

A MODEST PARALLEL UNIVERSE

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Triadic Mode: > 66.7%

1716:2423 70.8%

“Initially a thin hipster with a full red beard was in the bathroom at Nick-A-Nee’s, peeing at the tall urinal, but when I went in, after he walked out, I made a point to pee at the kiddie urinal, a trademark of mine, for whatever reason I find myself more at ease at the kiddie urinals, as I’m long-torsoed in addition to being of only average height; yes, the kiddie urinals are essentially made for me, and peeing at the kiddie urinal I took note of what looked like a piece of asscrack lint connected inextricably to a long piece of ass hair. This is what it struck me as at least. I thought back to parking on the street fifty feet from Nick-A-Nee’s, to my consternation with the driver wearing a snowcap in his maroon pickup truck cursing me through his windshield as I slowly scoped the one open spot on the street. At that time, with his perturbed expression and prehistoric facial features, he struck me as the worst person in

the world and frankly still does. I wished nothing but the worst things on this person as I pulled over to let him pass, haranguing him through my windshield as he simultaneously screamed at me through his windshield, then calmly hit reverse to move back into the middle of the street, to parallel park in the only open spot, just momentarily lodging the right rear wheel ever so slightly onto the attenuated curb. In my mind this man in the pickup truck was a grotesque stain on the face of our planet. His face, in both its structure and expression, sticking with me at the bar in Nick-A-Nee's, more or less revolted me in the most extreme of ways. The man to my left ordered an impressively grotesque smelling soup from the bar, it was all I could smell at the time, and the stench was such that it struck me as frankly a little unbelievable it wafted from a bowl a man was actually eating from, yet if anything this made me enjoy Nick-A-Nee's even more. The band playing the bar employed a white saxophone player, and each respective instrumentalist was drinking a separate, distinct variety of alcohol, one whiskey, one craft beer, one some type of mixed drink, one nothing at all, all four frankly looking little like

typical musicians, and I found it notable how easily the saxophone, I presumed tenor, sat in the mix with just a microphone next to it, given the accompaniment of electric guitar, electric bass, and acoustic drums that were played in a thoroughly rock, as opposed to jazz, style. I guess I never knew that about tenor saxophone. Rock drums have increasingly distressed me of late. When I think of a style of drumming that offends my taste, rock drumming immediately vaults to the top of the list. In my opinion Stratos most rock music would be immeasurably improved with the simple removal of percussion, or at least with a more muted substitute of percussion. Maybe a tongue drum? Amplified tongue drum? Distorted tambourine? But honestly that's just me, because I fully realize most people love percussion, that percussion is viewed as the so-called backbone of modern composition, that tons of listeners still venerate rock music. In any case I guess I should start to explain how I got here, shouldn't I?" "From your parallel universe you mean?" "Exactly Stratos. It now seems to me that I crossed over into this universe, or I should say I became aware that it had happened, precisely at the point where the

bozo in the snowcap in his dark red pickup truck began yelling at me through his windshield, as I attempted to parallel park up the street from Nick-A-Nee's, where a man would then order one of the most disgusting smelling soups I've ever encountered from its bar. It was obvious as the man, who I despised, looked exactly like someone from Alabama, he was wearing a snowcap despite it being a moderately temperate day in early April, and given these facts it was obvious something had shifted significantly, but I couldn't draw any conclusions quite at that point. But these are the types of cues you have to take into account with regard to things such as these Stratos, parallel universe conundrums so to speak. How exactly it happens I'm not at liberty to detail at this time, as it's possible I'm ignorant of the mechanics of the process, or I'm aware of the process in a way I can only communicate in indirect ways." "This makes sense, Markos. There's obviously only so much we can put into words when it comes to parallel universes." "For example it was precisely at Nick-A-Nee's that I happened to log onto the basketball-reference dot com webpage Stratos, which only confirmed my suspicions, which had

