Complete

Joelle Francht
I've sold seven packets of cocaine to junior high-schoolers this week. My contact smokes cigarettes in the diner by the highway. The curtains and walls and waitresses are dingy and faded and yellowed. The steel of the kitchen, revealed for a few seconds each time the waitress walks through the swinging doors, however, remains stainless, as always. I am obliged with 'good deals' on certain equipment vital to the movement—black nail polish, electrical tape, crochet hooks—distributed out of this dour, deep-wrinkled man's rusting Cadillac, resting at the limits of the parking lot, on the edge of the encroaching desert.

Another Critic

Another critic, though this cannot be confirmed, alleges that he 'felt deeply moved, hurt, inspired' by 'the waste solids which [Leonov] has managed to solder together here.' The reaction which the critic claims to have had was that, '[T]he American arts scene [will continue] to drift into [unmoored oblivion] until... [the thinkers and artists of our time band together behind a single unifying idea or theory and replace the world in which we find ourselves with an altogether new, different, custom-fitted world originating from the wellsprings of our own repression and angst and creative, new-thinking young minds]... The work of Levi-Strauss is brought to mind. Or maybe Lacan. I'm not really sure which, I've never read either.'

A Promise Not to Terrorize the Countryside

Bruce McCandless II, my hovercraft, has been disemboweled like a can-