

THE PHILOWANKICAL MANIFESTO

Teate Dicque

&&

Cocque Pussa

The only official introduction to the basic Loca. This manifesto is dangerous.

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Loca Manifesto re Dangerous

This Manifesto is dangerous.

It will touch you with fire-hands and set you alight.

When utilized as a food product it will induce the vomiting up of your inner self.

When licking along your spine it will make you shiver and impregnate you with the demon tingles.

This Manifesto is meant to shake, meant to shake you, to flip you over, meant to slice your stomach open, rip your guts out and eat you.

Yet, it is just a manifesto.

So what makes this Manifesto dangerous?

It is more than just a recipe for thinking, a tour guide for the Congo and a delectably painful turning over of all that you thought imaginable regarding humanness – it's really about words and pants and sex and dogs and pygmies and two men's insatiable, inflatable madness and how their love and hate caught on fire and captured and freed the world.

There's really nothing quite like it.

And there must be a reason for that.

Loca Congo re Cadbury

Cadbury adjusted his strides and his stride simultaneously as he stepped from the coconut husk ramp onto the fertile Congo soil.

Dead plants lay all around him, he noted, and a pall of death and decay hung in the air, but that was not going to stop him strutting out in style on this newborn day as though he himself had birthed it.

And, in an obscure way, he had.

Loca Ditspace re War re Plan

In his study, Mike sat hunched over a large sheet of paper wielding a pencil. He frantically drew symbols and shapes and numbers and equations. But mostly he drew a little Cadbury caricature that he had perfected and then drew spears going through its head.

After some effort, though none of it related to documentation, Mike had produced a document “My secret saucy love affair with the death of the world”, that clearly laid out the Ditspace masterplan:

1. Calculate pi to a ludicrous number of decimal places
2. Make substantial advances in whoring theory
3. Found the Loca Foundation – an institute for the unnatural advancement of Locan philosophies
4. Utilize new Loca theories, very long pi, and possibly whores, to invent new and haughtily destructive weaponry
5. Bombard Congo and destroy Cadbury and his rubber-dog so-called society

Yes, yes, it was all so clear.

He turned and tossed a matchstick onto a mat of lines. He noted the result, sniffing airily.

Yes, yes, yes. Clear.

He wrote down the word “Slippyfucque”.

Transparent.

“Loca Slippyfucque,” he mused.

A good place, he deduced.

Later, he decided.

He started snoring.

Then he fell asleep.

Loca Congo re Coconut

Cadbury ran into a tree and a coconut dropped on his head.

Tittering laughter ensued.

Loca Ditspace re War re Inside job

Waking up, Mike wiped the sperm from his eyes.

He glared blankly at his notes.

He wiped some sperm off his tongue.

He blinked ever so slowly.

“It’s got to be an inside job,” he concluded.

Two beats.

“I’ll do what I can,” said a muffled voice from Mike’s pants.

“You are insignificant, stupid, and cheating; depressed, anxious, with low self-esteem; tedious, gangly, and inane; inept, sex-crazed, and plastic; zombie-like, guilty, and watery,” said a second voice, from below.

Loca Manifesto re Philosophy

Philosophy is, in part, the name for a whole lot of subject matters that we really have no idea what to do with. That we don't know how to settle the issues in, where we don't have established methods for resolving questions and which we suspect probably don't really matter an awful lot in any decent-minded sort of way. That is surely part of the fun, or, to put it another way, the utter folly. You're not hemmed in, you're not trapped in a narrow little program... but then the same could be said of living the life of a hobo or a butterfly or a new form of hobo-butterfly lifeform. A lot of people find it uncomfortable that you can't fall back on an established body of philosophical truths as a butterfly-hobo and that, no matter how beautiful you are, many of the standard services and facilities are unavailable to you. So it seems that once we can get a question into a precise enough form that it admits a systematic answer that everybody can see is right, it is no longer philosophy. That happened to the problem of life, as an example. It's hard for us to remind ourselves how important the problem of life was, or the intensity with which it was battled - and of course now we realize it was all just foolish, shallow crap. This, I think, will happen to the problem of the philowankery.

So once you have the method of coming up with answers, it's time for you to close up shop as a philosopher.

In other words, the philosophy becomes worthless once the principles underlying it are understood. And to further extend this mode of thought, it becomes clear that philosophy is a field of study for those that

1. are comfortable with a large degree of uncertainty, and
2. do not have the skills to induce any degree of certainty in the things they are studying.

Philosophy is the study of highly irresolvable phenomena by those with a minimal ability to resolve them.

The manifesto, paradoxically, is both a philosophical treatise and a resolution to all known problems.

Loca Ditspace re War re Inside job

Waking up, Mike wiped the sperm from his eyes.

“I feel fucked up,” he said bluntly, “In a recurring sort of way.”

Mike began to suspect that someone, either Suxxi or himself, was entering his study while he was doing something other than being conscious, and erasing large slabs of his consciousness.

Also, his planning was going nowhere and although any objective analysis would have concluded that nothing Mike had ever done had ever gone anywhere and that this information did not, in and of itself, lead one to suspect consciousness-erasing activities had been taking place, Mike still felt somewhat jilted by the fact that he still hadn’t impregnated himself.

Mike was starting to think that this war stuff was slightly harder than he’d been led to believe.

He picked up a pen and licked it.

Loca Congo re Pygmy

A pygmy ran up and stuck its finger into Cadbury’s bottom.

Tittering laughter ensued.

Loca Ditspace re War re Sugar

Mike discarded the idea of an inside job and returned to the five pronged plan. He wondered which of his initiatives sounded generally appealing. (He forgot to ponder on what had happened to his consciousness, because of mindblite.) He would make the best

initiative his banner campaign, and throw in the other four as Trojans. #3 struck him as the one, for it was superficially benign, and yet would do most for establishing Loca. But the initiative would need some dressing up as he didn't have any pygmies to hook on Loca.

Mike needed to wrap the Foundation seductively, although he didn't know with what. He wondered if Suxxi would read philowankical tracts outside the Foundation-to-be, while slowly undressing. It seemed unlikely as Suxxi was too lazy. He supposed he could mix sugar into the paint, and attract pygmies with the smell of the walls. But he didn't know where there was sugar. Or any pygmies. What is it that pygmies want? The answer came: To be left alone. Mike realized he could reach the niche by creating coffin like shelves where pygmies could be slid in, if necessary by force. He wouldn't let them out until they had given themselves fully to Loca. In this way he would make himself an army.

He changed his mind. It was too late to start building an army now. It would have to be an inside job, after all.

Loca Ditspace re War re Suxxi

Hmmmm.

What to do.

Tap tap tap.

Just then his head rang.

Ring ring ring.

“Hello, Mike speaking.”

“Hello Mike, it's Suxxi.”

“Oh good, I'm glad you called, cause now I know you and can ask you to pull an inside job for me.”

“Yes Mike, that's why I called. I wanted to talk about the Inside Job. And I felt it was appropriate that we knew each other first, before you started to think about me.”

“Excellent. Good to get things in the right order every now and then.”

Mike lent back, put his feet up on his desk, kicked a shoe in the air and breathed a sigh of relief or stupidity.

He apologized to himself for the confusion.

“We’ve got to build a foundation,” Suxxi stated emphatically.

Loca Ditspace re War

“Suxxi,” Mike stepped out in the lounge with a whole new style of pants on. “I say, Suxxi!”

Suxxi stirred irritably from her couchlike state of unconsciousness. “Keh?”

“Ah good,” Mike denoted Suxxi’s awakedness, “You will observe my new pants of course, but beyond that you will also notice that I have reinvented myself while you slumbered demurely.”

While Mike moved his hands up and down his new pants and body, demonstrating their newness, Suxxi rolled in a way that neither took her line of gaze further away nor closer to including Mike.

“Where is my leopard, Mike?” She inquired.

“You know Cadbury, don’t you Suxxi?” Mike inquired.

“My leopard’s name is Codbury, I think,” she squirmed slightly, as if trying to recall something, possibly her leopard’s name, possibly something else.

“Well Cadbury may be some old cod,” Mike conceded, “But he does not wear leopard skin, thank God. Also, you may feign faulty memory management as and when you feel the fancy, but we both know that you’ve been in and out of Cadbury’s frilly knick-knacks more times than we could count on the hands of all the ants that are residing in my pants.”

“Here, Codbury...” Suxxi called out.

“Anyway, the point of this interlude,” Mike frowningly continued, scratching his inner leg frantically, “Is to tell you that the forces of Ditspace, under my command, have declared war on Cadbury’s idiotic ‘Empire of Thinking’ in the Congo.”

This last part he spoke with a snide tone – even to think of Cadbury’s so-called thinking theories made him clinically snide.

“Come on Codbury, I know you’re here somewhere,” Suxxi continued wooing her unseen leopard.

Mike decided that spitting on her would be nice, if only as a brief distraction from her manifest and unfeeling idiocy.

“I’m going to war, Suxxi,” he said, turning and walking back into his study.

Suxxi watched him leave, before settling back into the couch. A nap would be nice, she thought.

Loca Congo re Problem

It had become apparent to Cadbury that there was a lot of work to do. Purchasing a ticket to the Congo was seemingly only part of the complete plan. Cadbury took a deep breath and addressed the surrounding bushes sternly.

“Welcome, my new friends,” he proclaimed, “I am here not only to save you, but to have you assist me in destroying everyone else. I’m a double whammy messiah.”

Tittering laughter ensued.

Loca Ditspace re War re Locanuts

“Suxxi,” Mike said, walking back in, “sorry about spitting in your eye. Let me spit that spit out, with my spit.”

“I’m going to just curl up and sleep. Off you go. Beat Cadbury.”

“Can I take the leopard? He’d be just great as a rhetorical device,” said Mike.

But Suxxi was asleep. Mike walked out.

Loca Manifesto re Philowankery

Let’s strip it back for the philowankery – you need to understand more than just the deft use of your hands.

But firstly, the use of your hands.

Only one hand is necessary for philowankery. We can map the functionality of multiple hands onto one, you see. With some verbal directives, anything can be put on the right hand, for example, or the middle hand. Everything you need for the philowankery in one tidy hand.

It’s even possible that the hand can be used for things beyond philowankery. Such as tickling. Many hands could form a tickling club.

Using all the degrees of freedom of a hand - rotation, position, finger status, flippy and stinky level - it is possible to replicate the functioning of a dot, but not with any sophistication. Additionally, some call the fingers of the hand, “the fingers to the hand”, though this is hardly accurate.

Beyond hands there are other aspects to the philowankery. It is said to provide the first full derivations of The Loca Protocol and Thinking, as well as contain important documentary information regarding Ditspace and The Congo. Also the philowankery fills in many gaps regarding dogs and their involvement in human evolution, past and future. Finally, the philowankery places Gay God squarely at the hub of all shenanigans regarding religion and, in a spectacular and gripping finale, unexpectedly exposes itself as being fraudulent and without worth.

Loca Ditspace re Phone

Mike is on the phone to Cadbury. Cadbury is relating all the latest goings on in the Congo, yelling: “Pygmies are falling from the sky – again - and leaking through my ramshackle grass nut and onto the keyboard of my notebook. And I’m having to use pygmy jism as white ink for my grass nut output system.”

Mike nods and makes a brief nodding sound.

“Yes,” Cadbury continues, “The war has been very tough on us here, though we are heartened by our impending victory. I was writing a manifesto to detail the experience but unfortunately the dark side nut literary pumping house has been printing with white jism ink on white paper. And superunfortunately, my test audience, an attentive squad of top-hatted pygmies, have the mystical ability of being able to read white ink on white paper and thus we didn’t realize until it was too soon that all was scuppered. They loved the work though – proclaimed it a masterpiece of pygmy-influenced literature.”

“Sounds like you and the pygmies are domed,” Mike says, taking stock of the situation, “and ready to spend a lot of time in dome related activities.”

Cadbury failed to entirely disagree: “I just had to reprogram a whole bunch of them to be coconuts or coconut type computer keyboards. The Congo is quite queer this time of year.”

“It all sounds a bit scary, Cadbury” Mike sniffed, and he noticed while sniffing that his hand was in his pants.

Cadbury continued to be bleakly frank about the Congo experience, “Evil is oozing from the very pores of Congoan ‘society’ Mike, although the coconut keyboard has just been invented so that’s a plus. And there’s a real buzz in the trees about the newstyle coconut

and the newstyle keyboard *and* the fact that all the really annoying pygmies appear to have disappeared.”

Says Mike, attempting to deflect the conversation with some pretentious claptripe: “Seen any convulsive beauty lately?”

Cadbury sparked, sounding like he had been injected with some really bad concept: “No, but I need to engage you on the topic of these Congoan pygmies. A *lot* more Congoan pygmy talk is needed. Did I tell you I turned some into coconut keyboards?”

“I feel like I'm having a paranoid schizophrenic nightmare,” Mike offered, his focus reverting pantwise, “and you're Death's voluptuous waif.”

But Cadbury meandered on with his blithering news of the Congoan lifestyle: “Now my grass tower is leaking and I got mildew on the roof of my mind. Mike, would you like to come and live with me in a grass hut in a remote Congoan jungle? The pygmies have a tophat with your name on it. We can start a Loca Foundation.”

“That's all I've ever wanted,” Mike sighed, “since the first time I heard the question till the end of this sentence, wherein, sadly, the desire stops.”

“But the tophat, you fool!” Cadbury was grimacing aurally, “It has ‘Mike’ written on it, and the pygmies are all lined up ready to conduct their celebratory noddy dance – which technically is to welcome a new pygmy to the fold, but we can adapt it to your, ahem, case. And we can start a Loca Foundation.”

“But they want me so they can kill me,” Mike recanted incantingly, “That's the way with all my relationships. I'm going to turn tables one day, though, I'm going to... I'm the zero vector see, the source in Ditspace, which is better called the merita, and all the other vectors around me are just so much Western society. ”

Cadbury was steadfast: “The Congo is about to become a world force in the mathematical arts, despite having been somewhat of an underperformer to this point. Our tennis team is also looking good! On the other hand the Congoan world domination plans could be sidetracked by the impending destruction of Ditspace and the overhead of celebrations.”

“Come on Congo boys, take on Ditspace, destroy the circles, hahahaha, bastards. If they attack, Ditspacians will hide in pi, and there's plenty of space in there, we could build an entire universe in Pi.”