been steadily rising, which only acted as another clue as I delved deeper into the statlines I'll detail right now. Specifically, as I recalled it, beyond a shadow of a doubt it sat in my memories, the Boston Celtic Jayson Tatum owned a statistical profile that exceeded that of Dallas Maverick Luka Doncic, whereas Luka Doncic had a statistical summation that lagged that of Jayson Tatum. And yet on basketball-reference dot com at Nick-A-Nee's, only moments after said bozo in snowcap in the Alabama-esque maroon pickup truck berated me through his windshield, it occurred to me that Luka Doncic had by far the more complete statistical profile compared to Jayson Tatum, despite both Luka and Tatum averaging above thirty points per game this NBA season. Specifically, on this side Stratos, it seemed that Luka differentiated himself from Tatum by getting to the free throw stripe at a much greater clip, by making plays for others at a clip that more than doubled Tatum's rate. Where Jayson Tatum assisted on just twenty percent of his possessions, while turning the ball over on ten percent, Luka Doncic assisted on forty three percent of his possessions while turning the ball over on only

twelve percent, while both rebounded just about thirteen percent of their possible possessions and shot an aggregate percentage of sixty (true shooting percentage) on their thirty points per game. Yet I explicitly recalled Jayson Tatum being the far superior playmaker, by more than double, when compared to Luka Doncic, in those exact terms of assist percentage and free throw rate, yet when I logged onto basketball-reference at Nick-A-Nee's, to my great surprise, Luka Doncic separated himself from Jayson Tatum by his higher propensity of getting to the free throw stripe and by his stark contrast in setting his teammates up for made shots (especially when compared to his propensity to turn the ball over). It's only in the most minute of ways that we can detect these transitions Stratos, if that makes sense, that we can conclude we've traversed across potential dimensions, if that makes sense?" "Oh, absolutely!" "And to add to the confusion it was only a night later, in a vivid dream, that I found myself in a desolate house covered with orange wallpaper, curiously preoccupied with bathing myself, apparently getting ready for something I couldn't quite put my finger on, it was in this home

with the orange interior that I felt again this psychic energy with near strangers, near strangers who seem to pop into my mental space unannounced, that has increasingly struck me as an actual physical phenomenon. That I can actually think back toward these near strangers in a physical fashion. Yet this was before a particular shadow from my past appeared to me yet again in dream, in the most vivid of manners, and I began to run from something, something I couldn't identify, while simultaneously reconnecting with this shadow without either of us saying a word to each other, until I stumbled upon what looked like a locker room in an open field. I entered the building, a so-called locker room in an open field, and realized all of its memorabilia was from nineteen ninety eight and I realized I'd traveled back to nineteen ninety eight, that everything I touched was totally nineteen ninety eight, that my own so-called identity was just a clumsy block across something that could be traversed if approached properly, and then suddenly the thought occurred to me: Time starts in the middle and winds around, always in the middle, I thought, that this notion of time beginning at the beginning

is entirely false, perhaps even nonsensical. When awake I frantically wrote a note that simply said: Time starts in the middle and winds around. And as I encountered this idea streams of green for lack of a better word time shot out, like Nickelodeon Gack or something, various streams of time overlapping each other in joyous bursts of green, like the word Go, and it was a sort of joyous event even in its ambiguity. I was a little disappointed to wake up.” “Did you do shrooms at all?” “No sadly Stratos I was completely free from hallucinogens when I went to sleep, when I went to Nick-A-Nee’s, when the red-bearded hipster peed at the adult urinal, when the man next to me ordered the disgusting soup, when the bozo with the snowcap screamed at me, when the saxophone was surprisingly high in the mix. No we don’t necessarily need to travel in the traditional sense in order to travel great distances, that much we can be sure of.” “That makes complete sense to me, Markos!”

