

Paralogia; Mobile Patrol Experiment
<ROY1_L2R{G}>

'sans lune'

"The man who looks over his shoulder is never far from trouble"

*{This may be;
many years hence-
or eons past.*

*From a certain vantage,
<time is a cloud>
each of us a point within its body.}*

My life is a slender thread.

<Trigger pulled by thread | Leading Operation>

A body imbued with meaning.

War is easy to start; to take the life of another is no more difficult than leaving One's own behind.

If you deny a dream too long, it will come back.
At first he thought he was dreaming; lying in a field hospital somewhere.

The Russian's nightmares would wake him; his voice nearly always present,
humming, muttering self narration.

Medication playing tricks,
time dilation.
'It's a new dawn'...

EXTERIOR – NIGHT

Walking with a limp. Having had to learn again how to be quiet.

'Here is how I spread myself, I say, -
I have been to the easternmost
and westernmost lights...
and now I'm heading north,
for a short time'.

I have gone this way before. I have seen this moment weeks? Months? Before; or after...?
Electronic noises; tinnitus, alarm clocks. <Hard notes from Constant.>

Empty street, mercury lamp. Wire in one ear, phone in the other.
'Jesus Saves'

Cut To:

EXTERIOR – DAY

Coyote behind a pressbox preaching.

Coyote (VO):

‘These most simple things have real power; old days when prayer and song moved the worlds; turned wheels by our own sweat, own blood. Used to be; drums moved the world. A song; a prayer repeated. Bone and sinew drew the lines of empire; at the mercy of unseen engines, our forgetting of old gods. back in the old days blood is what they were looking for.

The loss of awe has led us to believe we are powerful in a new way. Columbus is famous for discovering a place where everyone was already killing each other. We are the makers of new gods {perhaps we always were}. I wonder though, when we have brought the new gods into being, and they forget us -

We traded our labrynth of dogwood, hawthorne, and meadowsweet - slate paths in hayfields for concrete and glass. We forget the path (like all things) ends where it began, is walked in both directions. Invocation, evocation. History accelerates ‘til it misses the turns; wars are shorter, just to fit.

*Science is all around us; in the bloom of flowers and in seizures.
The dreams we believe for a moment come just before waking;
There is no birth without pain.”*

Childhood; sage, hot canvas, pineboards, flies. Adolescence; concrete, steel, salt, cacophany. Adulthood; sand, smoke, blood, fuel.

Cut To:

EXT – NIGHT

Past the impossibly old man carefully pruning the tendrils of one in a myriad of sprawling growth, palms and cacti, hollyhocks and an orchid house.

A peculiar operation,
cult of competitive subterfuge
a clever front of superstition. <hope, fear, humility>

Novelty. The quiet terror of awe.
Finding the pulse.

*Procedural reality, ‘a tree in the forest’; who sees? who hears?
Deolition saws, the buzz and hum of the Russian’s snore.*

{I could shoot you. Right here, through the wall.}

*‘we know exactly fuck-all;
placebo and propaganda,
pretentious esoteric poetry.’*

Memory generates imperfection; decay over time. It is something to keep tuned, a thing to practice.

CUT:

EXT - DAY

It was like attending a revival;
spun green summer light
heat and dust of the concrete
rising through the trees of the gallery green.

{stupid simple moments of perfect synchronistic synergy ruined by a typo}.

Neither a single mummer or morrisman to be seen.

<ROSES SPRING> The troupe of spirits {dresses still white, blood in their cheeks} dances through the crowd just outside his vision, but they vanish as suddenly as he'd seen them into a tent on the edge of gardens. They are beautiful as always, even in the fraction of a moment. He has also seen the un-dead. The not dead yet; their bodies upright and standing or draped upon the curb, still- some how breathing though their eyes sightless and their mouths gape black voids- he has even seen one smile. Most are just lost, wandering; their being has left, husk remains; other cargo carried. There are spirits and memories plenty, but the truly departed never stay behind.

CUT TO:

EXT - NIGHT

*Hail Mary of Magdaleine.
I kneel before Allfields; may peace prevail.
I carry upon me the confirmation of angels.
I wield a Sword of Flames.*

*I am full of love;
I am a gathering of infinite fires, a convergence of waves*

Used to be; drums moved the world. A song
A prayer repeated.