“Yeah, that's right, dirty Ditspacians,” Cadbury had his snout up, and he was not relenting: “Lately they've been sneaking about, conducting covert sniffing missions way beyond the agreed borders of Ditspace. That's what's got us Congoans up in our asses. So take note Ditspace muckrakers: truck back into your circles or the Congo will launch its peniles into Ditspace and it will be raining sperm and other less savory body fluids before you can count to Pi.”

“Oh okay, so the Congoans are annoyed about my people going beyond their circumferences,” Mike conceded the transgression, “Well if you are going to fuck with me, with your 'mind', Congo, then I can take you. I'll take you and beat you up and you'll fall apart, your fat country-brain will dissolve! I'll take you all on, bastards, I'll take you all on and win.”

At this point Mike mysteriously fell off his stool onto the floor whereupon the telephone cord wrapped around his neck and started strangling him. As he was writhing and shrieking expletives Cadbury was engorging himself with mirth: “Hahahahaha!!! Pure Ditspace magic!”

This went on for a frightening amount of time, eventually being resolved only when Mike forcible removed all his clothing and smashed the stool into pieces over his own head.

When he spoke again it was in a muted whisper: “That accident has struck me to the core of my being.”

“Round one: Congo! It seems the constant bombardment of erectiles and sticky rain is overwhelming your feeble Ditspace forces, struggling with the vectors on their shonky circle based attacks as they are. Give up now Ditsies, the universe is coming over all Congo!”

Pause.

“So,” Cadbury continued, “Are you coming to the Congo or what?” I mean strut about arm in tit by all means... but you will need to wear a jacket to keep you and your swooning clan of wonky floosies warm from the growing shadows of my mighty Congo homing penises... they are coming Mike, they are coming, and they are full of spunk. And remember: we can start a Loca Foundation! This is what I offer you!”

Mike sighed, feeling like the smell of the world was lodged in his throat: “Where is this Congo?”

“Ahh...” Cadbury piped, “The Congo has a number of ‘grass huts’ established throughout the ‘world’. Where it is is not as important as it being where it is. I am currently putting the thatching on the roof of our grass hut, whereby we will be ready to move in a whole new squad of lesbian, hut-pussy pygmies.”

“I always knew,” Mike was calcifying his senses, “I'd end up your lesbian lover.”

Cadbury was jubilant, now, in a way that had been outlawed in most jubilation-fearing civilizations: “Oh yeah! It's all gonna be okay Mike... all its gonna be okay in THE CONGO!!” He began to sing in an almost style, “Yes, here at the Congo we have huge, mile-high icecreams and, needless to say, gigantic rubber dogs running amok. Everything

is highly mathematical and guess what!? Codpieces are back in style! Oh yes, the Congo is the place for you.”

And finally he sang in an actual style: “Sing it with me: the Congo is the place, oh the Congo *is* the place, the Congo is the place for meeeee!

And we’re gonna start a Loca Foundationnnnn!!!"

“Well that settles it,” Mike bubbled his body away, “I’m going to the Congo. Of course.”

“Have you got your Congo visa??”

“Yes I’ve got my fucking visa, I’m on the fucking plane.”

And then everything changed.

Loca Ditspace re War’s End

Mike walked back in.

“I think I lost the war.”

“That’s nice,” Suxxi chirped, “What happened?”

”I can’t exactly remember. I think I was outwitted.”

“How preposterous.”

Loca Ditspace re Destruction

The dismally weak-hearted forces of the shoddy empire of Ditspace today lay down their buttocks and licked the dangling testicles of their Congoan overlords. The Ditspace Supreme Popsicle, Mike, was quoted as saying: "I now admit that the Congo is the place to be, and we, the meek popsicle people of Ditspace, must surrender to inevitable Congoan domination. I would also like to take this opportunity to add that I am now a sort of cutting edge lesbian and have committed myself to this type of lifestyle in deepest, ditsiest Congo. Peace sisters - the universe is coming over all Congo!"

Mike went on to divulge that he would be joining a tribe of pygmies in a coconut keyboard manufacturing hut and that he would be working to help propagate Congoan philosophy throughout non-Congoan lands.

Meanwhile, the newly appointed Ditspace administrator, G. R. Dog, has reported that "unfortunately Ditspace has been found to be financially as well as philosophically

bankrupt... it seems the Supreme Popsicle had his penis-like stick in the till. On the other hand their morals are superb, as are their whores."

In related news: Ditspacian whore-mathematician proves that $\pi=0$.

And then everything changed. This change swept through everything instantaneously. The change was driven by the $\mathbb{L}oca2$ protocol.

Loca Congo re Mike

Moments later...

Mike was feeling dainty as he bounded forth from the coconut husk ramp and leapt into Cadbury's arms. It had been a long trip. A long, long trip with no sing-alongs, or a lot of very bad ones. Mike was tired from all the waiting, all the thinking, all the planning... yet he still had the energy to bound, as described, to skip into the air, and to strike Cadbury fair on the chest.

The two tumbled to the ground. They scrambled and rolled together in the dead foliage, and despite the taste of rancid loss being upon the lips of the air, nothing would stop them from engaging this new world as though they had just reinvented life.

And, in an obscure way, they had.

Tittering laughter ensued.

Loca Congo re Mission

"This mission... this elaborate, sophisticated missionary journey... it'll put stars in your eyes, it'll blister the backs of your minds, it's what stands between you all and yourselves. This mission is the cooking pot for our souls. Mike and I are the chefs and, in some way, the ingredients. We will put ourselves in the mission pot, we will stir ourselves and then we will eat ourselves.

Everything else is flavor.

This mission involves new concepts. That's a prescient warning and also a flagrant dismissal of all forthcoming complaints. A path has been prescribed for this mission but we will not elaborate except to say: hold tight your heads. There's some simple things this mission seeks to achieve: unparalleled personal freedom and total global domination.

The rest is detail.

This mission is for sure a fission vision, set to explode something inside you, set to glow in the cinders of the debris of the world destroyed. If we reach with hands we can grab the bird from the sky. Reaching with legs will allow us to climb onto the back of the bird, fly higher, and grab a bigger, trickier, bird. Reaching with thought will leave us expended and gasping for breath in the dirt.

This mission will help you with thinking, will help you pull the tricky birds from the sky. With a new technology called Loca, that we will implant deep inside you, you will learn how to think properly. Side effects include a permanent erection... even for the women! Even more, Loca will polish your stride.

This mission will bring you to the Loca Foundation. There you will have a chance to ponder your prospects, use your Loca, and delight sheepishly in our shadows. So that's it then, that's what this mission is about. That's why we're here and talking to you strange, mutated lifeforms in the center of this remote, isolated jungle."

Loca Congo re Way

"Pygmy ladies, gentlemen, children and other, as yet unidentified, pygmy categories. I ask for your stern consideration," Cadbury poked the air with his nose, somewhat like a defiant lizard, looking ready to fly.

Mike stood nearby, always alert to the prospect of stepping forth with his own peculiar manner of segue. On this occasion, Cadbury continued...

"As you know, Mike and I have come here to show you the way of things," he put his hand up as if to ward off the barrage of blinking, unknowing eyes that the pygmies were displaying, "I know what you're thinking pygmy dollfaces... you're thinking 'Oh no, not the way again, I've got a stack of journal notes pygmy high, squirted out with pygmy cum, regarding the many manifestations of the way and the many incarnations of fruity messiahs that have wafted through swinging handycams about and waxing flopsical about the benefits or licking this or that. Spare me your way, oh erstwhile mumblemen!'

"But NO!!!"

Cadbury was emphatic about this last point and Mike also was seen to shake his head in the shape of a big no.

"We are new and at least 10% improved messiahs," Cadbury continued. "Let me spell out why in simple coconut-sized facts..."

1. Loca and its delivery to you of your own minds.
2. The Loca Protocol as a protocol that wraps Loca in a tidy methodological blanket

3. The Loca Foundation as a house for Loca, The Loca Protocol and practicing Locatics such as yourselves, lovely pygmy fronds. You have a home now and the cleaning has been pre-arranged.
4. The Loca Messiahs, Mike and myself, Cadbury. We are new and, according to the official statistics, at least 10% improved messiahs. Cadbury also went by the name Randal Leeb-du-Toit for a while but that was a mix-up.
5. The Loca Whorehouse, a delightful place to while away an evening with the Loca Showgirls, a sassy new breed of whores derived from first whore principles by Ditspace scientists. A hangover from a mercilessly destroyed empire.
6. The Philowankical Manifesto and other related Loca merchandise.

Now memorize the reasons, pygmy-people!”

Cadbury nodded to Mike who stumbled forward clumsily.

Loca Congo re Introduction

Mike stumbled forward clumsily, tumbled over, conked his head on Cadbury’s shoe, rebounded in a mystically rubberlike way, sprang a foot in the air and landed on his feet with his arms spread open showman-style and a toothy grin on his face the size of the planet Mercury.

“Greetings pygmoids!” he pronounced, “And thank you for that introduction Cadbury.”

He dipped his lid towards Cadbury.

“Now that Cadbury has set the scene, I’m here for the action-end of the evening. I want to tell you pygmoids about The Loca Foundation.”

He grunted and then went on.

“I don’t want to blow smack on your fragile egg-skulls with notions of relativism or the six slick snappity-hats theory but, fundamentally, we are here to slice open the fleshy gut of life, suck out the juicy gizzards, eat them, rub our tummies, and take over the world.

Let me paint a stark picture for you: previous messiahs were most likely preaching ‘peace’, ‘love’, ‘learning’ and a whole grab-bag of breast-milk-tasting taglines for the joyous awakening and uplifting of the spirit of man. We, on the other hand, are all about Loca.”

Mike felt compelled to touch someone’s cheek and only Cadbury was nearby. After dealing with this personal urge he went on to describe the challenge.

“So the challenge is, as pygmies all, nothing less than to build a grand Loca civilization... to practice Loca, to engage in and with The Loca Protocol and to worship Cadbury and I in the halls of the Loca Foundation.

As a side-effect we will train you pygmies to become University Professors – because it’s good to have a career.”

Loca Congo re Foundation

“Okay,” Cadbury took over, “So you may be wondering where this Foundation is, or even what it is. Well, I’m not going to tell you what it is, that is why it is, and I cannot tell you where it is, because it is not.”

“This will all be much easier to understand once you’ve been to the Foundation.”

Cadbury and Mike started walking away, but looking over their shoulders. Mike was waving the pygmies to follow.

“Come on folks,” he said, “We got a Foundation to build.”

Loca Congo: Foundation

As Mike stood in front of the Foundation, preparing to deliver his grand opening address, he considered his options. On one hand he felt obliged to reinforce his position as a visionary, intellectual, leader and whore-monger. On the other hand he didn’t want to come off as limp and girlishly immodest. Also, there was the whole matter of the true purpose of the Foundation, which he would need to cover with a fake purpose were any inquiry regarding its purpose ever made.

The Foundation had been constructed along stridently traditional lines. Large marble penises guarded a curved staircase through which flowed rivulets of Mike’s blood. On the steps two disease-ridden pygmy whores were connected in a lesbian embrace by a pink ribbon tied to their hair.

The ribbon was going to be important.

A crowd gathered like moss on the tongue of the Foundation – bustling each other for the best view, rubbing each other for some part of a thrill emanating from Mike’s eyes.

“This is where it all starts. In this place we are going to address all of life’s issues. We are going to provide methods for existing that will supplant your current approaches. We are going to teach you to live, to Loca, to live, to Loca, and how those two are the same. This will be what takes your brain down from the trees, into the factories, and back up the

trees but this time with a robotic climbing device. Etcetera. I'm not going to go on explaining the ways Loca, and this Loca Foundation, and your Loca Messiahs, are going to locafy your life because your minds are not currently adapted to understand my words. Every day you will come here for lectures, tutorials and loca-art, to soak in Loca, to learn and prepare for the day when you, pygmy men and women of the Congo, will ascend to the mighty Loca Empire. Behold me! Behold my Loca Foundation!"

Up on the pinnacle of the stairs, under the gaping mouthway to the Hall of the Great Locan Forefathers, Mike now held a monstrous pair of scissors. He stepped forward, eyed each spectator painstakingly in turn, brought the snippers to head level and... chop!

The ribbon snapped and the lesbians keeled away to either side of Mike, falling away with a strangely uncoordinated grace. Mike raised his arms in triumph.

It was the triumph of The Loca Foundation.

Loca Manifesto re Relax

Let's strip it back for the philowankery – you need to shake more than just your perky little ass to dig the groove.

It's all about the use of your ass.

It doesn't matter how many hands are required for the philowankery because they are all mappable onto each other. But it's more than just a Hermitian thing, it's a lubricant for having sex with the universe. We'll show you how later.

This manifesto is a part of your new thing. It's about more than just metaphysics and tits. It's about a manifesto.

Loca Congo re Origins

Cadbury was pacing, as one may tend to do when explaining his origins, "I am the result of impossible sex between everything and nothing. I run my corporate affairs on this planet out of the Congo, due to its sophisticated financial and social infrastructure and its homoambivalent monkeys."

Mike took a spark and lit himself: "Sex between everything and nothing, as an idea, deserves something better than the English language!"

"Hmmm, yes, sure..." Cadbury appeared ill-equipped to be diverted. "Do you want to have sex with me and an erudite pygmy gentleman or not? Stop avoiding this issue!!" Glaring squarely: "It is most elaborately oddball..." Pointing demandingly, "Now bend over for the nice pygmy!"

But Mike was reflective, like an ass mirror: “All men are pygmies. Poor little babies, them all. Pity the men...”

The two men stood like drill towers, wobbling just faintly. Eventually Mike went on: “So it turns out, right, that pygmies are really big people but just with the property of reduced bigness...”

And then everything changed.

Loca Congo re Matamata

One day while living in the Congo Mike had an interesting experience with a man he met in a bush. The man said his name was Matamata and proclaimed himself to be quite funny. He did a trick with his straw hat where he let it fall over his face and then, somehow, when he removed it he had a weird mask on. Probably the weirdest thing about the mask was that it actually looked a lot like Matamata himself, except somewhat caricatured. It was made of plastic. It was less funny than creepy. Maybe the funny thing about Matamata was that he thought himself funny. And that he lived in a bush. Mike wished he would never meet him again. But he held out little hope.

