
wk 2.8

Posted by tqr - 2018/04/09 17:28

Floor's dead ... long live the Floor!

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/04/09 22:11

I love Spring. The temps up their ante, the trees shot forth buds, the sky goes from gray to blue. The shooting range gets real crowded, the grills are smoking, the girls are more often seen wearing shorts. I just love it. But we are going to Porthole Bailey's cap, right, Boligard?

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/04/09 22:31

I need to examine it one more time, bro. I just don't know.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by carol - 2018/04/09 22:34

Damn, this place needs a cleaning. Smells in here. We need to open a window.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/04/13 00:44

we'll shove Bailey's The Whole World In Their Hands in the Porthole, folks. it's okay, but okay is just not good enough, savvy?

damn. there's a lot of space out there, cousins.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/04/16 00:37

Not cool, man. Geez.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by carol - 2018/04/16 00:46

We've got a Kirk submission. Always makes us think of Capt. Kirk. Maybe this this offering isn't trekian, hey, we'll see.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/04/16 00:58

mind if I...

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by carol - 2018/04/16 01:09

Yeah, we should focus on this capital, crazy right?

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/04/16 01:21

Christ.

We're looking at William Kirk'sBitter Not. Hm.

You Make My Sun Shine, and then he wanders out onto the tiles and wags his ass, and he smiles up at the mirrorball, wagging his head left to tright]

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by deplancher - 2018/04/17 14:44

DeP's standing on a stool, looking out the greasy window. Seems a lurker's lurking out there, peering in, or trying to look in. All she can see are a pair of scuffed motorcycle boots and the very hairy legs attached to them. She tried. The window cannot be pried. Carol's right, though. There's a certain...stink permeating The Floor. She sniffs herself. Nothing is obvious. Mystery cooks. Mystery lives in these walls. She steps down and returns to her desk. Rimbaud opens one eye. She pulls the cap from under his warmth. She skims the page. She's hopeful. Always hopeful.]

What happens when there's no hope, right? And what's Ted talking about...The Floor being dead? Oh, hey. Is that what smells? Death? What died? Many questions. Who will answer? asked the ghost of Ed Ames.

Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/04/18 00:16

Oooh, dang. I was totally ready to raise Kirk's Bitter Not to the Terminal, but then we received news that this VC went elsewhere with his capital. Which is awesome, good for him. But I think it's unfair, or not unfair but messed up. I've been examining Kirk's capital for days. Diving in, floating around, chopping it sideways. Days. Okay. Gave serious time to Kirk, and if he tries to ruin me once more...

Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/04/18 00:30

okay, wise. never threaten the VCs, cousin. you should back off and keep stepping off till maybe you're stepped like completely off, hotdog muthafucker. geez.

Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/04/20 00:12

Alrighty, humph.

Boligard, calm yourself. I didn't actually get to the threatening bit before you butted in. I was going to say, if he comes in our house and ruins me one more time, I'm going to get him some nice carnations delivered to his door.

Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/04/20 00:29

my bad.

Re:wk 2.8

Posted by carol - 2018/04/20 00:46

Okay.

You goddamn fuckers.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/04/20 00:55

so we've got Bob Stephenson's Phases of Dreaming. everybody just calm the fuck down.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/04/20 01:04

I'm calm, cousin.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/04/23 00:20

Curveball. i went earlier to the bathroom, which makes no sense seeing as how there is not a bath in that room, and i sat on the toilet and let loose some waste and examined some capital, my nostrils all aflutter due to the rankness of my droppings (how do we live with ourselves?), and then I had to clean my hind quarters, and so I did so, I think, memories flit and flap and land frail grounded, cousin, like dew-laden blades in a field, tired and not willing to rise no matter the grand occasion. and so I returned to the Floor with only half the current capital, the other half flushed. and so, after much wiping and examining, we've decided to toss Curveball out the Porthole.

though most of the pages, shit-smearred, have gone up into the plumbing. and that might be my bad. that seems dirty, and we should not treat our VC that way, but, hey, shit happens.

man, I tell you, if they'd told me this job was this hard back in the day? I would have laughed in their face. but we are one of the last pillars of this downgrading society. man, anyway, jeez. being real in a world of muck is difficult, susan.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by carol - 2018/04/24 00:50

You can step off a bit, cousin. A girl needs room. I'm sitting here!

Okay, this capital by Bob Stephenson is one of those sci-fi blurbs about sci-fi. It has science in it, and it has a gentle plot, and it has characters that resemble many of my family relations at reunions in Utah campgrounds during my godawful teens when the girls seemed truly evil while the boys seemed smelly and stupid.

Please, for the love of Christ, do not send us this stuff. We can't use it. We need really good stuff, Helen. We're looking for majestic ramblings, fool. And so we are sorry to report that we are tossing Phases of Dreaming out the Porthole.

Ah. I hate letting VCs down.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/04/27 23:23

Carol, I think you handled it well. I've been in that seat, let me tell you. It ain't easy letting VCs down. Tears me apart sometimes. If we didn't need Goodstuff, we could accept any form of prose, right? Like those other lit zines. Craft a capital, they say, and we will put that nasty stuff in our magazine. No, we need to push it back when it's not good enough. You did good, girl.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/04/28 23:38

cousins, kat devitt's Our Dance seems really cognoscente on the outside, but on the inside it seems to melt a bit, seems to fold and sink. we need better stuff, Goodstuff! Christ! not saying we need Russian lit but, god Christ, we need something to cross our path. stop sending TQR complete god awfulness. it'll wilt our walls, cousin. it'll sink our fucking floor. just stop it, you fucking bastards!

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by carol - 2018/05/01 00:23

Yeah. I concur. Nothing of value here.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/05/01 00:49

I'm going with you guys on this one. The hard truth of literary business, who gets in and goes on and who gets the shaft and ignored, it's all about what's going this particular day. Today I am challenging Rorschalk to a chess game, so I really couldn't care less which capital rises and which shoots out the Porthole.

Rorschalk? Got game?

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/05/01 01:10

are you fucking me. you're playing a game?

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by deplancher - 2018/05/01 01:37

DeP's looking about at the mention a chess challenge. Not that she's any good at playing. She likes to watch, though. Games are all about observation. And winners and not winners of course. Losers don't exist in DeP's world.]

It's not great, is it? Anything I mean. When was the last time you wanted to use that word 'great'? Oui, it has been eliminated from my vocabulary.

But game. Game is chance. Jesus, what are you exploring here with this chess match?

I looked high and low in between sips of my drambui these lines of Dean Grondo's Neighbours. Pages and pages of mundane albeit believable human scene. Dialogue between...yes, neighbours. They're working together to try resolving a problem. On and on they go, tolerating each others' differences. Hey! Maybe it's the new Mundane Utopia.

Non, the VC's smooth, but Neighbours can't stay to play. Porthole opening, s'il vous plait. It's a hungry venture capital day.

What's your move, Jesus? May I take a photograph of you sitting there that way, waiting?

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by rockefeller - 2018/05/01 19:02

Someone say chess? Great game (though not as good as Go). You should challenge AlphaZero, Jesus. AZ taught itself chess from scratch (given the rules only) in four hours, and became world champion, surpassed centuries of human study. But you could probably pull a miracle out of your ass.

PS

You had me at e4. No other pawn can move there.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by tqr - 2018/05/02 02:04

A little of the old queen's route, king's out is it?

King's pawn E5.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/05/03 00:30

Okay, boss. Wow, I don't believe I've seen you so close up.

Take all the pictures you want, Ms. DePlancher. I'll be your wallpaper.

That's what Val should have said, right?

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