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Project: STORYBOOK Rewrite
About: AFAMASAGA & PACIFICAN
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John Reyer Afamasaga opens the door to the offices. At 5:55 a.m. the place is cold. He hovers his hand above the bar while making his way down to the end. Behind the bar, he warms up the coffee machine.

On stage, he finds music to help him start another day, alone in this dimension.

Jazz Funk from some place; a bassist riffs out with delicate fills from a drummer that made Lavenda move her body...He catches a glimpse of a time, as he stares at the booth where he once sat so close to her.

Lavenda looks at him. She leans into him. “Hey, hear that?” He presses a key to save his work and then he looks at her. “Lee Ritenour, ‘Night Rhythms,’ danced splendidly by Lavenda Stevonsen soon to be the owner of Haute Couture, designer of Lazoo’s wardrobe, in the infamous novel of the same name.”

John Reyer, the loner, steps down from behind Jon Le Mac’s rig, and finds the mic stand normally reserved for the more vocal members of his gang. He leans on it as Lazoo does, and then he smiles at the ground like Metofeaz when he’s afraid as he runs through his memories of her...

Lavenda gives him his reason for remaining strong, and then he reminds himself of his goals as he conjures ways to gain his resolve and find focus in the ensuing poem...

5:55 a.m.

Night, light hours and dim days

Through the calm and into

The inside of confusion

Those outside looking thru some pinhole—a port

Using a slithering line that syntaxes a tiller thread

See focus—full of fury with a touch of funk

Locust like movement onto another page

Held breath as the imminent sigh ends

A thought with the poignant of the puniest of views

It’s killing length of pronouncement

One to one hundred million words

Over a period its name I dread

Its worth I fear its many uses

The guile, I want to wash and the shrewdness of it all

I want to pack into a box and sell up on the Internet

Somewhere at some address, for someone to

Click and put away into an e-commerce cart

So I can go home, get laid

And also get paid

That’s it,

in a nutshell
Inside,
a four-sided Idea

His head comes up, but he is still lost down in a valley, one surrounded by one million square lights. The sound of her walking down and away that night echoes inside his head. First he sees Lazoo standing in front of him on the dance floor, arms folded, empathetic but supportive as ever. He turns around to see Le Mac is behind the turntables, queuing the next record in his head phones, and down to his left behind the bar, Feeaz lines up for cups of caffeine on the bar top.

“Bring in Afanasy,” Lazoo suggests. “Just let it happen!” Metofeaz shouts out. And from behind John Reyer, Le Mac reminds all four of them who make up LMLA-ink, “Flower’s perspective, through a concerned mother who has to leave the young girl to carry on alone!”

Of all the situations he has been involved in throughout his stormy existence in this shell and then that shell in this dimension, John Reyer the PACIFICAN and his co-entity AFAMASAGA who now live in the shell of a former thug and the son of a preacher, had yet to encounter one which required both cunning and the use of both their hearts.

A freakish event in the Nevada desert in the late twentieth century where two twins separated at birth passed each other on the highway to Las Vegas.

Two entities inhabit the unsuspecting brothers at the junction point, a gateway to the MindMorph dimension from the Dimension Forks. The amalgamation of quantum particles belonging to the two identical humans was the result of the F3quenzor connecting and protons in the brain transmitting the exact signal in reverse, causing a push-pull effect that brought the two shells into one. The only deformity was each brother still possessed his own heart since the respective sides of the brain each one controlled needed blood.

AFAMASAGA steps down from the stage. LAZOO steps to the side to let him by, but he is clearly on edge. METOFEAZ watches them closely from behind the bar. “Excuse me, ladies...” Le Mac’s mellow tone makes LAZOO droop his shoulders; in turn, the PACIFICAN holds out a hand. “You guys used to be ready to roll at ten to. What happened? A bit of pay, and you think it’s okay to rock up on the stroke of six, ah?” The boss of LMLA-ink lets himself be hugged by the boy from Wisconsin as Metofeaz Litigatti is already bringing the much needed coffee.