Loca Congo re Pilipili

One day while living in the Congo Mike had an interesting experience with a man he met in a bush. The man said his name was Pilipili and proclaimed himself to be quite funny. He did a trick with his straw hat where he let it fall over his face and then, somehow, when he removed it he had a weird mask on. Probably the weirdest thing about the mask was that it actually looked a lot like Pilipili himself, except somewhat caricatured. It was made of plastic. It was less funny than creepy. Maybe the funny thing about Pilipili was that he thought himself funny. And that he lived in a bush. Mike wished he would never meet him again. But he held out little hope.

Loca Ditspace re Cluck

“Loca cluck, is coming upon us,” chirped Mike.

“What?”

“It’s coming upon us,” Mike thrirped.

“Say again?”

“Tis coming upon us,” Mike blurped.

“So everything will always be the same again?”

“Yes, Cadbury, it’s **L**oca cluck, it’s coming upon us, and everything will always be the same again. Be a student of my words, Cadbury, and you can strut into your future instead of slinking as is your current mode of propagation.”

“Twat is this cluck location about, exactly?”

“**L**oca cluck is about being at Cluck, of course, but so much more. It reeks of clucking for instance and carries with it all the substructure of an entirely cluck-based universe. You don’t cluck there Cadbury, nothing could be so foolish, you are at Cluck, and, to an overwhelming extent, *of* Cluck.”

“So cluck is the way you have feeling?”

“You are soft to the touch my friend, yet don’t get soggy at all.”

Loca Congo: Foundation re Merit

“Now, pygmies, let me tell you about merit...”

There are an infinite number of directions that can be taken from any point. Any of these directions may lead to something useful. The brain, us, in its infinite dimensionality, chooses from among this vast realm of possibility a best choice.”

The pygmies looked at Mike all cockeye, but he plunged on steadfastly: “Merit is defined as “having the potential to take us to a new C point”. There is no D or E in the current approach, that can come later.”

Looking at them he thought he discerned some manner of agreement upon this last point. Certainly there was no discernible disagreement. “Now, in the simple ABC approach, all C's become A's in the next iteration.”

At this point he began drawing shapes in the air with sticks. “That is why I say philosophy can be represented by a circle with A's in it, rather than C's. Circles!

Now here’s the cruncher!”

The pygmies rustled slightly, one adjusted his tophat.

“Everything has merit!”

The pygmies rustled again, it was hard to accurately assess the degree of their disappointment. One of them frowned, but only because a monster-bee had just entered his pants.

“Perceiving merit,” Mike went on, “opens directions which can lead to useful C’s. The bits and pieces of value will be ideally connected into something like a garden of imagination - a philosophy.

Like how we only perceive a certain spectrum of light, we only perceive a certain spectrum of possibility, which is a ‘subset of merit’ of the infinite merit that is available.”

Mike glared at the poor pygmies, huddling in the shelter of their non-cognition. “Listen to me! What is your philosophy of human behavior, pygmy gentlemen? What is your philosophy of creativity?” He started throwing sticks at them and whirring his legs strangely, “What is your philosophy of the past? What is your philosophy of love? Do you have more than empty testicles to hold the watery substance of any of these!?”

As Mike stood in exasperation in the center of the pack of cowering pygmies, Cadbury strutted in from stage rear.

“It’s all okay really. Don’t shoot your load man!

So ‘everything has possibility’... even empty statements may lead to statements full of meaning, though one could almost certainly prove that they are not *required*. It’s a moot and hollow point I fear. But it does have merit.”

Mike just stared at Cadbury. He suddenly felt as though as though he was hopelessly trapped in an isolated and infinitely dense jungle with a bunch of near-mute primitive lifeforms and one highly advanced lunatic.

And could it be that he himself had gone mad?

“The merit of it, dear Cadbury,” he finally spluttered, having calmed down somewhat, “is that it orientates one towards an infinite creative potential. There’s no great need to dwell on it though, it’s pretty minimal I admit. But I believe that I now have the framework required to create excellent philosophies. A philosophy to each thing. But sorry. My testosterone level is way up.”

With that he wandered off into the rustic darkness. One of the pygmies began to cry.

And then Mike wandered back in.

“Now, as I was saying, before I totally lost control, everything has merit because it has potential.

An empty statement *may* cause B's from other systems to 'fly' in to rationalize it. This would expand the initial system, by bringing new directions to it. So, an empty statement could lead to a whole new paradigm, because of the system's struggles to make it meaningful. *Or*, the system could just reject it immediately, in which case the empty statement would only have merit of type 'reject', leading to the result 'rejected'.

We *now* say," and here he slowed down in a mostly pretentious fashion, utilizing motions of arm with emphasis of tone and eye, "A *by* B *to* C."

A number of pygmies appeared to feign comprehension, which was a pleasing result.

"A is a set," Mike went on,

"B is the set of all subjects not A.

C is the set of all results of A by B.

I'll pause briefly to let that sink in.

Everything that can be perceived has merit, because to perceive is to generate internal results (movements). We will need to talk about movement later.

A has merit of type B_{subject} if C_{subject} is filled after A by B.

We now look at A by B_{standard} to C_{standard} .

Listen up pygmies. Finger 0 is the little finger of your right hand. Finger 9 is the little finger of your left hand. Fill in the gaps."

Mike was strutting now, shooting the Congo breeze, delighting in the delicious expose of the Simple Merit Theory.

"Here is the Standard template. We're narrowing your cute pygmy minds down to just five kinds of merit – a system," stopping for a momentary think he threw in an aside: "What follows, pygmies, asserts that there are only five merit points. It is a set of parallel rules; it's a 'free' algorithm. So, anyway, here we go, count them with me:

Finger 0: Draw
Finger 1: \mathbb{L} ike
Finger 2: Mem
Finger 3: R
Finger 4: Stamp"

The brighter pygmies began to look sparkly-eyed at their fingers. Some started to do things with them, like place them in various bodily holes. It seemed they were trying to see what movement came of it, intuitive-style.

“Pygmy concubines,” Mike was pleased with their inquisitive behavior, “you can step into this by first staying $\mathbb{L}oca$ dit by standard, OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ standard by- dit*. Maybe, doing so will come to orientate you to the most appropriate function in the system.

By, by the way, introduces a function using ABC. By-, pronounced ‘by dash’, does the same using BAC. Now, let’s go through the merit types, so that you may dig the Standard template and begin to become as of $\mathbb{L}oca$.”

And he went through each one in turn, as described below:

DRAW: *Draw the object in the mind or on paper (with simplifications).*

$\mathbb{L}oca$ dit by draw

OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ draw by- dit

OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ dit + press finger 0.

LIKE: *Compare first object to second object.*

$\mathbb{L}oca$ dit like dit

OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ dit dit by like

OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ dit by like dit

OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ like by- dit dit

OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ dit + press finger 1.

MEM: *Think of what the subject reminds you of.*

$\mathbb{L}oca$ dit by mem

OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ mem by- dit

OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ dit + press finger 2.

R: *Define the relationship of one subject to another.*

$\mathbb{L}oca$ dit R dit

OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ dit dit by R

OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ dit by R dit

OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ R by- dit dit

OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ dit + press finger 3.

STAMP: *Give a name to the subject.*

$\mathbb{L}oca$ dit by stamp

OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ stamp by- dit

OR $\mathbb{L}oca$ dit + press finger 4.

At the conclusion to this there was time for reflection and then a further time to bask in reflection followed by a time in which the purpose of reflection ceased and Mike was obliged to begin talking again.

“So there you have it, pygmies, all you need to think. It’s a little system just for you. ‘The Standard template’. If you’ve wondering at all exactly how it is that you are going

to be able to rise above your pygmy-based mindstyle, well this is it. \mathbb{L} oca, starting with the Standard template, based on the solid though juicy principles of merit.

And for something concrete and immediate, the Standard template is an example of memory art, because it's neat and you can extract it from where it came from and use it generally. You can do that right away."

Mike made a sort of humming noise as though he was thinking of wrapping it all up but needed to assure his cleverness was established beyond dispute.

"By the way," he therefore decided to add, "Re and Re- are still valid for subjects *with* subjects, but not subjects *by* subjects (the difference here is *quite* slim, but it is *bad* to overload symbols, such as "re").

Due to popular demand, \mathbb{L} oca, dit, re, re-, by and by- are optional when using The System! Especially, when you are using your fingers as function selectors. But you won't get any technical support if you go that way.

Now over to you, Cadbury."

Cadbury had been reclining under a nearby tree and now walked on nudging some generally befuddled looking pygmies out the way.

"Maybe it's time to teach these pygmies English, Mike."

Mike blinked.

Loca Congo: Foundation re Movement

Mike went over to a far corner, to digest the news and a banana. He began muttering to himself, "This has merit of type Draw, and of type \mathbb{L} ike, and of type Mem, and of type R, and of type Stamp." He was going through the Standard template. Without evaluation.

The pygmies cast glances over their shoulders like spears.

Mike got up, scraped their looks off, sniffed the air. He promptly slipped on his banana skin, skidding all the way back to the stage.

"Hmm well since I'm here.... Maybe things will work out somehow," said Mike.

Mike was something of an optimist.

"Movement!" bespoke Mike.

“I shall wire it up.

“**L**oca Movement by Draw.” He drew a diagram on the board of a caterpillar changing into a swan.

“**L**oca Movement by **L**ike walk.” He did a silly walk and a suave walk. Very informative.

“**L**oca Movement by Mem.” He brought in Cadbury to tell about his experiences of being removed from many and varied groups, and life “inside the doghouse”. The pygmies didn’t understand, but they liked the texture and consistency of the sounds Cadbury was making.

Some of the pygmies even began clapping.

“**L**oca Movement, ABC by R.” Mike expressed the relationship of movement to the ABC grammar with a little dance. He represented ABC with his own body and dramatized that results are a consequence of inputs and free algorithms, but also the type of movement.

“**L**oca Movement by Stamp.” Mike expressed movement’s variability as an arrow with different oscillations in its line.

It was all very raunchy.

Loca Ditspace re Explanation

Ditspace has never really been fully explained until now. Everyone knows it is where dit first arose, followed closely by dit dit dit and its manifold lesser variants. Everyone knows it is where Mike’s ghoulish plans for the world were first unhatched. Everyone recognizes Ditspace as the home of cutting edge scientific endeavor regarding Pi and the most pussy-loose and panty-free whores in all of the combined spaces. However, a full grasp of Ditspace remains titillatingly out of reach.

Ditspace itself is not hard to understand – it is a shelter for dit and people with dit on the brain and for other people whom will say work in the “service industries”, providing services that the more dit-endowed folk may, from time to time, desire. Whores and Pi-research, for example. There aren’t any other examples.

Ditspace will never really be explained from this point on.

Loca Congo: Foundation re Technical Piece

Cadbury was positively sliding this evening, slinky as all get out in the purple robe that Mike had made for him, he pranced majestically upon the makeshift podium he had had constructed out of various strains of life-threatening foliage.

“I took heartless,” Cadbury postured to the attendant squad of cross-legged pygmies, resplendent in their finery (after all, this was “An Evening With Cadbury”), “down to see the pond...”

Though it was raining something more sticky than haughty, Cadbury expressly implied the undesirability of taking any form of shelter whatsoever.

“And we stood and smiled,” Cadbury gave examples of these behaviors.

“And guess what?” He waited. A few pygmies scratched their pygmy heads. “Well!?”

Giving up: “We observed that the pond was probably not, technically, a pond.” Cadbury got down on haunches, leaning forward, reaching out with one hand, his voice suddenly low and croaking: “And we laughed...”

Was that water or tears flowing down his face?

Whispering: “And we had sexual intercourse.”

Cadbury looked deep into the miscellaneous eyes of the gathered pygmies’ brows. Eventually he took a deep resigned breath and stood up, flipping his shoulders slightly, waving his arms loosely. “Then heartless paraded some art... bandied some high art around... and,” ho-hum, “it was wonderful...” of course, “although it wasn’t technically wonderful...”

Now he took an axe out from inside his robe - it sparkled in the misty Congoan darkness. His speech retained its former precision while non-linearly ramping up in intensity: “So we had verbal sex,” shrug, and a wide-swinging axe into the podium base, “of sorts,” turning, grinning, swinging more headily, “and we strutted around town like the naked truth.”

Cadbury was now pouring himself into his new-found work. Smashing stuff up was invariably good.

“Sometimes it burns!” he screamed at the pygmies, even their tophats were beginning to go on the tilt, and what where those little glinty things in their eyes...?

“This happenstance,” he called to them angrily, taking a break in the chopping.

But they just sat there looking ever-less erudite and, frankly, somewhat pickle-headed. They had small pickles in their eyes, Cadbury decided. Small pickles that only a nicely sharpened axe could remove.

And so, to one final call of “This happenstance!” An Evening With Cadbury concluded to the joyful strains of pickle-eyed pygmies dispersing rapidly into the husky Congoan jungle with Cadbury screaming manically and chasing them with an axe.

Loca Congo: Foundation re Universal

Cadbury glided smoothly across the podium. “That is to say, dear sweet pygmy types, all words prior to this one have been bogus. Or, putting it another way: you are all so utterly lifeless and boring it brings tears to my heart.”

He paused to clear a throat.

“Treat this as an advisory service.

Treat this as a sex organ.

Treat this as the point at which it all rolls over.

But this is pain.”

He looked at them: “Do you see now, what you have done?” Sweet blank eyes, “By failing to spin, by failing to make yourself so violently, wretchedly ill that you might one day roll over, by failing to spin like the smallest imaginable particle you must now surely see that we’ve all lost our chance.

But you know all that already, clever dog beasts that you are. And now you are wondering, what are the practical upshots?”

He shuddered.

“Sometimes I shiver.

“Yes that’s right, when I’m alone in my hut, I shiver. That’s what I do in there. It’s from the coldness of existence, you know, but beyond the trite and absolute, it’s also from the warm superficiality of your all-consuming blah. It’s all so relentless, entirely a positive, pointless, another positive, and negative, a final, most crucial, positive.

Do you get anything?

Is it all coming together in your hair-brained brains??”

Dit dit dit.

“I’ve got to tell you,” Cadbury continued, roaring, “That I have come to think of human flesh as something more than a tasty breakfast – it’s also a warm blanket that protects you from the harshness of cognizance. And a delightful sack full of body crap.