Footnotes

Triadic Mode: >.667

Echoes: 1716

Syllables: 2423

Self-Similarity: .708

[I]n[i]tially a th[i]n h[i][p]ster with a full [r]ed
[b]eard was in the [b][a]th[r]oom [a]t
[N]ick-A-[N][ee]'s, [p][ee]ling at the t[a]ll u[r]i[n]al,
[b]ut [w]he[n] I [w]e[n]t i[n], after he [w][a]l[k]ed out,
I [m]ade a [p]oint to [p][ee] at the [k]idd[ie] u[r]inal,
a t[r]ade[m]ar[k] of [m]ine, for whatever [r][ea]son
[I] [f][i]nd [m][y]sel[f] [m]ore [a]t [ea]se [a]t the
kidd[ie] u[r]inals, [a]s I'm long-tors[o]ed [i]n
[a][dd][i]tion to being of [o]nly [a]verage height;
ye[s], the ki[dd]ie urinals are e[ss]entiall[y] [m]ade
for [m][e], and [p][ee]ling at the [k]idd[ie] urinal I
too[k] [n]ote of what [l]oo[k]ed [l]i[k]e a [p][ie][c]e of
[a][ss][c]r[a][ck] [l]i[n]t [c]o[nn][e][c]ted
i[n][e]xtri[c]ab[ly] to a [l]ong [p][ie][c]e of a[ss] hair.
Th[i]s [i]s what it [s]tru[ck] me [a]s [a]t l[ea]s[t]. I
thought ba[ck] to par[k]ing on the [s]tr[ee]t [f]i[f]ty
[f][ee]t [f]rom [N]i[ck]-A-[N][ee]'s, to [m]y
[c]on[s]ternation [w]ith the driver [w]earing a

[s]now[c]a[p] in his [m]aroon [p]i[ck][u][p] tr[u][ck]
[c]ur[s]ing me through h[i]s w[i]ndshie[d] as I
[s]l[o]wly [s][c]l[o]p[ed] the one [o][p]en [s]p[ot] on the
[s]treet. [A]t th[at] time, with his [p]e[r]tu[r]bed
ex[p]r[ession] and [p]r[ehi]s[tori]c [f]acial
[f]eatures, he [s]tru[ck] me as the [w]o[r]st
[p]e[r]s[on] in the [w]o[r]ld and fran[k]ly [s]till does.
I [w]ished nothing but the [w]o[r]st [th]i[n]gs on
[th]i[s] [p]e[r]s[on] as I [p]ulled over to let him
[p]a[ss], [h]arangu[i]ng [h]i[m] through my
[w]i[n]dshie[d] as he [s]i[m]ultaneou[s]ly
[s]c[r]ea[m]ed at [m]e through h[i]s [w]i[n]dsh[ie]ld,
then [c]almly hit rever[s]e to [m]ove ba[ck] into the
[m]iddle of the [s]treet, to [p]ara[l]lel [p]ar[k] in the
[o]nly [o][p]en [s]p[ot], ju[s]t [m]o[m]entari[l]y
[l]odging the [r]ight [r]ear whee[l] ever [s]o
[s]ligh[t]ly on[t]o the a[tt]enuated curb. In [m]y
[m]i[n]d thi[s] [m]an [i]n the p[i]ck[u]p tr[u]ck was
a grote[sq]ue [s]t[ai]n on the f[a]ce of our
[p]lanet. His [f]a[ce], in both its [s]t[r]u[c]ture and
exp[r]ession, [s]t[i]ck[ing] with m[e] at the bar in
[N]i[c]k-A-[N]ee's, [m]ore or le[ss] [r]evolted
[m]e in the [m]ost extreme of ways. The [m]an to
[m]y l[e]ft ordered an imp[r]e[ss]ively
gr[ot]e[s]que [s]melling [s]oup from the bar-it was

all I could [s]m[e]ll at the time, and the [s]t[e]nch
 was [s][u]ch that it [s]tr[u]ck me as [f]rank[l]y a
 [l][i]ttle un[b]e[l]ieva[b]le [i]t w[a]f]ted [f]rom a
 [b]owl a m[a]n was [a]ctua[l]ly eating [f]rom, y[e]t
 i[f] any[th]i[n]g [th]i[s] [m]ade [m]e [e]njoy
 [N]ick-A-[N][ee]’s [e]ven [m]ore. The [b]and
 [p]l[ay]ing the [b]ar em[p]l[oy]ed a white
 [s]axophone [p]l[ay]er, and each [r]e[s]p[e]c[t]i]ve
 [i]n[s]t[r]umentali[s]t was [d]rin[k]ing a [s]e[p]arate,
 [d]i[s]tin[c]t variety of al[c]ohol-[o]ne [w]hi[s]k]ey,
 [o]ne [c]raft beer, one [s]ome type of m[i]xed
 dr[i]nk, one nothing at [a]ll, [a]ll [f]our [f]ran[k]l]ly
 [l]oo[k]ing [l][i]ttle [l]i[k]e t[y]p[i]c]al mus[i]cians,
 and I [f]ound it n[o]table how ea[s]ily the
 [s][a]xo[ph]o[n]e, I pre[s]umed tenor, [s][a]t in the
 [m]i[x] with ju[s]t a [m]i[c]ro[ph]one ne[x]t to it,
 [g]i]ven the [a]cc[ompanim]e[n]t of [e]le[c]tri[c]
 [g]u[i]tar, ele[c]tri[c] ba[ss], and [a]c[ou]s[t]i[c] drums
 [th]at were [p]l[ay]ed in a [th]o[r]oughl]y [r]ock, as
 o[pp]osed to jazz, [s]tyle. [I] gu[e]ss [I] n[e]ver
 k[n]ew that about tenor [s]axophone. [R]o[ck]
 [d]rums have in[c]r]ea[s]ingl]y di[s]tre[ss]ed me of
 [l]ate. When I think of a style of drumming that
 offends my taste rock dru[m]m]ing
 i[m]m]e[d]i]atel[y] vaults [t]o the [t]o[p] of the

