

The Subliminal Kid

Actor walks out onto bare stage. Spot cones down on him. He is wearing an obviously cheap suit, maybe its shoulders are to big, or it is some horrible shark skin. It has to be comical and uncomfortable looking. In spite of this he is trying to convey wealth despite lacking it. He starts talking to the audience.

Hey, how's it goin', man?

(indicating the suit).

You like the suit?

I was at the St. Vincent de Paul Store, man, looking at the men's suits, and I come across this groovy looking 3-piece suit, I try it on and it fits.

(Mimes showing label)

Got a label says hand tailored by Chinese tailors in Oakland and Wow! It's marked DOWN! From \$15 to \$12.50. So I went up and paid the lady. And now I got this new suit on my back, which is very propitious, man, cause I'm on my way to apply for a JOB! But it's weird, man, cause whenever I put this suit on, I also seem to put on the persona of the previous owner, a type of guy who was, FOR SURE unappealing to my taste.

(Actor wriggles and writhes, tries to escape his own skin. Then looks pensive, wrinkles brow.)

I can't tell if it used to belong to a dork or a slick.
Or maybe a slick dork. A dork who thought he was slick?

(Goes into lecturing mode.)

A slick is a kind of person, a kind of person—ality. . .

(Smooths back his hair with both hands.)

He's got slick hair, smooth, in place. He's an extrovert, kind of a controller, he looks at other people as a way . . .

(makes eyebrows go up and down, looks imperious, haughty)
of furthering his own ends. He's concerned with appearances

(waves hands as if touching a smooth table surface)

and the surface of things.

A dork on the other hand,

(Actor ruffles his hair, shows teeth in an overbite)

is an introvert,

(brings shoulders up to ears, looks diminutive)

he is usually the one being controlled. He may be more sincere but spends too much time beneath the surface of things and can't relate, or is so afraid, he can't share.

Actor addresses audience directly

On the other hand, the Slick is so saturated in image he feels like he has to fill the emptiness in his life with image and random sex. You've seen them at singles bars. Being into the scene instead of the people, looking at themselves in the mirror, constantly on the make for sex.

Slick: "Hi! Can a guy, buy, you a drink?"

Slick men trying to pick up slick women. He's tough-minded, she's articulate. She's glitzy, he's glib. He's upbeat, she's glamorous.

He's superficial, she's narcissistic. Like in the fashion photos not showing any real emotion. Tele-cocks grinding against video-cunts a go-go.

The slick want's to be famous without doing anything great.

Actor makes an "on the other hand" gesture

On the other hand, the dork is caught up in a never-ending struggle. Constantly striving and never having any fun.

Dork: "Just drink more milk. And work harder."

The dork is serious, overly concerned with his career, a type of guy who would NEVER be unemployed or be satisfied as a blue collar worker.

Actor rubs his own arms in the suit, addresses audience

I don't know, man, I guess I must identify with him some what. Whatever he was he was straight.

(Holds himself tight)

I feel this suit envelope me like a straight jacket of guilt, I feel the

dork in it wanting to be happier, more into partying and hedonism,
and the slick wanting to have more depth and responsibility.

SHIFT Break Frame. Actor walks away, turns, address audience.

I need this suite cause I'm looking for a job. I am sweating like the
slave of an evil spirit. A flat broke hippie with huge gaps in my re-
sume . . . vast panoramic gaps, man, so big an elephant could waltz
through, like it was a shift in time, in which I hitchhiked around
the country checking into things.

(Shakes head in resignation)

Nothing but the blues, man

(looks thoughtful)

Sometimes I regret — not having that certain —
“friendly—blood thirsty — attitude

(looks maniacal, aggressive)

it takes to “stack chips”
to begin rising — to have power —over a dip-shit middle class
— brute class. To become prominent — enough — to have to, I
don't know,

(shrugs; looks doubtful)

to be assas-in-ated in style.
But I have to do it, cause I was looking for a job.

There I was,

(Actor strikes poses to illustrate the following types)

imaginary prize fighter
imaginary saint,
imaginary gigolo,
spiritual athlete . . . complete
with teflon vest and bullet proof limousine.