Make a note.”

He appeared to reach a turning point, at which he turned, and also said something. “So, yeah,” he said, “like everybody, I am going down on something horrid. It’s a deviant thing, of course, and it makes you feel like a concept-dump for the dull-of-head, but it does help with the evil.

It helps with the skank quota.

It helps lift my spittle lips from my face.

But it doesn’t help.”

Some humming and the vague rustling of pantsicles.

“What is it all about, pygmies? Well, some of it is about the inevitable and how to avoid it, the remainder pertains to free will and its ultimate fecklessness. And it is bundled together in a whole tidy package of blah.

I’ve got to tell you what the problem is with all this...

Caring.

Maybe you get it now.”

Cadbury stopped, upright, symptomatic of himself.

“What’s important though is that you are not deflected from your shtick, whatever that may be, by this alarming spin of insight. Fortuitously, stupidity is invariant to insight. Along with being inconsistent with it.”

A pygmy sighed... which was most intrepid as the pygmy condition was generally inconsistent with sighing.

“People are toxic to the human condition, sigh all you want, that much is for snore. Just the other day I was talking to one, down at the old poke and roll, and its mouth moved and sounds emerged and they spoke to me and they told me that people are toxic.

To the human.

Condition.”

Flared tonsils painted Cadbury purple against a broad palette. Bold and bountiful.

“People are toxic.

“But hey, if you must have something wrong with you, that’s not too bad. I mean you could be fat or something. Or have a head. Maybe the toxicity can even be harnessed for something nice and evil... such as devising the world’s most elegant slop.

I’m not speaking specifically to anyone here, nor have I ever done so. There is no point in speaking at a level below universal and even though I may occasionally address you, I really have no time for your paltry concerns other than in that they may pertain to the state of the universe. Your entire range of futile goings on are most utterly worthless to me.

Thank you kindly.”

And he dipped his lid and was away.

“Woohoo!”, a pygmy said.

Loca Ditspace re Emperor

"I am the Emperor of Ditspace," Mike announced, touching his stomach as he did so. He had been thinking of developing his stomach into something more elaborate but the inspiration had not, as yet, come to him. "Loca Ditspace re Emperor," heightening the proclamation as he swung around to where Suxxi lay on the couch, "Mike!!"

That made her jump.

She gave him that quixotic look which he found so sexually stimulating, primarily because it was described by a sexy adjective.

"For fuck’s sake!" she announced.

"Snap quiz!" Mike spat out dramatically pacing the lounge before her, "You tell me... who... is the Emperor of Ditspace... and I will suck your cock for you."

She smiled quaint, dry: "Oh, goodie."

"Well," Mike demanded with genuine impatience, "who is this Emperor?"

"Um, well... what space was it again...?"

"Ditspace woman, tap into the Loca network will you!" and here he felt obliged to grin manically, suddenly emphasizing each word as though it was handcrafted wooden

pigeon, "*If – you – were – to – think – Loca – with - me,*" and then losing the flow, "for just one second instead of just thinking about sex all the time, then maybe you might know what I'm talking about!"

She looked at him impassively, "I don't even like sex Mike. You should know that."

"Oh fuck+cluck. Am I going to have to go out on a mystery magic murder spree tonight Suxxi!!? Just so I don't have to listen to the *crap* that is emanating out of your non-anal orifi."

Suxxi fell back on the couch, shrugging. "You can go murdering if you like."

He stopped in the center of the lounge, glaring at her: emphatic, smug.

"Right then! You just laze around here... breathing air, dribbling and sucking your own cock.. and I, *Mike*, the *Emperor of Ditspace*, will go out and kill some people.

Good! I'm glad that's decided."

And he turned and grabbed a black coat off a coat stand, walked a few paces towards the door, decided against the black coat, threw it on the floor, picked up a white woolen jumper, and stormed and strutted out.

Mike decided against killing though as he didn't like the color of it. Instead he would go to a bar and do the *Loca* dance. He would feel the texture of the music with his hands. He would kill them on the dance floor.

He hailed a taxi with his comb, which he liked a lot.

"I am the Emperor of Ditspace," said Mike.

"I am the Emperor of MutSPACE," said the cabbie.

"Soap," said Mike.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the taxi man, whose name, in a bemusing twizzle of fate, was Cadbury.

"Kill Street, thanks."

The cabbie wore a lab coat, a gigantic rubber dog's head, and a near-digital watch.

"Kill Street is great -- if you like killing. Otherwise it is less fun. I've always enjoyed it, especially the killing."

Mike gave a full body nod.

"Truth be bone," said Cadbury, tilting his mind nefariously.

"Mike, you are an egg of something fat."

"Oh Cadbury," sidelined Mike, "oh no".

Perky. "Hey Cadbury," readjusting his tragedy, "how did we know each other's names?"

"Stupid egg," editorialized Cadbury, "A Chihuahua in a dogsuit or a snapper in a fishsuit could derive such ponderables from previously presented material. Of course, their being in disguise as themselves would help... are you in disguise as yourself Mike?"

"Well as a matter of fact I don't *really* have a name, nor does anyone, not *really*, and I was philosophizing about naming, is a personal name true? I'm sorry you missed the onramp to a grand discussion, but I'm not surprised. Of course it's too late to go back. Here let me redirect attention away from this now." Mike adjusted his strap-on. "There's one thing you've got to understand if we are going to make this a successful taxi trip. That is that you are my *master* and I must obey your *every* command."

And then everything changed.

Loca Congo re Dance

Loca Congo re Dance: Prance?

"Let's hold a dance," said Mike.

"Capital Loca, Mike!" Cadbury found himself mysteriously in the mood to boogie.

Things had been going very poorly in the Congo. It was hard to say what it was... had they not built the most wonderful coconut paradise out of themselves, the pygmies and some coconuts? Had they not established a new moral order, developed an elaborate philosophical society based upon the grand discussion, and generally taken this whole forsaken leaf-based country by sassy and sexy storm?

Well, it was hard to be sure... the pygmies couldn't talk properly and Mike, at least, had gone quite unscrupulously insane.

So now they were going to have a dance. And it would be a sizzling, all-singing, all-spanking, super-Congo spectacular! And the Congo would burn. Oh how the Congo would burn!

Mike and Cadbury set about the preparations...

Mike got the pygmies making all sorts of things out of coconuts: ships and transportation devices, abstract statues of animals, statues of Mike, giant coconuts, normal size coconuts, tiny coconuts, peanuts, a statue of Mike admiring his own statue and a chicken. The chicken turned out to be a real live chicken, but made out of coconuts – even Mike had no idea how the pygmies did that one!

Cadbury, meanwhile, set to work on scripting the entertainment. It was to be a complex event, full of highly textured imagery, a new form of coconut based fireworks, airborne pygmies and, yes, even Matamata and Pilipili may make an appearance.

He also made himself the most beautiful gown imaginable, sewed out of the finest of pygmy stomach hair.

Loca Congo re Dance: Plans

Day after slug-infested day the boys toiled, Mike out in the clearing with his sturdy pygmy workers, Cadbury pacing his royal grass hut in his fine black gown.

Mike grew to love the physical regimen: sweating, yelling commands, standing back at the end of the day and admiring his work, standing back at the start of the day and cursing the rogue pygmy that insisted on knocking everything down in the middle of the night. He would get that damn Jimmy Jiggles!!!

Cadbury, on the other hand, was becoming increasingly distant and removed. He could no longer relate to pygmies and their haughty hijinks, nor was he speaking to Mike frequently, other than at their nightly dinner and to tell him, each morning, as he strutted by whistling, that his work had been destroyed in the night again.

He had taken to mumbling. Mumbling ruefully.

In Cadbury's hut he had a huge leaf planning board upon which he drew out the plans for the dance. All manner of obscure diagrams and formulae populated the board; Cadbury would walk back and forth, mumbling ruefully, just occasionally stopping to scrawl something with his stick. He knew that this had to be the perfect event and he had become entirely obsessed with its planning. Mike, of course, insisted on wasting his days playing out crude coconut charades, Cadbury mumbled, ruefully.

Loca Congo re Dance: Scrunch

Mike snapped his fingers with a pair of scissors; cellophane and tape were also at the location, all on a table made of positively charged coconut fluff. He levitated vertically over to the table (he had taken to levitating two feet above the ground, as a compensation for a powerful inferiority complex he had developed, since forgetting to zip a philowankical pair of hot pants), and tweaked the cellophane and tape with a tweaker, and penultimately, licked both scissor legs.

Then he started scrunching cellophane.

Matamata joined in, and the two were scrunching cellophane until well into the night.

Loca Congo re Dance: Slither

Another important aspect of the great dance was to be the introduction of Mike's revolutionary new form of boogaloo: the Slither. Mike had constructed the Slither out of ancient primal hip spasms and a special maneuver that he did with his erect elbow.

In the luncheon adjournments he had the pygmies sit around in an ellipse and hammer out a funky pygmy rhythm on some bongonuts while he, Mike, writhed the Slither before them entirely covered in fancy Congoan oils. Usually, he could only keep this up for around 30 minutes because the oils were highly toxic and caused him to pass out... at which point the pygmies would have their fiendish way with him and he would wake up hours or days later, dressed in ill-fitting female pygmy garb, trussed up in a tree with at least three species of wild, vicious animals stalking the ground below.

But Mike loved to dance.

Also he had developed methods of both using and imparting *Loca* philosophy through the Slither, for it was nothing but a series of *Loca* nodes... *Loca* Ass re Wriggle.. yeah, pygmies, get down... *Loca* Buttock re Jiggle... of course, the fine dancing threads helped.

Loca Congo re Dance: Bath

In the middle of his grass hut Cadbury had a rather extravagant bathtub constructed out of coconut hides. It had taken the pygmies many weeks to construct, largely spent mulling over Cadbury's plans, which appeared to contain obscure shapes unrelated to coconuts.

Cadbury was, on this particular rainy day amongst a season of particularly rainy days, reclining restfully, zestfully, in a coconut milk bath with his favored pygmy scrubbing his shoulders.

He was thinking about whistling.

Suddenly Mike stormed in.

Mike proceeded to flap about the room, making squawking noises and moving his arms at queer angles to his body. Cadbury lifted his head slightly and wiped his monocle. The pygmy scrubber froze in alarm.

"This is madness!" Mike screamed in anguish, "This is madness and stupidity in one sultry hotdog. It's not even funny madness!"

At first he was moving about rapidly but in multiple directions, the net effect being of going nowhere. Then he began wobbling.

“Stop wobbling Mike,” Cadbury calmly suggested, “You’ll only hurt yourself. And come over here and scrub my shoulders – I think you’ve killed poor Sniffer.”

At least Mike seemed to get a little grip on himself. He eyeballed Cadbury bemusedly for a moment then shuffled over behind him. Nudging Sniffer to the side he got a little grip on Cadbury’s shoulders and slowly began to apply pressure.

“So, what’s on your mind Mike, old bean,” Cadbury slid ever so gently into his bath.

Rub.

“Oh, the ever-dripping sky, my entire collection of pants ruined, the high-powered but utterly useless coconut computers, these idiotic Mexican jumping coconuts that I just discovered yesterday - they bounce exactly like rugby balls; and the shoes are coming undone, if you know what I mean. That last one is a case of sweet Satan in a bottle of poke. Cads, the shoes are coming undone; Satan flavored poke is ruining things. It's going to trip, it's going to leave a puddle.”

"Relax, relax," said Cadbury.

"I'm talking about the scandal of the Ladder Raising Group. Have you heard about it?"

"Yes. Relax, it's okay. But we're just going to stop use ladders as a way to raise consciousness, before anyone else hurts themselves."

“Did I just say I was talking about the scandal of the Ladder Raising Group?” Mike recoiled from himself, “I am sorry Cadbury, I have no idea what that even means, despite your skanky response. What I meant to say was that I’m talking about the problems I’m having in regards to my construction work. You know, me and the pygmies, we are putting in the long, stiff yards out there in the broiling slug, day after sun-infested day, and the whole project is being sabotaged. Sabotaged! Ooooh that Jimmy Jiggles has got it coming, he’s got something coming that is bigger and more erect than he is prepared for!”

As he spoke his massage became increasingly vigorous to the point where Cadbury began to be pushed under the water and was forced to fight for breath. He eventually sang out, spluttering, “Mike!”

Mike was startled, and looked around for someone called his name, before recalling Cadbury and lifting him up out of the water. “Sorry old pea. My estrogen level is way up. Now, what was I saying?”

Cadbury suddenly stood up in his bath, turned and wielded himself directly in front of Mike's eyes, not a few inches away. Mike reared, aghast at the intense experience that was Cadbury-down-below. It was like he had a whole other man in his penis, for one thing. Then there was the large man that he also had around the same area.

"Mike," Cadbury ordained, "Hand me my robe please."

Mike tittered sideways to where Cadbury's fine black robe hung on pole. He almost tripped over the prone form of Sniffer on the way. Handing the robe to Cadbury he couldn't help notice it had the initials JJ embroidered upon its chest. Then he couldn't help but quickly forget it.

"Mike," Cadbury pronounced slipping into the robe, "I am going to tell you something for free. You are lucky it is free because were you to have paid for it, you would most certainly have wasted your money. Because it is very stupid and entirely useless."

He then stopped and stood, having got out of the bath, looking noddily at Mike.

"Er..." Mike stammered query-like. "Have you told me yet?"

"Yes," Cadbury confirmed. "I have."

"Well, ahem... thank you Cadbury... thank you for your time... I'm much better now... really... and now I need to go and dance. Okay... bye."

"Goodbye, Mike, and please.... do get down."

Loca Congo re Dance: Laughter

Matamata changed into another person's idea of fantastic, then another person appeared holding a humorous object.

Matamata's laughter flew out of his mouth in rings like the second hand smoke from seagulls falling from the sky into the fire.

Another person fainted so Matamata sprayed his mind with his bad breath then took another person's humorous object, but it wasn't funny when he was holding it. So he threw the black object onto the ground in disgust and laughed at it.

Matamata's laughter was getting slower, heavier, and louder; and it became a tight night pattern.

Mike walked in, all fingers and scissors; gasping, shuddering.

Said, "That's death trance music."

Loca Ditspace re Dance: Vortex

Mike whispered to Suxxi: "Matamata's music is the universe singing."