list-i[n] [m]y o[p]i[n]ion, [S]trat[o]l[s], [m][o][s]t ro[ck]
[m]usi[c] would [b][e] [i][mm]easura[b]l[y]
[i][m][p]roved w[i]th the s[i]m[p]le re[m]oval [o]f
[p]erc[u]ssion, or at lea[s]t with a [m]ore [m][u]ted
[s]ub[s]tit[u]te of [p]ercussion. [M]ay[b]e a [t][o]ngue
dr[u]m? Amplified [t][o]ngue [d][r][u]m?
[D]is[t]orted [t]am[b]ou[r]ine? [B]ut hone[s]tl[y]
that[s] ju[s]t m[e], [b]e[c][au]se I fu[lly] rea[l]ize
mo[s]t [p]eo[p]le l[o]ve [p]er[c][u]ssion, that
[p]er[c]uss[i]on [i]s viewed as the [s]o-[c]alled
[b]a[ck][b]one of m[o]dern [c][o]mpos[i]tion, that
tons of l[i]s[te]ners [s]t[i]ll vene[r][a]te [r]o[ck]
musi[c]. I[n] a[n]y c[as]e, [I] [g]ue[ss] [I] should
[s]tart to ex[p]l[ai]n [h]ow I [g]ot [h]ere, shouldn't I?
From [y]our [p]arallel universe [y]ou mean?
Ex[a]c[tly, [S]tr[a]to[s]. It now [s]eems to m[e] that
I [c]ro[ss]ed o[v]er [i]nto th[i]s uni[v]er[s]e, or I
should [s]ay I be[c]ame a[w]a[r]e th[at] it [h]ad
[h]a[pp]ened, [p]re[c]i[s]ely [a]t the [p]oint [w]he[r]e
[th]e b[o]zo in [th]e sn[o]w[c]a[p] in his dar[k] [r]ed
[p]i[ck]u[p] t[r]u[ck] beg[a]n yelling [a]t me through
h[i]s w[i]ndshiel[d], as I a[t]t[em]p[t]ed to [p]arallel
[p]ar[k] u[p] the [s]tr[ee]t from [N]i[ck]-A-[N]ee[s],
[w]here a man [w]ould then or[d]er [o]ne of the
mo[s]t [d]i[s]gu[s]tin[g] [s]mellin[g] [s]ou[p]s I'v[e]