(Lifts hands in resignation)

So there I was an imaginary dual status alien, a social insurance

number from the country of the unemployed,

Actor is looking up at something on a wall . . .

standing in the foyer of the Consolidated Building, man, reading
aloud the names of the firms from the directory.
ITT, Summa Corp. Texas Instruments, Eckancar, General Motors,
Texaco, the Catholic Church, Enco. On the 16th floor a firm called
Geometrical Optical Dynamics.

Actor Whistles, raises eyebrows, spells

G _ O _ D My God! Fantastic!

*Actor does the Fair Lady works at Shuttles movement, sweeping upward
into a corner,*

And I go up 16 floors at once, man, hesitate outside the door
marked Geometrical Optical Dynamics then go in.
An attractive secretary comes down the hall, she is wearing polyes-
ter print, hose. She has frizzy hair and gooey eyes.
I follow her as she takes my resume and leads me in.
She leads me into the office of a stout Indian man. He is short,
squat and powerfully build, well tanned and bald. His name is Mr.
Yaqui. He looked at my resume in front of him.

*SHIFT Actor plays both parts of two character dialog. My Yaqui looking
down at resume and up at applicant. Applicant looking down at Mr. Yaqui.*

Mr. Yaqui: I see here that you have some work in a sleep shop.

Applicant: Yes, I awakened dreamers 3 times a night, and asked
them to divulge the contents of their dreams.

(Mr. Yaqui leads applicant down the hall.)

Mr. Yaqui: Yes, well let me show you our latest product.
We call it the microprocessor of dreams.

(Actor switches to narrator. Explains what we are seeing.)

He is holding what looks like a bicycle helmet with a lot of wires
coming out of it. The wires are attached on little round golden
spots on the smooth helmet surface.

(Mr. Yaqui. Explains what we are seeing.)

Mr. Yaqui: “It extends the idea of voice recognition by a computer to brain wave recognition by computer over a wireless link from all these sensors in the helmet to that computer over there.

(Indicates something across the room)

Mr. Yaqui: For every word there is a characteristic waveshape associated with verbal part of the cerebral cortex.

(Indicates left parietal lobe of the brain)

By means of transducers attached to the head here, these waveshapes are transmitted by F.M. modulation, to our computer. Not only that but other centers of the brain have characteristic information transduced and transmitted as well.

(Mr. Yaqui points to something he is holding in his hand)

Mr. Yaqui: Sensors slightly offset over the eyes pick up the landscape of Rapid Eye Movement — *(pause)*

(Actor switches to narrator, does exaggerated Balinese Eye Sweeps)
(Actor switches to Mr. Yaqui)

Mr. Yaqui:— and construct the image graphically. Other sensors pick up visual perception, volition and abstract imagination; these become direct sources of data and command information for the Dream Machine

(holds up the helmet)

Mr. Yaqui: We call this transducer device that goes around the head, Shiva’s Headband.

Actor looks afraid

Shift: Actor as Mr. Yaqui is assuring, encouraging.

Mr. Yaqui: The currents are tiny, on the order of nanoamps. With these small currents, we can run all transducers backwards, transmitting directly back into the body the amplified and clarified

The feedback it provides facilitates evoking a direct perceptual insight.

Mr. Yaqui: But here, I could describe the dynamics of riding a bicycle with a complex matrix of simultaneous differential equations, relating speed, curve of path, weight, whose solutions are spherical harmonics related to the gyroscope problem on a moving frame of reference. But a kid simply jumps on the thing and *feels* the right thing to do. And so can you. Be the operator of the dream machine, just *feel* and *see* and *steer* your way.

Applicant: So next I was in this cubicle adjacent to the machine room,
and Mr. Yaqui adjusts the headband over me.
Calibrates it.
Then switches it on!

An eerie sensation seemed to take possession of my mind, man.

It was like waking up
inside a huge parabolic glass bell,
and shouting at the top of my voice
and hearing only a whisper as the sound was reflected away,
but now these were my thoughts snatched away, man,
and then they would come tumbling back.

Actor is stopped in a spot light to tell a memory

I am joy riding in a stolen car. Driving around in San Antonio.
Near Jefferson High. Out into the sparse unfinished housing estates.