"A cat meowing is just as much a part of the thing," said Suxxi. "But I admit it is beautiful, in an almost overwhelming way."

"A cat's meowing isn't the structure, Suxxi. Can't you feel it? He is singing the structure of the universe. This is bigger than anything humans have ever known. This is the universe's song, revealed. In Matamata's slow barking song."

"Mike, you sure have to do a lot of work to convince yourself to dance. So, care to dance with me?"

"This song is the merger of life and death, Suxxi. We're living through death like never before, and the Congo is travelling through a vortex formed out of the merger."

"How do you know this?"

From above Mike could be seen, standing in a trance-wobble, oscillating to and fro in gentle rhythm to the haunting universe-song of Matamata.

"What's going on Mike?"

"As the Congo travels through this vortex, pulled by the universe's attraction to Matamata's song, we're going to see the ultimate dance show. The whole universe is going to be rocking."

"Like, you are almost writing this story so it's really happening. Mike, you're so commanding."

"Thank you Suxxi. But I don't think I exist."

The universe sent a seemingly infinitely modulated comet soaring through the sky.

All these obscure goings on, with people that were not in fact in the Congo, and others who were in the Congo but probably didn't exist, was, one presumed, part of the whole scene that Mike and Cadbury had descended into. Mike thought of it all as being part of a bigger thing. But, ho hum, it didn't matter, he boggled and gasped his way through the components of each day, linking them together into larger components that he called super-days. Dull.

It's easy for the pygmies, their pygmy minds constantly fascinated by the shapeliness of the common trouser. Nothing disturbed their serene worlds, full of amusing molecules, their bodies constructed from blissbliss cells, the conflict in their dainty heads largely involving the choice of most appropriate gurgling sound to use when gurgling.

Sometimes Mike cried. Sometimes he danced with himself. A long, slow, painful dance. Sometimes he pretended that Suxxi, whom he was pretending was there, was really him.

Oh Congo, you are a heartless bitch.

Loca Congo re Dance: Positivo

"I'm Positivo the deliriously happy," said Positivo, the merry. Absolutely beaming.

"Erunk, erunk, erunk," said Pilipili.

"Bwaha, Pilipili!" said Mike. "I should have never trusted you to assassinate yourself. Hey, you're scary."

Matamata had taken a break, and was listening to the bilingual Positivo, who was drawing him in with spirited talk of Christian sects and a threesome.

Cadbury carved a Halloween-type lantern out of a coconut, then wrote a 2 page math proof about nothing. Mike was really worried, because the die had told him to be. He was sure Cadbury's condition had something to do with "erunk".

Suxxi had taken to publicly rubbing her nipples in front of the Congoans, hugging herself, and licking her own face. It was tickling the genitals of indecency, yet still totally legal. Actually it was Mike doing this, pretending to be her, as best as he could remember.

Between fondling himself, Mike drawled out great moans of despair/lust. Cadbury, acting as accountant of social capital, had given him bad news. Mike wouldn't be getting any.

Some of the Congoans were dancing to the moans, causing Mike to start shrieking "Loca". Positivo joined in, as did Pilipili and Matamata. Totally horrible.

Later, Mike gave Cadbury a clockwork coconut, a pound of soap, a hat with attached walking stick, half his shares to Red Inc., and a partridge lodged in a coconut tree.

Loca Congo re Dance: Final Preparations

Mike appeared to have recovered his senses. Who knows what he would do with them.

Well, for one thing, there was a dance spectacular to finalize!

Ever since the grand announcement had been made that the Dance would be taking place later in the evening Mike and his troops had spun into a whirlbath of activity. First they all got out of their baths. The next step was to learn how to dance.

It turned out, strangely, that the Congoan pygmies had no sense of rhythm whatsoever.

However, they did have cute asses, and Mike had decided to go with that.

As the afternoon bore on the tension in the air of Congo high society made it quite unbreathable. Most of the inhabitants had to resort to face masks... which of course came in only two varieties: Matamata and Pilipili.

Mike wore a Matamata mask as he really could not tolerate the devil-may-care attitude of Pilipili and his supporters.

Cadbury wore a Pilipili mask as he really could not tolerate the devil-may-care attitude of Matamata and his supporters.

Both masks were identical.

Naturally it was going to be an intolerably grand dance.

Loca Congo re Dance: Time To Boogie

And it was time to boogie.

Loca Congo re Dance: Review

“Thank Gay God the Dance is over Cadbury.”

“Yeah.”

“We didn’t actually have a dance did we?”

“No.”

“Why didn’t we do that?”

“It’s hard to say Mike. Probably we couldn’t be bothered.”

Loca Congo: Foundation re Thinking

Cadbury had called the pygmies together for a special learning session. Though they couldn’t understand him, he explained that this special session was necessary to explain and, as required, erase all memory of the goings on of the Great Dance. It was also necessary to keep this meeting hush-hush from Mike, because, as the Dance clearly showed, he was no longer competent to guide his subjects.

"Today, I'm going to tell you about thinking," Cadbury announced, recalling some old notes, "Thinking is the universal buzz. Let me dress it up for you pygmy models:

Thinking(Decision Space; Decision Information, Decision Object Function (Decision Objectives)) = Decision

In other words, thinking is the process that you apply to a decision space using all pertinent information and an object function in order to arrive at a decision.

Simple."

"Loca locations are devices for producing decisions. The final exit door can only be opened with a suitable key, the last result of many results," said Mike.

"Now, let's go back to the start."

"Thinking, of course, allows for making choices between directions. There are many devices for the production of directions, including the rubbing of tanning lotion upon the bottoms of small boys and, not to forget, Loca. Thinking is the scene where the true nuts and bolts of the whole thing come down, it's where you start adjusting your pants for your mood and choosing not to wear them at all, as appropriate. Thinking hots you up and is a critical element in the formation of sex orgies and a few other related activities. So, lets have a closer look at the mechanics of this puckered sucker...

Decision Point is a node at which an entity has a Decision Space, Decision Information and a Decision Objective. It is not parameterized by location in time or physical space other than in that those parameters may affect an entity's Decision Space, Information or Object Function.

Decision Space is the set of all perceived possible decisions. In other words, the routes that you believe it is possible for you to take in a particular circumstance... note carefully that it does not represent all possible options, only those the thinker can perceive... the *Universal Decision Space* is the union of Decision Spaces for a particular Decision Point.

Decision Information is the set of all information perceived to be pertinent to the decision, in other words information that is perceived to by the entity to warrant taking consideration of with regard to the Decision Point. A sensible entity will include information that it perceives is likely to have an effect and/or the effect it will have, were it to have one, would be important.

Decision Objective Function is a functional combination of a set of *Decision Objectives* that form the perceived reason for the entity making the Decision.

Thinking is the process applied at a Decision Point, upon a Decision Space, using the Decision Information to arrive at a Decision that maximizes a Decision Objective Function pertaining to the Decision Objectives.

It's all perfectly clear.

Decisions may be of the following type:

A Decision is said to *Correct* if, for the given Decision Information, it maximizes the Decision Objective Function for all Decisions in the Decision Space.

A Decision is said to *Incorrect* if, for the given Decision Information, it is in the Decision Space but does not maximize the Decision Objective Function.

A Decision is said to be *Superior* if, for the given Decision Information, it is in the Universal Decision Space and has a Decision Objective Function exceeding that of the Correct Decision.

A Decision is said to be *Inferior* if, for the given Decision Information, it is in the Universal Decision Space and has a Decision Objective Function less than that of the Correct Decision.

A Decision is said to be *Optimal* if, for the given Decision Information, it maximizes the Decision Objective Function for all Decisions in the Universal Decision Space.

A Decision is said to be *Universal Truth* if, for the given Universal Information, it maximizes the Decision Objective Function for all Decisions in the Universal Decision Space.

The ability to arrive at Correct Decision on the basis of given Information and Objectives is directly a result of the quality of an entity's Thinking Process.

The *Quality* of an entity is a function of this Thinking (decision making) power, as well as the quality of their Information storage and retrieval processes (Memory), their capacity to perceive the full range of possible decisions or Decision Space (Vision) and their ability to formulate appropriate Decision Objectives and Decisions Objective Functions (Clarity).

Thinking. Memory. Vision. Clarity.

However we shall show in coming lessons that Vision and Clarity can be represented as functions of Thinking and Memory... hence leaving us with just the two core building blocks of Being.

Of the two core Being blocks, I believe that Memory has had a disproportionate amount of attention, particularly considering, in light of current technological advancements, it is clearly the least important. Possibly this has been as a result the lack of consideration of Thinking producing a market ripe for being taken advantage of by Memory-trick-pushing shysters. Or possibly no one has been able to think well enough until now to correctly

enunciate the theory of Thinking – I should expect a wave a marketing hype and Thinking products to follow me if this is true.

It may occur to you at this point that there is a certain anomaly possibly in this matter of thinking about Thinking. That is: if your capacity for thinking is below a certain threshold you may not be able to think well enough to grasp the concept of Thinking. This, unfortunately, is entirely true, and can be proved to be so by correct application of Thinking.

For these people, there is no hope.”

Loca Ditspace re Peacock

Mike was experimenting with a new form of striding, moving down Kill Street, the swingiest street in town. To his left, leather chops to his right, up ahead leather chops from the rear. It was night, the sun appeared to have drifted off for the day, and some small darkness prevailed, lit only by innumerable lights. Mike bore the smirk/grimace that he had newly trademarked, and looked ready to both bite and laugh. At a corner he came to a sloop.

He was great.

He began moving again, but this time adding a discernible ass-wriggle. "What holds the world together?" Mike thought. "My ass," he concluded.

This evening!

It was to be a whirlybird!

Mike decided that he craved the buzz of human interaction. He veered into a club.

At the club people were mingling, stirring their misery into their worthlessness, buzzing like bees that had lost the power of conversation. Mike glanced across this scape, peering into the heads of each hovering creature; searching, searching for the head-honey that he craved to slurp.

Hmmm... they were oozing so many juices, these heads, leaking it out in trails and drawing it spiraling around them like galaxies... but most of it wasn't sweet - sticky, yes, but not sweet.

Finally he caught the scent of a rather sultry young honey-coated thing, hovering away to the side, holding her magnetic breasts out as evidence that all with her was surely well-breasted. Mike walked up to her rather boldly - backwards! Moving across her line of view with that damnably cute smirk/grimace of his - he knew he was a winner concept.

"The conversation begins..." he began.

"And enigmatically concludes," she concluded, crossword-puzzle style.

"We just drifted apart, I suppose," Mike mused driftingly, "Thinking back I can see the turning point as being my most recent statement, or possibly this one just now may also have been another turning point..." He looked at her like he was a sheepdog. Sheepdogs always get the chicks.

"Stop looking at me like that," she shifted her legs uncomfortably, probably rearranging her stiffening penis Mike thought.

"Don't be uncomfortable with your desire for sex with me," oscillating between sheepdog and wolfhound, that's the trick, "Specifically," was a word he added to the end.

She feigned frowning, "But my discomfort with you is entirely generic."

"Your taste for salt will not be denied, even by your taste in salty vitriol... but anyway, now I must tell you about $\mathbb{L}oca$," pausing for effect, "I am Mike, see, Emperor of Ditspace, founder of the $\mathbb{L}oca$ network and its underlying manner of interaction: the $\mathbb{L}oca$ Protocol. Join with me," he had been flailing his arms, crusader-like, but now he held them out, savior-like.

"Join with me, pretty baby!"

The pretty baby looked at him with a swirlpool of disdain and dog-lust. She spent her days folding queries into small cardboard boxes - sometimes the boxes were themselves queries and needed to be placed into other boxes. On the side of her head she hoped that someone, somewhere, benefited from this toil; but elsewhere she only wanted to set everything alight.

She was glad her breasts were large.

"Okay Mike," she said, a coin having dropped in her mind, "let's go to my space, where I will be the Emperor over you, which is not to say that I am not already. But let's go to my concept parlor, and I'll teach you something new about being $\mathbb{L}oca$."

Outside they ran into Cadbury, who proclaimed himself.

"I'll come too," said Cadbury, Emperor of MutSPACE, "as I also know something about $\mathbb{L}oca$. He paused, without thought. "I need to slap you around a bit, as you're acting not yourself; I hope," said Cadbury.

"This is a slippery sort of path," vectorized Mike.

"Right tra la la here we go," sang Cadbury, "pretty fucking exciting, slap slap. ¶Let's hop on board the magic taxi and go choo choo, with the whore lady, yo ho ho."

"I'll drive," said the boring lady Cyn, a transient character of Cadbury's, like it meant something big.

"Oh and Mike," said Cadbury, "don't forget that I am your master."

"Please give it up," said Mike, wiping the sperm off his forehead and out of his hair.

And then everything changed.

Loca Congo re Sex

In the Congo, opportunities for functional sexual intercourse were rare. ¶Leaving aside the unfortunate incidents with Matamata and Pilipili, Cadbury and Mike had little in the way of robust titillation. Hence they quickly became "in-concept" lesbians, particularly Mike.

Loca Congo re Slick Dicks

There is no data at this location.

Loca Ditspace re Perplexing

"Crankin', spankin' Suxxi," Mike eyed her off airily.

"I'm concerned that, as a character, I'm coming across as too dry... or too wet... and that my moistness levels are inconsistent. What do you think?"

Suxxi summed up a binary chain of zeros in her head. "Mike, as a character, you are perplexing. On one finger of the hand you seem majestic, in control, visionary... but on all the other fingers you are an idiot. It's a tough one. I haven't worked you out yet, but then, although we've been living together for quite a few years, I haven't really thought about you yet.

Maybe, in some ways, you are 'yet to come'.

By which I mean: maybe."

"Hmmm... Suxxi, that is perplexing I must say," on a spontaneous urge Mike thought it would be novel to scratch his chin in a quirky, wholly Greek way. "I mean to see that you

have me penciled in, you know, for a future appearance, is quite, um, gratifying... but I can't help but think that maybe I could've had a place in the, what would you call it, 'A-Team', by now. You know to get to the field is nice, what with the smell of the grass and the toxic effect of the paint that they do the lines with, but it's your goal as a 'player' to, ah, play the, game you know, Suxxi. You know Suxxi?"

"You're blithering crap Mike, it's most unfortunate."

"Yes, yes, crap... I think I get it now..."

Just then Mike had the strangest sensation... he suddenly felt as though he absolutely had to adjust the bra-strap of his mind.