[e][v]er [e]ncountered from its [b]ar. It was
 ob[v]iou[s] [a]s the m[a]n, who [I] [d]e[s][p]i[s]ed,
 [l]oo[k]ed ex[a][c]tly [l]i[k]e [s]ome[o]ne fr[o]m
 [A][l][a][b]am[a]-he [w]as [w]earing a [s]nowca[p]
 [d]e[s][p]ite it b[e]ing a mo[d]e[r]atel[y] tem[p]e[r]ate
 [d]ay in earl[y] A[p]r[il], and given th[e]se [f]a[c]ts it
 was obv[i]ou[s] [s]omething had sh[i]f[t]ed
 [s]i[gn]i[f]i[c]antly, but I [c]oul[d][n]’t [d]raw a[n]y
 [c]on[c]l[us]ions [q]uite [a]t th[at] [p]oint. But these
 are the [t]y[p]es of [c]l[ues] y[ou] have [t]o [t]ake
 in[t]o a[c]c[oun]t with regard to [th]ings [s]uch as
 [th]e[se], [S]trato[s], [p]arallel u[n]iver[s]e
 [c]o[n]u[n]dr[ums], [s]o to [s]p[ee]k. [H]ow
 ex[a]ctly it [h]a[pp]ens I’m not [a]t li[b]erty [t]o
 de[t]ail [a]t this [t]ime, [a]s it’s [p]o[s]sib[le] I’m
 ig[n]orant of the me[c]ha[n]i[c]s of the [p]ro[c]e[ss],
 or I’m a[w]are of the [p]ro[c]e[ss] in a [w]a[y] I [c]an
 only [c]ommun[i]c[a]te [i]n [i]ndi[r]e[c]t [w]a[ys].
 Thi[s] [m]a[k]e[s] [s]ense, [M]ar[k]o[s]. There’s
 obviou[s][l]y [o]n[l]y [s]o [m]uch we [c]an [p]ut
 into [w]ords [w]hen it [c]omes to [p]arallel
 univer[s]es. For exam[p]le, it was [p]re[c]i[s]e[l]y at
 [N]ick-A-[N]ee’s that I h[a]p[p]ened to [l]og onto
 the [b]a[s]k[e]t[b]all-[r]e[f]e[r]en[c]e dot [c]om
 [w]e[b]p[age], [S]trato[s], [w]hich only

[c]on[f]irmed my [s]u[s]p[i]c[i]ons, [w]h[i]ch had
 been stea[d]i[l]y rising, which on[l]y [a]l[c]ted [a]s
 a[n]other c[l]ue [a]s I [d]elved [d][ee]per in[t]o the
 s[t]at[i]s[t]ics [I]'ll [d][e]tail right [n]ow.
 [S]p[e]c[i]f[i]cally, as I re[c]alled it, [b]eyond a
 sh[a]dow of a [d]oubt [i]t [s]a[t] [i]n [m]y
 [m]e[m]ories, the [B]o[s]ton [C]el[t]ic J[a]y[s]on
 [T]a[tum] o[w]ned a [s]ta[t]i[s]t[i]c[a]l pr[o]file that
 ex[c]eeded th[a]t of [D]a[ll]as [M]a[ver]i[ck] Lu[k]a
 [D]onci[c], whereas [L]u[k]a [D]onci[c] h[a]d a
 [s]ta[t]i[s]t[i]c[a]l [s]u[m]m[a]tion th[at] l[a]gged
 th[at] of J[a]y[s]on [T]a[tum]. And yet on
 [b]a[s]i[s]c[e]t[b]all-re[f]eren[c]e dot [c]om at
 [N]i[ck]-A-[N][ee]'s, onl[y] [m]o[m]ents a[f]ter [l]s[aid]
 [b]o[zo] in [s]n[o]w[c]a[p] in the
 [A]l[a]b[a]m[a]-e[s]que [m]aroon [p]i[ck]u[p]
 t[r]u[c]k [b]e[r]ated [m]e through h[i]s
 w[i]ndshield, it o[cc]urred to [m]e that Lu[k]a
 Donci[c] had by [f]ar the [m]ore [c]om[p]lete
 [s]ta[t]i[s]t[i]c[a]l [p]ro[f]ile [c]om[p]ared to J[a]y[s]on
 T[a]tum, de[s]p[i]te [b]oth Lu[k]a [a]nd Tatum
 [a]veraging a[b]ove thirty [p]oints [p]er g[a]me thi[s]
 NB[A] [s]eason. [S]p[e]c[i]f[i]cally, on thi[s] [s]ide,
 [S]tratos, it [s]eem[ed] that Lu[k]a di[ff]e[r]enti[a]ted
 himsel[f] [f]r[om] T[a]tum by [g]etting to the [f]ree