Among the vague terrains, on the outskirts of the city.

Me at about age nineteen, and the son of the owner of the car, who is tall lanky, gawky and looked like me. He is some kind of alter-ego of my current personality. In fact he is a younger version of myself.

Then I realize: He's the Subliminal Kid!

Actor walks around like an invisible object, he is looking at a statue. Then he steps into the spot light and becomes the statue. Then begins watching an imaginary observer walking around HIM!

Him and me end up driving around my old high school, man, looking for a space to park it. We drive up endless rows of boulevards that writhe like some kind of labyrinth, or like Braille ideograms of the DREAM, man. After parking the car, we went up some dead end street and had to come back, and there were the police looking all around the car.

We were dressed casual and look like very young boys, looked out of place. And HE, wanted to go BACK to the car!

I told him to keep coming with me.

Actor switches off playing the Kid and the Narrator

The Kid: "But I think I should go back to the car."

Actor: I tell him, "Naw, come with me."

And he does, and we set off on a jog,
and he followed me down along the river. — *(pause)*

From there the dream turned into one of those endless dreams
where you are trying to go somewhere like in this space,

(looks at audience, makes a sweep of the hand gesture equivocating space in story to this theatre space)

And you just can't get there. You keep moving down endless side streets in this labyrinth. The streets of the suburbs with their vast yawning lawns and trees and shrubberies. Looking out of place because you dressed sloppily like a big kid.

SHIFT the following is performed in sometimes graceful lilting dance movement like a Viennese waltz, and sometime like a martial artist going around the Hsing I Pa Qua circle doing martial arts moves. The images is like

waves going around a circle.

Endless labyrinth: I

*(actor reaching out into something, like trying to pull feelings like rope.
Like a blind man feeling his way through a vague terrain*

feeling touching branches of feelings —
the eyes receive and retransmit.

Said like making a discovery

The light fills the mind with clarity
and the light empties back out onto a projection
The sun enters and penetrates through
and around us like the wind,

Actor makes a waving off into the distance hand gesture

and the eyes sail on this wind

Actor makes exaggerated movements of the eyes, like Balinese dancers

and there is a space of Rapid Eye Movement
in which the eyes are in continual movement
and this scanning space
of subliminal video games occurs

(said like seen for the first time ever right here in front of you)

and it is an immense space.

Actor sinks low, looks up

At the bottom of the sky one can see himself
In a space-time diamond . . .

*(Demarcates a closed cubical space structure with his hands, Fair Lady at
Shuttles)*

a 4 dimensional cube or tesseract

Actor turns and pushes away behind him

where The Past is behind but also impinging on the present

and one can stand off and float as above and see one's self from
above see more in the air this way than in a mirror,

(indicates the theatre space)

for this is your mirror

(convey a sense of surges of force coursing through)

the air has a depth that can buoy you up
as if we could fly in this sky

Actor spreads arms out like wings flying

on feelings

(actor mimes the positioning prepositions in the text)

as they are always there behind the hands
and just out of reach behind the eyes
and in front of us and getting between us and what we do
and they are trying to advance towards us so we can see
them but can't quite get our hands on them
they are always receding like the horizon.

Actor looks pensive addresses audience

What does it mean?
Who is this alternative me? That I am dragging along. He is the
innocent child, who can't be allowed to feel because of how he had
to be.
I am the rebellious child,
 and he is the innocent child,
 the good child, loved simply for being?

(Thoughtfully coming to this realization)

It means that the feeling child wants to be up with me, the older
one, but is drawn back to the authority of the parents, drawn back
to all kinds of authority, and that without each other, we are lost,
doomed to run in an endless labyrinth.

SHIFT Actor gestures release, something falling away; addresses audience

They're like so many masques to you and they just fall off

(argumentative, accusatory)

You see through them. I know you do.

Actor looks contrite, rueful

Oh . . . sometime you let me charm you.
Sometime you let me think I can make you laugh.