This was the type of thing that he found most perplexing about the whole Mike experience. Basically, he kept waiting for someone to walk in through the door and introduce himself as Mike.

"Suxxi... do you think I'm real?"

Suxxi rubbed her left elbow in the Turkish style, blinked an unnecessary number of times, and addressed Mike rectangularly, "Compared to what?"

Mike stood up with his usual unusual flappulence, his voice arose and tremored, and he became faintly afire, "Compared to leaves Suxxi, compared to ants, compared to the leopard that's around here somewhere and the notion of steely-mindedness, compared to singing and dancing directly upon your toes and tongues, my God compared to false prophets and honest charlatan deities, compared and contrasted to an interminable tract on the pros and cons of responding directly to existential questions am I a real human being??"

Of course, Suxxi had fallen asleep.

Mike sat there looking at himself for a while. He had hands, upon which he could perform loca tasks, using Togglelips or some other form of patented contraption; he had eyebrows, which he couldn't see but could infer by a variety of increasing abstract spatial projections, and which could also be used to do loca voodoo; he had limbs for propulsion; he had dicks, which he was sure would come in handy...

And he decided that, as far as Mike went, it didn't really matter.

It didn't matter after all.

Which was refreshing, a giant whoosh-like release. He felt criminally fine after realizing this. He felt like candy. The only thing he was left wondering was where all his time went.

That was perplexing.

Loca Congo: Foundation re Mike

"Ahem..." Mike phlegmed it up for the audience, both legs at once in the air - not so much shaking but wobbling - causing problems, problem-causing for sure.

"People, my people..."

Stalling here for the conjoint purposes of delay and the effect of delay, Mike waved his hand mysteriously. It was almost like his hand was a gland and he was spraying the audience with its output.

"Output," he stated, matter of emphatically.

"Subject - Process - Output."

The garnished pygmies stared blaringly blankly, youth and futility in their young, error-filled eyes.

"Don't just look at me with those erroneous eyes." Mike continued, "*Think* about what I say. And it is: Subject. It is: Process. And it is: Output."

He started rubbing his crotch. After about thirty seconds he looked up again. "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize anyone else was here. You know how it goes. Now so much that was previously hidden has become magically clear to me - I am on a podium talking to representatives of the Faculty of Flop at the University of New Ways to Flap *Like a Birdie But Never Actually Fly Anywhere*," Getting somewhat worked up,

"Subject!

Process!

Output!

Hmmmm...", Delubricating slightly, "It's the *Loca* Protocol, my friends."

He brought out his knife and waved it around. "*Listen* to this, because it is important. I am the Emperor of Ditspace, I know things. If you don't master *Loca*, the real world is going to eat you up. BUZZZZZZZZZZ! BUZZZZZZZZZZ! The process part is part B! BUZZZZZZZZZZ!"

Mike was getting excited again.

"BUZZZZZZ! You hum, I want you to BUZZZZZZ! Say *Loca* and buzz."

Loca Congo: Foundation re Cadbury

<special session>

Cadbury was positively prancing, bounding from point to point in real space like a fake horse. What he was explaining to the pygmy students was unimportant, and if they were smart they'd have realized this. It was all about reality detection.

“What is a dog?” he paused, impregnating several of the more foolish.

“It’s not a philosophical question people, it’s a robust practical question...

“On your exam there will be 10 questions, 5 of them will not be real. Your first test will be to discern which questions are real and which are not.

“Your only tool to do this will be Thinking.”

Some of the students appeared to have begun dribbling and one girl with big eyes had slipped into a coma. Most of them had found other interests. Tim and Tam the Siamese Cannibals were as busy eyeing each other as ever. One student, Cadbury noticed, was rifling intently through the subject curriculum.

“Yes, I am aware the curriculum of this course, *Introduction to Pure Mathematics*, does not include Thinking, nor is there any course on Thinking in this University. However, I have taken the liberty of ignoring the official course lists. I have done this because I have looked at you and realized that you are in no shape to do anything with your heads. You have to go right back... right back to the start... you simply can’t go in your current shape.”

For lack of any better ideas, and on a loose hunch that this may have been all a joke and he wanted to look clever in case it was, one student began lightly guffawing. Cadbury glared evenly at him.

“You are 0 for 1 you poor hapless boy. You clearly have no notion of what is unfolding. Thinking is not a joke, but it may be a poke. There’s even the slightest, eensiest chance... negligibly small I know... that some of you may actually start thinking following this course.”

At least half the class was now staring straight ahead as though their brains had done whatever they needed to do in order to convince themselves that absolutely nothing out of ordinary was afoot. Indeed, the entire universe had gone mysteriously blank. And so it went.

“Thinking will be a paradigm shift for you all,” continued Cadbury, prancing again, “a totally new and sensical fashion in which to get jiggy with existence.”

He skipped and turned suddenly, staring them all down.

“It all started in the year 1812...”

Loca Congo: Foundation re Mike: Campus

Mike was so angry he was even giving the air snide looks.

He was sure that the wind was looking at him funny. He had hands in pockets ever-fondling, ever-caressing a knife that could be either real or imaginary – even he didn’t know – as he strode the campus grounds of the Loca Foundation sniffing furtively for a sense of tension, for some situation hanging tautly amongst the rich green foliage of the university lifestyle... for something missing or out of place... and then bang! Snap! Mike would step out and cut it away... set it spinning off to some glorious manner of undefined freedom.

On this day Mike was particularly mad, primarily regarding his discovery that Cadbury had been giving the pygmies secret lessons. And he’d been up to his old tricks, teaching his vile theories of Cadburian thinking, and abusing his sacred position in the Loca Foundation.

It angered him that he had not managed to diagnose this before... kind of made him feel foolish being in his own skin... kind of made him want to wrench the life out of living things. He should have known that Cadbury would be dancing with the Anti-Loca behind his back. He should have known he would try to infect the minds of these poor precious pygmy beasts with his hideous drivel and that all the work of the Loca Foundation would be unraveled and dribbled back onto the planet that poured it forth.

Sometimes he felt like he wasn’t a genius at all. And he also had a problem with not cutting things up enough. He left too many things uncut, that was for sure.

And so he doubled up on his grimace and trebled up on his grip on the slicing machine - there was going to be some juice let loose this afternoon, Mike knew.

A pygmy child walked by, all pasty, a look of incomprehension pasted upon its face. Its thinking appeared evil and full of scoops of emptiness and Mike felt a stab of intense fire-pain rip all along his arm and through his shoulder. The kid, no more than an inch tall, seemed the personification of the Anti-Loca it occurred to Mike, strange things suddenly bubbling to his surface... it was looking one way but thinking another. He could see Cadbury reflected in its every eye.

Mike yelped, “Awfuck!” and tilted slightly to one side, towards the cherub.

The child jumped in shock and appeared to seize in mid-air. It had become a jellything in that moment, bereft of anything supportive, adrift from the primitive controls it had been incubating. Mike got down on one knee and leant forward, grabbing it by its scruff and yanking it towards him. He pulled out his knife and held it to the shivering child’s nose.

“Kid,” he said, grinding his teeth, “I don’t know how to say this... but you really are shit.”

Mike pushed the kid away, stood up, brushed himself off and resumed his dire gait. For what it was worth the kid lay sprawled on the ground whimpering with insolent silliness. Looking for all the world like Cadbury in diapers, it reminded Mike again of the Anti-Loca.

And all of it was without hope.

And it would all have to pay.

Loca Congo: Foundation re Thinking

Mike pulled out his knife and waved it at a lamb. "I fucking see you, shaking that ass," said Mike.

He was a parody of everything new and clunky.

"You really shouldn't be swearing as we're at class right now," said the knife.

It was a most curious knife, and had gotten Mike to enroll at university so it could fulfill its dream of becoming a handglider. "Hmmm, yes, a very curious knife," Mike pondered aloud to the gathered crowd of pygmy students, milling about like the ripe, succulent lambs that they were. He put the knife back into his pocket and looked up with a renewed sprinkle of sparkles in his eye.

"Today, I'm going to tell you about thinking," he began.

"Thinking is the universal buzz, so I've heard. You may have heard it too, from somewhere. But I'm here to set you straight, and to show you how we can encapsulate thinking, or mini-Loca, into even the most primitive Loca construct. Now, firstly, a lot of you would claim that you already think, and that's fine, but in fact you don't think properly, you don't buzz. This is what you need Loca for. You hum. It isn't a pretty kind of hum, you poor children, believe me, and that is why I presently hate you. I want to teach you to buzz. I want to teach you to fucking buzz! Here, let me wave my knife around."

Mike had a way of slashing through barriers to learning. "I am your real teacher, only pay attention to me," said Mike.

"I will present things so clearly that even the stupidest of you pygmies will be able to understand $\mathbb{L}oca$ and why you should be saying it at least 2000 times a day. Cockslurpers," added Mike.

"It's as simple as ABC," said Mike. "There, I've explained it, guys."

Something saucy would surely come of this thought Mike... he often saw too many possible worlds at once... sometimes it burned a hole in his head.

This whole horrible experience with Cadbury and his slurdagery had given Mike a new idea and $\mathbb{L}oca2$ was born.

And then everything changed.

Loca Congo: Foundation re Loca

"Okay well I know you're getting confused about this, you moronbeams, so let me say it differently."

"Subject is A!

Process is B!

Output is C!"

Mike started buzzing loudly.

Snapping back more robustly: "Now, perhaps some of you have decided that instead of actually *thinking* about $\mathbb{L}oca$, about what it is and about how it can buttprobe your drab lives into some sort of solid sexual shape, that it would be easier to construct protracted, abstract arguments regarding exactly why it is you shouldn't even bother to think about $\mathbb{L}oca$. But, luckily for you, $\mathbb{L}oca$ is way ahead of the game, has predicted you will do this and has taken preventative action on your behalf. The $\mathbb{L}oca$ Attractor, dear family members, is an unparalleled, universal and overwhelming force of so-called nature that will, ultimately, draw everything unto it. Just think, or avoid thinking, about this..."

Conceptual hush,

" $\mathbb{L}oca \mathbb{L}oca$ re Anti- $\mathbb{L}oca$: $\mathbb{L}oca$."

Conceptual flushing noise.

Cadbury walked in.

"I will be your instructor for today, and we will learn about fiber math and why you are all smalllarge mathmath," said Cadbury. "Hey class, Mike has a nice chest. STAND UP - SIT DOWN MIKE, or I'll whip you, heh."

Everyone applauded Mr. Cadbury Fife, because whatever he said was really funny and achingly coherent. "Okay class, it's time to do the namecall." he said.

"Bodmass, you'll never be able to deduce all the monometric identities, no matter how much you try, because you're so obtusely fat."

And then everything changed.

Loca Ditspace re Poker

Mike and Cadbury sat facing each on plain wooden stools. Between them stood another stool with two blocks of cheese on it.

Mike was saying, "Loca is useful for memory art, which is anything that someone remembers artistically."

Cadbury was countering, snootily: "What, besides world-masturbation-record-attempt, does the phrase 'remembers artistically' mean?"

In between each comment, each would take a piece of cheese.

Mike shed some paltry light: "Art is art only when someone is looking at it, and interpreting it artistically."

Cadbury, felt pained and embarrassed at the next comment he felt obliged to make: "I don't think this is true really, any more than saying 'a rock is only a rock when someone is looking at it.' I think the physical productions of art remain physical productions whether or not anyone is viewing them at the moment."

The room was steadily filling up with sperm, Mike couldn't help but observe: "What I noticed was that it has a paradox, which can be seen when I restate it. 'Art is art only when someone is looking at art, and interpreting it artistically.' How can someone look at art, if art only exists when someone is looking at it? There would never be any art to look at."

My idea has changed, from just moments ago, and is now just a copy of the art from ‘thou art’. I am still trying to say that my idea of art is activity. I compare the audience and creator and find no real difference. For the audience to reach the level of the creator is the ideal for it to achieve, I’m considering. To me, now, art is being, and it exists only in the present. To be is to evaluate, and not by the standards of good and bad, but by the standards of art, which is a larger set, and creates value. What I’m really saying is that this discussion point is covering ground throughout which the world’s most joyful physicists and philosophers have already left trails of fruit mix, most of which appear to have been eaten by human-brained pigeons.”

Hmmm... Cadbury visibly drew a deep breath - it was said to be visible because it could be “seen” by reflecting light off it and collecting and analyzing the results. “What about the “audience” (either as detractors or flatterers), and possible la-di-dah references to ‘retinal art.’”

“Well, if you hop on my lap you’re in for a bumpy ride, Cadbury. But, retinal art that pleases the audience is not what I am suggesting. It’s not what I’m at or what at is at. I am suggesting that the audience awakens to its creative potential, and converts creative artifacts into art, by really being. It’s a compulsory thing for the audience to do, and it is nice that now it is easier than ever before thanks to \mathbb{L} oca. It really is!”

But Cadbury, taking a bite of cheese, didn’t seem convinced: “To me - the true functions of ‘art’ occur between the imagination and the medium, and once the ‘product’ is created, commerce usually begins. Yet the products of art remain products of art whether or not I am looking at them, it seems to me. As a system for creativity this \mathbb{L} oca thing seems too systematic, too thought-out to be flexible enough to contain all that I have encountered in imagination. It strikes me as your imagination’s attempt to ‘rope in’ imagination itself, and - as such - seems repressive and self-defeating.”

“Oh, dear Cadbury, you are such a prissy old mullet! \mathbb{L} oca awakens the audience that is myself, primarily, not others, but *in* others, and it has become very important to all thinking. I am surprised that dit, in combination with stamp, has not had any impact on you. It is the central way to connect visual thinking with verbal thinking, by reference and naming. The \mathbb{L} oca system also provides a stable way to reference hierarchies of thought, and naturally I am very pleased with that. It’s a miracle system, and an extremely extendable one, but it takes some time to get used to.

Anyway, since you have seen so much \mathbb{L} oca material, you are well placed to form your opinion of it. To help you though I have produced a lot of little pieces of art and placed them between your buttocks while we have been sitting here. Check it out - you’ll see what I mean.”

Mike readjusted his tie, and told Cadbury, the dear old chum, that despite his compelling arguments, Mike was still right about everything, and Cadbury was wrong about everything, including the claim that he was the world’s first preventer of thinking. Then Mike punched Cadbury in the dog mask, making him fall over.

