Memory Theater

by stephen hastings-king

When next D climbs to lucidity and dreams himself dreaming and in so doing explains his origin without a break in register he multiplies inside the film sequences that populate his memory

He is somewhere amongst the accelerated civilians who lean off the balconies that line cobbled streets and throw confetti into the gray jerky air from which emanates streams of bubbles and smears and other perturbations that run across the surface of the footage and create strange holes in the endless celebration of the arrival of saucer-eyed doughboys from the front.

In a documentary about the waning days D explains why Les Baxter music is piped to all public spaces affected by the class war. D is saying: They want redistribution. We give them an imaginary Hawaii.

In a space capsule he is an astronaut. In his spacesuit he is dressed like chewing gum. His helmet is a television monitor. He has trained his voice has to sound like radio. He exchanges garble with agents in mission control. He imagines them all sporting the look of IBM salesmen. In their hands are implied martinis.

D runs beside a fragile-looking aerial machine along a segment of beach. The rhythm of his movement is constant as the speed of the footage slows. Soon he is leaping.

In the waning days people stockpiled automatic weapons but did not know why. Fear of something ineffable rolled in like weather. The cause was right in front of them but they could not articulate it.

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