Actor looks pensive realizes

It hasn't occurred to me until now that with each new mask
I portray to myself
the previous one dissipated into death;
which is a kind of life

(thoughtfully)

non-existence would be a more accurate reference
to the old mask who was so humble;

Actor gets very agitated wound up, hyper — grandly

entrancing with his gaze
anyone who'd follow him, into his maze
in the center of their labyrinth would be a secret place

Actor from the center of the stage speaks tentatively, as though he were trying on the sounds of the words or shouting them into an echo chamber

they would call their true love

Actor apostrophizes, speaking directly, breathlessly to the shadows at the edge of the stage

my love my true love
she is the self — same as I am — we
were always on the lam
via the image... in nation

Actor looks puzzled, quizzical at the audience

or perhaps people are the states
or perhaps not even people say individual
personality is the state

is the means and say it is in face possible for an individual,
an in-de-viz-u-al
to posses a variety of states
a nation within themselves United
the United States of Hysteria

Actor looks vulnerable, slightly camp, apostrophizes dancing in a pas de deux with shadows of the space

dearest true love
you are as free as a state of this hysteria
as I am free . . .
 free...
and as my only concern
 is a balance...

Actor reacting as though being laughed at

you laugh
 with your eyes and ask openly
 aloud what is this balance
 of which ye babble, my love?

Actor driving home a point

I say it is a balance of possession
and of total freedom.
You understand this already.
I know you do and as we are free
we are free to be possessed
by each other
this is the choice this is the
balance of freedom.
Now the obsession
is a loss of equilibrium
the loss of the free will . . .
could it be
the meaning
of falling
in love?

Actor resolves into a kind of relaxed open stance.

Then a SHIFT as he become more agitated. The experiment is amplifying, he is seeing more directly into his feelings

I am struggling to wake up

Actor mimes and makes his face into a masque to illustrate the following states

I come here I laugh... I cry...
I stare like a child . . . I relive
 those feelings
I had when I was a child . . . the terror . . . the joy . . .
I forget . . . I pretend I don't understand
I guffaw, I write
I hugamugga

Actor looks resolute, dejected

Actor swirls head around in a gesture of haplessness, giving up

Death has such a big Mouth,

Actor pulls back inside himself

I should be quiet and live in peace.

Actor swirls head around in a gesture of haplessness, giving up, and frightened away

Death has such a big Bloody nose,
seamless all white clothes,
And endless number rows of TEETH
in my theatre

Actor sweeps hand indicating space

for this is the theatre in which I dwell

Actor sweeps hands down indicating his body; heavy shouting emphasis on sell

In the body which I must not sell!

SHIFT Actor looks rueful, like he has been taking himself too seriously. Smiles. Address the audience directly.

With tales like these, who needs a head!?—Vietnam mom

(sings)

My little babe been to Vietnam
Got his head blown of but resewn on
Resewn on, Resewn on
Got his head Blown off, but resewn on.

(Says)

— They got some mighty fine doctors in Vietnam.

SHIFT Actor goes back to narrator telling story of job interview, aftermath
And then suddenly it was gone.

Actor gestures lifting a helmet off the head

I felt Mr. Yaqui remove the headband,
and he was looking at me and grinning.

Actor as Mr. Yaqui, looking at narrator

Mr. Yaqui: “It’s okay; I just switched it off, he said.
Did that blow your mind?
Everybody gets that the first time.
See the Dream Machine acts like
a gigantic feedback loop for mental processes.
You can get into a positive feedback situation, where anything float-
ing around in your head, gets . . . gets precisely defined,
— quantitative, then sent back to you amplified!
You give it junk, and get back super junk. Then take the super-junk,
and think of it, and get back super-super junk!

SHIFT Actor is narrator telling story

And then I’m back on the street again, man, but it’s not the same. So
many people, so many cars, so many stores, so many bars, windows
wink down dazzling me with solar reflection and that shining off the
chromium cars, fries my eyes.
Everybody else knows exactly what they are doing every minute.
Everybody walking fast and talking fast,
pouring out of restaurants and stores, sweeping around corners,
surging across intersections, up stairs, into buildings.
I am swept along, man, into the impossibly, crowded, subway

*Actor has hand up holding subway car strap, looking with fear at crowded
subway riders. Indicates he is completely jammed up all around.*

Thousands of beings all around me packed, stuffed, wedged, and

there is absolutely no air, man — to breath.