Out of this soggy visage staggered Cadbury, still chewing on a smack of old cheddar. Sitting down, reflective: “Yes I’ve perused your ‘material’ at length and it appeared that in your texts there was an underlying logic to the repetition of words that made me think that your system would gradually become intelligible over time. This is a vanishing expectation. Now that you’ve explained it to myself, I’m quite sure I understand it even less. Thanks for trying, though, and thanks for the depositories, I particularly enjoyed them and will eat them later. \mathbb{L} ook, perhaps I’m just not good with this language of alternate languages, it’s been like trying to understand a manual for my own tit, and I’ve learned that if I just ignore the manual and fiddle with it I can usually get it to do what I want. But you’ve used the system to generate your own tits, apparently, as well as texts, and now you’re testing it on animals and measuring their pain, so I guess it’s alright. Also, while I remember, I need to ask you to stop showing up at my lectures.”

At this Mike stood on his stool: majestic, anti-dog: “What is \mathbb{L} oca?” He paused, only barely in a doleful fashion. “The blinking cursor of a new kind of thought? The grammar underlying grammar? Training wheels for your super-brain? A new framework encompassing all older ones? An incompressible inverse symbolic notation? A way to expand the storage space in your brain? A way to secretly place things into other peoples asses? Something that will give you a superlogical brain and wings so you can fly into the motherchip at the heart of our flat universe and there calculate dit dit dit for ever and ever.

“Well... rather than answer any of these questions, or even explain why they were put forth, let’s look at what customers are saying about \mathbb{L} oca...

It’s like a pair of sunglasses.

It’s like...

A pair...

Of sunglasses.

Now I’m sure you understand.

Oh by the way.

I’ve changed things.

\mathbb{L} oca2.

So you will probably need more lessons."

And then everything changed.

Loca Congo: Foundation re Performance

Mike stands before a smallish, squarish audience of the sullied faithful at the Loca Foundation. As he talks he is clicking his fingers and tapping his feet. He wears a purple robe. He appears to have grown a small goatee.

“The performance begins before the show with the releasing of a light trance onto society through advertising, that pheromone of enticement - which sufficiently motivates some to tackle the many obstacles in the way. Inspired by the hope of communion with a great trance, those who are fit enough for the occasion will be seated; and then the rubbing begins: foreplay, climax upon climax upon climax, the big one, and the afterglow. When the performance is spent and tired and flaccid, there's reflection and bonding to do; and soon enough the performance's heart will be craving to make love again.”

Mike looks around at this point, craving a snap of reflection from his pygmy audience that he despised so very much. Then he pours on.

“Of any audience, perhaps 40% will allow themselves to reach emotional orgasm, but just 2% of these will become intellectually pregnant, and develop an intuition for the heart and issues of the performance - these people may become hardcore fans and return to the performance, and the oeuvre - not to become pregnant again - but to deepen the trance and so develop the baby; the performance is still their lover, but now they have a relationship. Of the other 60%, despite having selected themselves for the performance, their resistance prevents much hope of merit perception; they won't find communion.”

“This performance for example,” and Mike stalled to glare demonically, “has been like a minimalist dipswitch that underwent a dip or a switch. The climax was ‘roll over’ and then ‘more of the same’. Setting up a new climax. Of course, eventually the audience must defeat the performance and let it droop away; which is what happened. But at least it got its chance to do what it was born to do. Which was to poke.

A minimalist dipswitch's message, compared to a real dipswitch's ‘message’, has the difference of conscious versus subconscious. The minimalism is like a supreme formula of everything; ‘we know precisely the way things are going to go, and it's all bad’ -- a terrible triumph.

Succulent.”

The talk appears to have, upon lauding itself, mysteriously concluded. After just a moment of comfortable silence mixed with mumbling and a faint rustling, Cadbury stepped out from behind some stock shrubbery.

“I suggest that that is ribbing.” Cadbury announced. “A standardized mode of communication will not suffice, nor will a prescribed one. There should be some edge, some shards of blood stained glass, some destructive qualities to it - as long as the intent is to flap.”

“The intent,” Mike snorted flapulently, “that would be intense would be to share altered states of consciousness; which has almost certainly been our desire for a long time. To share trance and go into space is a good dream.

All of social life involves trances: the first and most powerful being that of mother-child.

Naturally, there is a lot of value in destruction, because otherwise you can be building on obsolete things.

Most trance is societal, however off it may be from the norm, and if you push too hard you'll go out of one and into another, leaving your companion(s) behind. You have to wonder how far you can go . . . and whether it is worth going beyond.”

“In your trance model...” Cadbury sniped, “Could I replace ‘trance’ with ‘masturbation’?”

“Trance,” and Mike demonstrated his trance-eyes to the crowd, “is meant as generically similar to the trance of sexual intercourse; masturbation is a type of this. Masturbation: a solitary trance. Masturbation is generic of all solitary trance. There are lies; meanness; unverifiable aggressiveness; efforts to have people share the same trance; and these are the often subconscious things so important to the impure arts, humanity being the umbrella word. The sexy arts. Of course, you're a moth.”

“Hmmm,” Cadbury scratched his chin, “You were truly born to wank.”

Loca Manifesto re Randal Leeb-du Toit

There has been some concern that the focus of The Beak has drifted too far from Cadbury and Cadbury-related activities, particularly considering that Quadbury invented thinking, The Manifesto, The Beak, Cadbury and all Cadbury-related activities. Probably this has been because Cadbury has somehow been perceived as a dry and flankless character, somewhat of a dull fucktard in fact. Nothing could be further from all truth and falsehood... Cadbury is the juice to Mike's perpetual sponge, the accidental spillage to his towel device, the horsehead nebula to his missing mass. Anyway, it's likely that you'll never learn without being violated voluptuously. For learning we need a trick. An obtuse ploy to place our heads inside your pants... hence we have changed Cadbury's name to Randal Leeb-du Toit.

Yes, it's all true.

Randal Leeb-du Toit is Cadbury.

Loca Congo re Slut

In the Congo there was a slut, it's true there was a slut in Congo in the truth. And with its brainpack the slut did play in its sloppy way with its sloppy body hanging all over most of everything the slut did drip on things with loose precision in the Congo. In the slut did poke and prod all manner of juiced objects long and fond but look but look but look, it's all dressed up as if to go, as if to be served up on plates purchased with the credit of another. In the Congo trees gave cover, gave a cover not afforded by the slut-based human based on the humanity of their actions. The cover lent a leafgloss, a sort of leafshine, to the writhing, the perpetual abject whorething giving – but not to lend concern, beyond the cash that may have been surrendered to the slut upon the Congo upon the slut upon the Congo.

Look, it's disastrous, there's no need to butter it with any other paste - it'll take you down if you're not hip or unhappy with the way it struts around. So it needs a cage to encompass everything it means, to provide a focus to what it is while maintaining the abstract purity of all that is without. The slut needs to be constrained, yes that be the thing, entrapulated in a kind of trap-mechanism. Is the business.

So Mike built a cage and locked the slut inside it. The slut was ordered to conduct writhing experiments and provide professional reports of the results.

It was an important part of the day-to-day Congo lifestyle.

To have a writhing slut on tap, Mike said, was critical to something. He called the slut 'Kadbury'.

Loca Congo: Foundation re Corruption

"They're all wrong you know," Cadbury begun, chewing his tongue, "The corrupt common man and woman."

The pygmies had filed in for their morning sermon as they knew they had to do when the coconut bell rang. And the coconuts fell on their heads. And their heads hurt a lot. After that, they had to go for their sermon.

They had come to quite like dressing up in their finery - it was kind of like a day out down at the swamp rolling in the mud with some devil-pigs. Except it involved being more dressed up and, ultimately, slightly less covered in mud. Cadbury and Mike had imported the finest asbestos suits for the pygmies and, although some of the tailoring required to make them actually fit had been somewhat or totally botched, the little fellas still scrubbed up incredibly well, all things Congoan considered.

Despite their dapper appearance, and the personal pride taken in it, the pygmies still had no notion of what was meant to be going on at these sermons. They had only just begun to learn that masturbating during them was frowned upon, and that frowns were indicative of disapproval, and that disapproval often resulted in coconuts and other objects striking them upon the head, and that being struck on the head hurt, and that hurting was a negative, all things Congoan considered. The pygmy life was a complex one.

As Cadbury continued he noticed that only one pygmy had begun masturbating - so there was no cause for alarm yet.

“All quite wrong regarding notions of everyday living; simple things, you know, like eating. I say eating is akin to slander. I cannot recall learning anything from eating.”

He looked at them. Perhaps they needed it put another way.

“I like licking doggies, yeah that’s it, baby doggies, half human dogs.”

This seemed to create somewhat of a spoonlike stir. Chins were being scratched.

“The rabbi I joked about consulting had nothing to say about thinking. Had forgotten to do it for sixty years; so far. Spirits were coaxed out from people’s cupboards, wearing sarong and caftan, lisping and whistling but not enticing cognizance - in themselves or their believers. Spirits, rabbis, rabbits - all dancing around, giggling girdies my grandma might say, if she said, if I listened.

Yelling in a high-pitched screech: ‘Lizards,’ she said, ‘they grew wings - but kept the same head!’”

So he walked to the front of the group and sat down. Stern. Concerned.

“Yessir, they’re all wrong alright about grass and water and air.

They’re all wrong and corrupt, the common man, corrupt,” waving heads and hands together, “Corruption everywhere, I smell it from your ill-designed society you cliché-garde artless civilian.

Yessireesir - wrong.

Wrong about bees.

Wrong about beaches.

Most certainly wrong about buses.”

And it was over.

Loca Ditspace re Sluts

Mike felt an aura of brazen innocence calling him from across the street. He spotted the pink sexual spirit of his quarry and went over. The slut spent 12 seconds in eye contact with a guy she just met. She touched his arm, and she owned him, but he was a dangerous animal. Now she was protesting and pushing him away. Mike snuck up behind him with a steel bar and smashed it against the back of his head.

“Yeah, uh, hi babe,” mumbled Mike. “Forget him! I am your Prince Clitoris,” he said as he stood over the body, more authoritatively.

She screamed, and Mike cupped his right hand over her mouth and held her against a wall.

“You’re exactly the same as the others,” he said.

“So are you,” she spat into his face.

He slapped her. She kneed his groin. He pulled her hair. She head-butted him. He ripped off her skirt. She protested. He said Loca.

They said Loca while they fucked in the street.

Loca Congo re Chicken

“Hey Mike,” Cadbury yelled out over breakfast one morning. “Here is something you may be interested in.”

Cadbury had received a truly interesting piece of information in that morning’s Coco-Mail delivery.

“It’s all about a Chicken, Mike. Listen close now...”

Cadbury began to read from the materials.

“There is a new method to cooking chicken and it is called, strangely, ‘The Chicken’.

“Have you ever cooked Chicken? It is a popular method of preparing a chicken for eating. The new process starts by taking The Chicken, filling it with a chicken, placing it into The Chicken, then coming back later for the best chicken you’ll ever put in your mouth. You can also put it other places.

“Oh, Mike... just so you’re aware... the device used to cook the chicken in the The Chicken method is also called The Chicken. Erm...

The Chicken is a solid chicken that is built for life. The Chicken reduces normal chicken time to a laughable new system of time, Chicken Time. The Chicken is an excellent gift idea for the hard person in your life that has everything except a chicken and really wants one.

Listen to me Mike, this Chicken thing is made for you!

Let’s order one immediately!!”

“Hmmm,” Mike considered this carefully while eating his Coco-Plops. On the one hand he’d always hated chicken... then on the other hand he did hate chickens... so it was a toss-up, or a toss-pot possibly.

“Okay, Cadbury, let’s do it!” he concluded.

“Great!” Cadbury enthused. He turned to the Coco-Mail representative, a dwarf pygmy wearing sloppy pants.

“We will have one of these here Chickens,” Cadbury announced.

“Yessum, big dog,” the Coco-Mail rep snidely responded, placed the order into his nut-based cocobags. He then turned and scurried off into the bushes, swinging his nutbags wildly around him.

“Okay,” Cadbury rubbed his hands excitedly, “In just three years our Chicken will arrive!”

“That’s great,” mumbled Mike, “I really cannot wait!”

Loca Ditspace re Longing

Life in Ditspace could be grim it’s for sure. Sometimes it placed cancers into your brain. What it was mostly about was the balance between the aesthetics inherent in abstraction and the subtle elegance of continuing to exist.

In this ditsy space Mike had managed to wrangle some semblance of power, some modicum of control over the subset of the continuum of spaces of his life-thing that Ditspace intersected with. In this place Mike, as Emperor, called the shots and fired the shots and took the shots in the head. He conducted open-head surgery upon himself and removed the cancers from his brain.

In Ditspace Mike was recognized as a genius. It was what he wanted, what he wanted above all else. He was even working on becoming a genius *of* something... something he could trap and take into Allspace.

He was a hunter, really, in this way, trying to trap things... concepts, states, senses... and swing them into what he thought of as both the “show-existence” and the “existence-show”.

A lot of cracked-eye mullets swam Mike by while he was in his ethereal robes and they viewed him with an impotent mixture of mocking disdain and furious envy. They saw his energies as being extraordinarily wasted and his extravagant and undefined quest as being pretentious and entirely bereft of meaning. Yet the mullets, their cracked eyes shimmering, were ugly inside with regret and unknown things that they had not grasped for. They were ugly inside and they could not be geniuses. Sometimes they made Mike cry.

Mike was a simple man, but he had formed shells of himself and wrapped himself up in them one by one. He looked more complex than he was. Sometimes he felt infinitely nested. Sometimes he felt he had infested himself. But mostly Mike was just overwhelmed with longing.

His need had tacked itself onto him with great strength. Where had his once great balance gone? Pulled away from him by forces he felt he understood, but was almost powerless to control. Now, just a shabby, third rate balance remained.

Somehow, perhaps due to being so damn kissable, Mike was still able to stand erect, despite his desperate, disparate longing for supergenius status, associated perks, and a partner with a similar mentality. This slight strength gave him the small freedom to walk with a staunch gait.

Loca Congo re Food

“Um... Cadbury?” Mike said one day in the Congo, sitting cross-legged in the pouring rain with just a coconut hat on.

“We appear to have no food anymore.”

