail we feel as if our shadow -- one of our
shadows -- is in one of the cells of an inner courtyard.

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The hardest fish to catch is soap in water.

..."

PART 2

After performing the yearly gestalt of porch lighting, decorative
trees, in earshot of songs in D-minor 7 flat 5 chords the colors Red
and Green always separate, depart to their next purposes, Red to
Valentine's, and Green to meet the primary Yellow and its
complimentary Purple for Fat Tuesday.

Somewhere in the darkness a pager is blinking in time with a distant
star.

On arriving late we saw the snow 500 feet away, abaft the windshield,
as it were a galley, or, a gallery,
as we drove slowly, so as not to collide with other ships.

In the extended chill of the cooling afternoon, it could not be called
"twilight," they decided.

The probability of it being called so was thought to mislead to too many unanticipated associations, and for the matter of SEQUELITIS, it seemed befit to call this time the gloaming.

IT would never reach television. It would never reach DVD.

"im actually a little bit sad that media co-ops some cool words but also it's okay, in the same way that thomas rescues straws from certain evil." - LCO

We are led by words like a nautilus scuttling backwards, thrown into the trunk of a hatchback, tossed into the lap of an unsuspecting passenger in already ill-fitted jeans.

If this were the credits tablescapers are just as much a part of the cast and crew as REECE or RAINY. But we shouldn't imagine them as actors because they are always themselves. They are not placeholders, but setters. Spelling out, or rather, erasing their selfless names from some array of crumbs.

"Having a brain is so messy... I think that I envy simple machines and their characters, as they are always themselves. Consistency. I have an identity crisis once a year maybe!.. Well, not that severely. I just admire these compact personalities. I think that's why we like cartoons. Cartoons don't die." - TRM

On a brown coffee cup from the bodega were merz pictures with faded words like LATTE and AMERICANO cascading across it. While laughing I couldn't (compose) myself, what he said was so funny my wrists rattled, I braced myself to a chair my arm like a lever, the cup gurgled up through its doggy-door over the bitten lip, in deluge down the wax... to compose a perfect semicircles ESPRESSO on the placemat.

Up on the ceiling we sat quietly with our legs folded beneath us, awaiting the ceremony. Others around began to eat, and without disrupting their solemnity, many crumbs fell to the floor below. It began to rain softly. We had no idea what the food here would be like.

"(Spiel-Raum).. has less a form, is more a microclimate." - NO ONE

At the party we ascended and descended many a stair, nervously, and

dramatically, as the opportunity presented itself.

Presentation was a matter of HOW, and the opportunity was met by passers-by or not.

Yes, what descended that was "so dramatic" was at times just a matter of hair backlit by sun through a window.

At the gloaming laws of motion, and emotion: there are the silver apples of the moon and the golden apples of the sun, and there are red apples of the earth vital with ichor aka broth of mermaids, styrofoam, plastic, cellulose in Her hands. That if Aengus were now wandering in a hazel wood, with a fire in his head, he might pluck them too.

That the word "bed" looks like a bed.

That dust must settle on the fan blades, and you can imagine it brings great comfort to someone in the bedliest way.

IT is no longer the way people think of things. IT is no longer the reversal of the way people think of things, either.

There are so many people! And they all take their meals here out of the frying pan, into the oven.

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PART 1: RAMON GOMEZ de la SERNA
(Spain, Argentina 1888-1963, translated from the Spanish by Bill Zavatsky,
and plucked to a handful of its original by LO)

PART 2: LORI-MAY ORILLO (NYC, 2024)