Actor gets very agitated wound up, hyper. Hits rhythm of list like a train down the track.

Riding riding, riding
22nd avenue 32nd avenue
Waitress with vampire eyes — wanting to spend the day hanging
upside down from the overhead railing.
Her feet are killing her.
42nd avenue 52nd avenue
riding, riding 50,000 hate vibes par second
being given off from the biomass.
We drive through a cloud of what seems to be bean fart.
What heavenly majesty!
62nd avenue 72nd avenue
Paranoia rising. Anxiety rising. Hate vibes. Intense fiendish ener-
gies,
collect down in the tunnel
Death! Kill . . . somebody!
Cut somebody! The moon made me do it!
Push in front of subway.
Jump yourself!

Actor gets shouting louder and louder

82nd avenue 92nd avenue
Fart Sweat! Foul!
Arrests Narks! Busts!
Ritualistic sex crimes! Cattle mutilation!

Actor shows long-suffering face; trapped

102nd avenue
I am wedged so tight in that I can't get off.
Turn eyes to newspaper to have something to occupy them.
Reading headlines: Psychosis plagues. Contagious schizophrenic
virus unleashed by irate genetic researcher.
Lawyers, undertakers, doctors doing BOOMING business.

Actor shouting

Plunging down the tubes into dark night, man.
Bat with baby face goes WOOosh by my head.
I go into mantra to stop fear:

SHIFT Actor pauses in silence. Looks toward heaven. Sings. Ends with mouth hanging open.

Sometimes I like to let my mouth hang open and look dumb.
Sometimes I just like to let my mouth hang open. Just
to try to look dumb. Just to try to feel a little
dumber.

SHIFT Actor returns to being narrator

Finally I'm back, to my pad, my little cave to crawl in and fight
back from. I am talking to my dog, man.

Actor bends down addressing dog, teasing

How about . . . going . . . for a walk? . . . in the park?
And we are out!
Walking beneath the freeway, man, down the hill past the heavily
graded train track, man. Me, and Sunshine the pit bull, walking
through the tall grass past the freeway construction, across bridge
over the river.

Actor looking entranced at a shimmer of light

I love to watch the green water in motion. I lean against the rail
and look out: I wonder about where the river leads to. And wish
I was on it. I look over the edge, watch the pattern of lights in
the undulating water, and think about how all matter is waves of
energy held together by various forces of attraction.
AHHHH, it's a lonely life man.
Breathe in a little O₂ Exhale a little CO₂

(shrugs in acceptance)

Still there aren't that many forces of attraction on me.

(looks thoughtful, talkative)

Lately I've become religious about atoms. Every night Walter
Cronkite comes on T.V. with a new cause of teenage cancer.

(winks at the audience, smiles)

They're found that you can catch—on fire—from a toilet seat.

(Back to being serious)

I worry about getting my b_{12} complex
Worry about keeping a proper balance in my metabolic ecology
will the bad wiggles overtake the good wiggles?
Am I getting enough chromium?
What about the polarity of my potassium?
This is how I have come to dig the element: Man —
freak with 103 personalities — the do it yourself chemistry set.

(Rotates around in a dervish spin)

In the spin of color, charm, beauty magic & strangeness
there is a principle that penetrates people.
It is a subtle body, invisible and untouchable

(indicates the directions in the following)

which circulates energy from the earth to the sky
through and up and out and it is the combined spectrum
of the elements in a being
— for we are radiant beings
and this fire
in the cells of the body
in which I dwell
and in which all the stars and planets
in the universe are convolved
sometimes shoots out wild sparks in the dark,
they trail off and are never heard from again.

(indicates the horizontal with sweep of hand)

And the line of the horizon is the edge of the eye,
and the earth is an immense eye in the face of space
a space which no being can see,

(spreads arms in chest expanding gesture of breathing then circulation)

a kind of inspiration and expiration of the firmament
in our breathing
and it surrounds us and travels through us
all through our limbs and makes us tremble like little antennae or
cilia on tiny water creatures . . .

Actor looks punkish, contrite taking leave of the audience shrugging it off

Still there aren't that many forces of attraction on me.