Past the drummers on the drive; the Jamaicans,
the Ethiopians, and the age-ed Italians.

Walker West is indeed walking west, through neon drizzle. Never has he seen so many hookers.
Walking toward the Orpheum.

*Walkin the streets,
Walkin' the grey paths'*

Heading toward the Future.
Walking west to head east.

*'Walkin' the line,
ridin' the rail'.*

This is a young place.
There are no foreign ghosts yet.
Only the quiet engineers of the world;
the ambulance men on the main street.
Intermittent reinforcement of belief.

'Don't break too many hearts,
you pay for everything you take'.

'Game Dynamics; the practice of magic.'

Pacific Central; heading toward the Cross.

The edge of the George/Edwards Line.
They stand in the trenches;
bunkers under Granville street

The gallery grounds market;
an annual madness held on Canada Day.

It was like being among the infinite <Deep>
A grand game of immaculate design.
Or some such crap and nonsense.

'I am One Walker West' <prayer>
Hail Mary of Magdalein

Past the Algerian mercenaries
the Quebecoise militia.

Quoting 'Saint Hicks: "All matter is merely energy condensed to a slow vibration; we are one consciousness experiencing itself subjectively. There is no such thing as death. Life is only a dream, and we are the imagination of ourselves.' We have interfered with the reception of the Subtle Signal".

Lovegrove (VO)

*He had joined after the towers went down,
sent letters from training in Baton Rouge.
Said they found him unconscious one night
fifteen clicks from perimeter
in a ditch sans clothing.
Other than two broken ribs
there wasn't a scratch on him.*

<soul as a signal in the noise; faith>
I carry upon me the Confirmation of Angels.
<A convergence of waves>

“You see,” says the hipster “I wonder if Dale Evans
really qualifies as bebop’
{wait, what? dale evans? bebop??}

You don’t know who these people are.

Fear is a gift you surrender.
Being undercover is anything but glamorous
it’s fucking stressful.

The guy named Yeshua brings the Germans.

Hail Mary of Magdelein. {Not officially part of the prayer}
I kneel in the midst of Allfields;
I feel the deep upon me.
May love prevail.

‘What are stars without
their surrounding black?’

Ouvre les yeux

Past the punks and shamen.
Past broken automatons {a derogatory term}
predjudiced toward the GÄMINE; assimilate beings.

Past the rapping buskers.
A song remembered <a line of being>
Past the clergy.
‘Hallo Brothers’
Past the working girls
‘hallo sisters’

Blessed are the reckless. Blessed are the lonely and the lovelorn.

*‘Fever you give me fever
fever in the morning
fever in the evening’*

Past the Hare Krishna.
Past the uniform home furnishing
lit by forty watt and reflected streetlight.

I am One Walker West.
Red Irish.
Threading the long patrol.

Past Greenwood.

Past syringa draped cedar fences; voices through ivy curtains.
Past underground parking.

These dreams of a marshy parallel Brooklyn were dreams of here.

*We are but dogs {on/off} grass
in the refiner's fire.
We fight with tooth and nail.
We live hand to mouth.
We walk one foot in front of the other,
our path paved in ash;
in blood and good intentions.
Come through hell and
high water, singing blues
and slaughter.*

Voices in the crowd,
<school of the whispered transmission.>
Even hookers take public transport.

*"met the devil on a train,
with the angel of death."*

- 'Said he told them something to do with blood, and Tachyons; leaving one country for another.'
Cumbia, four-count. Syncopated pulse.

*The sorcerers of this world come in strange disguises.
The prophets among us hide in plain sight.
The unpredictable comes in many forms; how do we adapt?"*

TOM (VO):

*To return now; was as if I'd never left. When I awoke from the
dream, the melody was forgotten. Left on the lips of the spirit
haunting the stair.*

*"We were never shown the hills, only abstract thought; sudden
comes the flood. Where's the water?"*

The horizon is a shell; a fractal palindrome of concentric emptiness.

Running the Long Patrols; running West.

More of a quick walk really, a needle pulling thread.
weaving the smells; tracing the sonic warp and weft.

*Our cities were full of madness.
A restless rage in the dark.*