th[r]ow [s]t[r]i[p]le at a [m]uch [g]r[ea]ter [c]li[p], by
 [m]aking [p]lays [f]or [o]thers at a [c]lip [th]a[t] more
 [th]a[n] d[o]ubled T[a]tum's r[a]te. Where J[a]yson
 T[a]tum a[ss][i][s]t[e]d on ju[s]t twe[n]ty [p]er[c]e[n]t
 of his [p]ossessions, while [t]urning the ball over on
 [t]en [p]er[c]e[n]t, Luka Doncic a[ss][i][s]t[e]d on forty
 three [p]er[c]e[n]t of his [p]ossessions [w]hile
 [t]urning the [b]all [o]ver on [o]nly [t]welve
 [p]er[c]e[n]t, [w]hile [b]oth re[b]ounded ju[s]t a[b]out
 [th]irteen [p]er[c]e[n]t of [th]eir [p]ro[ss]i[b]le
 [p]ro[ss]e[ss]io[n]s and [sh]ot a[n] a[gg]re[g]ate
 [p]er[c]e[n]t[age] of [s]ix[t]y ([t]r[u]e sh[oo]ting
 [p]er[c]e[n]t[age]) on [th]eir [th]irty [p]oints [p]er game.
 Yet I ex[p]l[i]c[i]tly [r]e[c]alled J[a]yson T[a]tum
 b[e]i[n]g the far [s]u[p]e[r]ior [p]l[a]yma[n], by
 more than [d]ouble, when [c]om[p]ared t[o] L[u]ka
 [D]onci[c], in those exa[c]t [t]erms of a[ss][i][s]t
 [p]er[c]e[n]t[age] and [f]ree throw rate, y[e]t wh[e]n I
 l[og]ged [o]nto [b]a[s]ketball-[r]ef[e]re[n]ce at
 [N]i[ck]-A-[N]ee's, to my great [s]urp[r]i[s]e, Lu[k]a
 Donci[c] [s]e[p]a[r]a[t]ed him[s]e[l]f [f]rom J[a]yson
 T[a]tum b[y] [h]is [h]igher [p]ro[p]e[n]sity of
 g[e]tting to the [f]ree throw [s]t[r]i[p]le and [b]y
 his [s]tar[k] [c]ont[r]a[s]t in [s]etting his
 team[m]a[te]s up for [m]a[de] shots (e[s]p[e]ciall[y]

wh[e]n [c]om[p]ared to his [p]ro[p]len[s]it[y] [t]o the
 [t]urn the ball [o]ver). It's [o]nly in the [m]ost
 [m]inute of ways that we [c]an de[t]e[c]t these
 [t]rans[i]t[i]ons, [S]trato[s], if that ma[k]e[s] [s]en[s]e,
 that we [c]an [c]on[c]lude we've tra[v]er[s]ed
 a[c]ro[ss] pote[n]tial di[m]e[n]sions, if that [m]a[k]e[s]
 [s]e[n]s]e? Oh, abso[l]ute[l]y! [A]nd to [a]dd t[o] the
 con[f]u[s]ion it was on[l]y a night [l]ater, in a
 [v]i[v]id [d]ream, that [I] [f]ound m[y][s]e[l]f in a
 [d]e[s]o[l]ate house [c]o[v]ered [w]ith o[r]ange
 [w]all[p]a[p]er, [c]u[r]iou[s]l[y] [p]re[oc]c[u]pied
 [w]ith b[a]thing my[s]elf, a[pp]a[r]ently g[e]tting
 [r]ea[d]y [f]or [s]omething I [c]ouldn't [q]uite [p]ut
 my [f]inger on-[i]t was [i]n th[i]s home w[i]th the
 o[r]a[n]ge i[n]te[r]ior that I felt agai[n] thi[s]
 p[s]y[c]hi[c] e[n]ergy with [n]ear [s]tr[a]ngers, [n]ear
 [s]tr[a]ngers who [s]eem to [p]op in[t]o [m]y
 [m]e[n]t[al] [s]p[a]ce unannoun[c]ed, th[at] h[a]s
 in[c]rea[s]ingly [s]tru[c]k me [a]s an [a]c[tual
 [ph]y[s]i[c]al [ph]e[n]ome[n]on. That I [c]a[n
 [a]c[tually [th]in[k] b[a]c[k toward [th]e[s]e n[e]ar
 strangers in a [ph]y[s]i[c]al [f]a[sh]i[on]. Yet this
 was bef[ore] a [p]arti[c]ular [sh]a[d]ow [f]rom my
 [p]a[s]t a[pp]ea[red] to [m]e yet agai[n] [i]n
 [d]rea[m], [i]n the [m]o[s]t [v]i[v]id of [m]a[n]ners,

[a]nd I beg[a]n to r[u]n [f]r[o]m [s]ome[th]ing,
 [s]ome[th]ing [I] [c]oul[d]n't [i]denti[f]y, wh[i]le
 [s]imulta[n]eou[s]ly re[c]o[n]n[e]cting w[i]th th[i]s
 shad[ow] w[i]thout [ei]ther [o]f u[s] [s]aying a
 [w]ord to [ea]ch [o]ther, un[t]il I [s]tumbled
 u[p]o[n] [w]hat [l]oo[k]ed [l]i[k]e a [l]o[ck]er room i[n]
 a[n] o[p]en field. I entered the [b]ui[l]ding, a
 s[o]-[c]alled [l]o[ck]er [r]oom i[n] a[n] o[p]e[n] field,
 a[n]d [r]ealiz[ed] all of its [m]e[m]o[r]a[b]i[l]ia w[a]s
 fr[o]m [n]i[n]et[ee]n [n]i[n]et[y] eight-and [I]
 realiz[ed] [I]'d tr[a]v[e]led b[ac]k to [n]i[n]et[ee]n
 [n]i[n]et[y] eight, that e[v]erything I [t]ouched was
 [t]otall[y] [n]i[n]et[ee]n [n]i[n]et[y] eight, that my
 [o]wn s[o]-[c]alled identit[y] was ju[s]t a [c]lums[y]
 [b]lo[ck] [a]c[ro]ss [s]omething that [c]ould [b]e
 tr[a]ver[s]ed if [a]pp[r]oached [p]roperl[y], a[n]d
 the[n] [s]uddenl[y] [th]e [th]ought occurred to m[e]:
 T[i]me [s]tarts [i]n the m[i]ddle and w[i]nds
 [a]round, [a]lways [i]n the m[i]ddle, I [th]ought,
 [th]at [th]is notion of [t]ime [b]eg[i]nn[i]ng at the
 [b]eg[i]nn[i]ng [i]s en[t]irely fal[s]e, perhap[s] even
 non[s]ens[ic]al. [W]hen a[w]a[k]e I franti[c]all[y]
 wr[ote] a n[ote] that [s]impl[y] [s]aid: T[i]me
 [s]tarts [i]n the m[i]ddle and w[i]nds around. [A]nd,
 [a]s [I] en[c]ountered thi[s] [i]dea, [s]t[r]eams of

g[r]ee[n], for [l][a][ck] of a better word, time sh[o]t
[o]ut, [l]i[k]e Ni[ck]e[l]odeon G[a][ck] or [s]omething,
variou[s] [s]treams of time [o]ver[l]apping each
other in j[o]you[s] [b]u[r][s]ts of [g]reen, like the
wo[r]d [G][o], and it was a [s]ort of j[o]you[s]
e[v]e[n]t e[v]e[n] [i][n] [i]ts am[b][i]guity. I was a
l[i]ttle d[i]sa[pp]oin[t]ed [t]o wake u[p]. [D]id y[ou]
[d][o] shr[oo]ms at all? N[o], [s][a]dly, [S]tr[a]t[o]s, I
was compl[e]tel[y] [f][r][ee] [f][r]om hallu[c]inoge[n]s
[w]he[n] I [w]e[n]t to sl[ee]p, [w]he[n] I [w]e[n]t to
[N]ick-A-[N]ee's, when the red-bear[d]ed
hi[p][s]ter [p]eed at the a[d]ult urinal, when the
[m]an next to [m]e or[d]ered the [d]i[s]gu[s]ting
[s]ou[p], [w]hen the b[o]z[o] [w]ith the [s]n[o]w[c]a[p]
[s][c]r[ea]med at m[e], when the [s]axophone was
[s]ur[p]r[i]singly h[i]gh [i]n the m[i]x. N[o], we
[d][o]n't [n]e[c]e[s]sarily [n]eed [t]o [t][r]avel in the
[t][r]a[d]i[t]i[on]al [s]en[s]e [i]n or[d]er [t]o [t][r]avel
g[r]eat [d]i[s]tan[c]es, that much we can be sure of.
That [m]akes [c]omplete sense to [m]e, [M]ar[k]os!