“Yes, Mike, that is correct,” Cadbury replied perfunctorily, “We are no longer using food.”

“Er... what are we using instead?” Mike inquired, only now ruining the manufacture of his glamorous selection of coconut hats.

“Sperm, Mike, we are going to be using sperm,” Cadbury stated, bringing a handful he had prepared earlier to his mouth. “Let me show you the new eating methodology.”

Loca Congo re Penis

Mike suddenly manifested at the triangular door to Cadbury's hut. Cadbury, hard at work resolving some obscure philosophical conundrum, was obliged to pause his considerations to take in this new phenomenon.

"Hello Mike," he said matter of factually, "What can I do for you?"

"Cadbury," Mike appeared to be panting, "I need to ask you something important."

Cadbury, rotating his bodular somewhat to face Mike more squarely, peered quizzically, "Er, yes, that's fine... what is it?"

"Cadbury," Mike was now clearly sweating and seemed to have developed a red sheen, "This is kind of, ah... embarrassing... but I want to know if you would mind if I, ah... masturbated."

Is this what Cadbury had intended? Is this the endgame of his visionary philosilization? Was this where it was at? These were the thoughts that ran through Cadbury's head as it bounced repeatedly off his cocodesk. What had become of the Congoan dream?

"You're not masturbating in here Mike," Cadbury said sternly after just a moments delay, "Go find a pygmy in a bush or something will you?"

"But Cadbury... you don't understand," Mike said pleadingly, mentally stamping his food and getting ever-redder.

"Help me understand Mike, I really do need help here."

Mike seemed completely conflicted and about to explode, but nonetheless he managed to start talking, "Well, um, the thing is Cadbury... I need to ask your permission to masturbate now."

Cadbury decided he would blink three times before making another move. Having tended to this he finally uttered, "And why would that be, Mike?"

Mike stood for a moment, hyperventilating. He looked at the ground. He looked at his pants. He looked at Cadbury. He looked back at his pants. Then suddenly, with one foul and despicable motion, he ripped the pants right off. He stood in front of Cadbury, revealed. Cadbury looked at Mike in astonishment. Mike looked at Cadbury trembling in fear. Cadbury's astonishment turned to confusion and outrage.

"What in Gay Hell is that?!?" Cadbury exclaimed, spluttering.

"It's you Cadbury," Mike explained in a whisper, "My penis looks exactly like you."

Cadbury's head thrashed around wildly. He seemed about to cry. He kept looking around the room but finding his glance coming back to the horror between Mike's legs.

"You can see now why I needed your permission," Mike explained, "It just wouldn't have been right... you know... to excite you without asking..."

Cadbury's voice had almost completely cut out and he was left rasping, "When, when did this happen??"

"I don't know," Mike confided, getting some of his composure back, feeling better for having got it off his chest, "I've never looked down there before."

Cadbury fell off his chair. He had a whole lot more blinking to do. As he lay on the ground Mike gently walked up and leant over him.

"So, um, Cadbury... is it okay then if I masturbate?"

Loca Manifesto re Snedwood

An officially accredited *Snedwood* adventure,
By Snedwood.

Some characters are better than others.

I don't know why I couldn't cut it as a character in the Manifesto. I guess, when it comes down to it, I just wasn't horrible enough.

Loca Congo: Showdown

A showdown is coming in the Congo is coming a showdown is coming for sure. Something good is coming is destructive but coming some type of meltdown is throbbing in the wrong way for sure. In the Congo it's crumbling it's all tumbling to the floor it's boring it's wearing the gown of the **Loca** of all desolation. A showdown is thumbing its nose in the Congo it's interrupting it's erupting for sure.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Pygmy Revolution

Cadbury and Mike had gathered the pygmies together in the clearing amongst the ruins of the many half-built coconut structures of the [Great Dance](#). The pygmies came out of trees and huts wearing tophats and cocohats, adjusting pants and removing pants, scratching chins and testicles, mumbling and sniffing the breeze like it was made of evil.

Not since Cadbury and Mike had arrived in the Congo there been such a sense of tension in the air – like its threads were going to snap and rip all the living matter out of everything.

Mike was trying to organize the pygmies into some semblance of order, hustling them to and fro like a manic sheepdog. Each pygmy motion, when viewed in isolation, appeared to be more or less random; the group as a whole, however, steadily began to form a large huddled mass of a roughly elliptical nature.

Cadbury stood in front of the forming mass on a dilapidated cocostage – the same stage that Matamata once sang the universe upon whilst the Congo danced and burned the night away. He too sniffed the air; and he too knew it had a distinctly different and important flavor to it.

Mike finally seemed to be satisfied with the pygmy formation, in as much as it could be said to be one. Most of them were standing more or less upright, with only a few tilting one way or the other, and there was minimal “stimulation” taking place. Mike pointed emphatically towards Cadbury and he stepped off to the side.

A pygmy hush, in as much as such a thing existed, descended upon the group.

Then Cadbury spoke.

“Pygmies,” he addressed them coldly and directly, “there is going to be a revolution.”

The pygmies, for their part, continued to stare at approximately whatever angles they had previously stared at. Having grown somewhat jiggy to Cadbury’s perpetual tirade of dramatic goings on they appeared to give a group nod and an inquiry of “And?”

Cadbury answered them.

“There is going to be a revolution here in the Congo my sweet sweet pygmy followers, but it is not going to involve blood or politics or technology or commerce. It is not,” Cadbury maintained his brutal and even tone, “going to be an everyday revolution.”

He looked away briefly before continuing.

“This will be a philosophical revolution, a revolution of the mind, an upturning of everything that was previously held sticky inside you.

“You will not be able to see this revolution.”

He stopped at this incisive tone and considered the group. He wondered, briefly, what they were thinking. Then he speedily resumed.

“Our enemies are approaching,” Cadbury leaned forward and back again, licking the air slightly as if trying to grab a taste of it. “Our enemies are approaching,” he repeated, “and they are evil and invisible and insatiable. They are spooling out of wormholes as we speak today pygmy friends... tumbling onto the Congoan soil without making a mark, and proceeding to manifest themselves in everything we do, everything we think, everything we are.”

Some of the pygmies had sensed a distinctly nasty vibe coming from Cadbury today and were looking to Mike for help. Mike, standing to the side of the group, in front of the stage, stood resolutely, nodding just slightly when appropriate. For possibly the first time ever, he seemed to be in complete agreement with Cadbury. The pygmies found this in itself to be disturbing, let alone the foul and indecipherable gibberish of which Cadbury spoke.

“Pygmies!” Cadbury called for their attention. “These are scary times in the Congo, it is true – but it is going to be okay, because this is what you have been trained for. This, bold pygmy revolutionaries, is what we are all here for.

“It’s going to be a Pygmy Revolution!”

Loca Ditspace re Whore

Sometimes, when in downtown Ditspace, Mike got a shot of something black and he needed to stand a reasonable chance of dying.

Days with no chance of death were boring.

On this evening Mike was playing the Ditspace tunnels. Some of them contained love, some of them were rancid with decay. Mostly they were in-between tunnels.

Mike extracted his penis and placed it into the whore. The whore made a daft noise and the transaction of fluids began.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Cadbury's Revolutionary Diary: Coming

Cadbury sat cross-legged in the center of his hut. The sweat leaking from his many brows, and certain other substances oozing from him, had caused muddy puddles to form around and about his bodular. Bodular was a Locan term for a “modular body” that Mike had invented – personally Cadbury despised the term and adjusted the diary entry to read “bodalong” instead. Diary entries were all the rage amongst revolutionaries, so Cadbury had heard.

Pant, pant.

“I know they are coming for us”, Cadbury wrote, “I can smell their evil sweat in the air.”

He sniffed the air, apparently distinguishing the evil sweat from the torrent of his own liquid excretions.

“I can see their invisible shadows forming over us. But we knew that this time would come,” he continued, “and we are prepared, my disciples and I. Still though, we face these times with no small amount of trepidation. The forces we fight are strong and they are many. Also, to be honest, I’m concerned about Mike. I’m not sure he’s up to it at all. Something has clearly unhinged the poor man and his descent into madness shows no sign of abating. Last night I came across him stumbling around in the shrubbery, wearing female pygmy garb and singing some lunatic song about a universe overrun with carrots. Yet, upon investigation, he appeared to not be under the influence of any substances whatsoever and, further, insisted that he had seen Gay God in a coconut and that this ‘Gay God’ had told him, amongst other things, that I was a much smaller dog than I’d been making out. Clearly, the man is very disturbed. I’ve no idea what to do about it other than to try and minimize the damage. Already I fear that he has turned some of the pygmies into lesbians. And I don’t even want to think about what he’s done to the female pygmies. Anyway, enough of that bumbling madman...”

Cadbury scratched his testicles at this point, in the Congoan fashion. He scratched his ear too, though in a Cadburian fashion. He mused upon what was going to happen.

“What’s going to happen?” he wrote. “I don’t know for sure, precisely, in every last vivid detail. But I can tell you this for nothing in return... only one philosophy can survive this showdown!”

Oh, the fatality!

“I have educated and outfitted the pygmies, poor soulless creatures that they are, in as much as I can. I have lectured them every day now for the last unspecified number of days. I have taught them about thinking. I have taught them about pants. I have shown them the way. I have focused their witless little minds, unwittingly, upon the task we are about to face.

I have manipulated Mike, poor pantless creature that he is, into thinking he is imparting to the pygmies his wretched Loca philosophies, while all the while using it as a sophisticated camouflage for my true purpose.

Yes, yes, soon the games will begin... and then we will see... whose philowankery will rule the world!"

Loca Congo: Showdown re Mike's Revolutionary Diary

"Today I went looking for raisins."

"I'm becoming convinced that Cadbury's arms are in fact legs."

"Tomorrow I might go looking for raisins."

Loca Ditspace re Society

"I've stolen us a second chance at life, Mike. That bird seemed innocent but it was the death lizard!"

"Suxxi, Suxxi, Suxxi. But seriously now: It is possible to represent a number from naught to at least thirty-one with the right hand, using finger binary."

"Ah," said Suxxi.

"Each finger from 0 to 4 is taken as a base of 2, giving the result 1, 2, 4, 8 and 16 for those fingers."

"Well, great. You know, I am the only normalizing force in your life, Mike."

"I'm so grateful, Suxxi. But you know that, despite its dismal simplicity, this is revolutionary stuff - so I have to talk about it! Just flapping my head will lead us to the truth, it's certain.

"You know what? Any particular perception is a view on a space of dits, including $\mathbb{L}oca$ views, so $\mathbb{L}oca < Ditspace$."

"Yes, Ditspace, you're the emperor," said Suxxi.

"Ditspace < AllSpace, Suxxi, so don't try saying $\mathbb{L}oca$ there and expect all the magical things that happen in Ditspace to work."

"All the magical things. Okay I won't. Oh my God!"

"What Suxxi, have you just had an insight about **ILoca**?"

"No! It's the death lizard chasing us, we have to run," said Suxxi.

"Society, eh," said Mike.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Boom

Mike prepares a pre-revolution speech for the pygmies, but may be high on Cadbury's aforementioned chocolates. the result unflatteringly builds on his usual texturalities-, of thrusting earplugs, elbow hammering, faux-faux-faux-faux-faux-qua-faux, and general Loca pointedness. Which is bad-. irAnti-Loca. But mannily, he finishes the speech. Looking it over, it has a nice ass. He rubs his dick over the screed. Outstandingly, **the words all disappear**. Mike, frustrated, bangs his head or penis against a coconut until his penis or brain is exposed. His brain or penis is wrapped in psychically stained underpants. What has he been putting in his brain/dick? He cums in multicolors over his head or penis, sealing up the gaping wound in his head or pants. to help him understand how his dick could have erased words, he puts it up his ass. He exultantly and triumphaaantly squirts in some Ditsperm. A Congoan at the sidelines, the faux-blind Daphne, dits herself. "(BOOM) Aaragahhaaahoooghie (little-BOOM)" he says. "That hit my dit-spot!" He smokes a ginger flavored cocorette and contemplates having a coup with Cadbury. They should overthrow Mike and Cadbury, he thinks. with Locanuts.

sRe: the word-disappearance situation (see boldface). He inserts his dick baack inside and scoops out all the ditsperm. gravity is weakened and Mike's philowankical locations (the ones with Mike in them) fly into the air. In the sky, he hears a version of himself say: "Either I've just eaten crispy peanut butter on well done steak, lightly salted; Cadbury's shit chocolates; or I've scooped myself. It's probably the second."

with all the flipflap, there's really just two results. but they're definitely exciting ones: Loca Showdown re Boom is never the same again. And, Mike puts on a bowtie, and his shoes with Cadbury's cloned heads (mouths open round the footholes)-; he heads off to wage war against Mike and Cadbury.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Boom re Ouch

"Ouch," said Cadbury, in sign language. Mike had put his foot in Cadbury's mouth, thinking it was a shoe.

"Ah, Cadbury," said Mike.

“Are you going to take your foot out...” asked a frantically signing Cadbury. “Or do you want me to bite it off? Just give me the permission and it’s coming right off! Do you know what I’m not saying?”

“I think we should wage war against ourselves!”

“Ark!” said Cadbury, between gnashed paws.

Mike paced back and forth, thinking. Each pace crunched Cadbury’s head.

Mike: “Loca Ditspace re Mike: Bingle.”

Cadbury: “AAAARRAAAGGGAAAUGIE!” (Cadbury spells each letter by paw.)

Mike: “Loca Ditspace re Cadbury: Bongle.”

He paces about some more.

CRACK, and of course, CRACK.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Boom re Ooga

Suddenly, a bunch of Congoan pygmies rush in.

Congoan Pygmies: Ooga booga.

They rush out. Daphne rolls in, like a tumbleweed.

Mike flippantly throws his knife at her. Daphne catches it with her teeth, slightly cuts her breast, and does two (2) backflips. Then she goes over and hands the knife back to Mike. He thanks her and she gives him a pair of pants.

Cadbury: You’re just hallucinating all of this, you’ve been eating my chocolate shit. I’m not Cadbury, and in fact, there’s no such thing as my shit. Whoops. it’s just your imagination! and-and Loca3 is your imagination, too!

Mike: Vsh.

Cadbury: Cadbury will be meritorious over you!”

Loca Ditspace re Slut

One night Mike went out fucking in downtown Ditspace.

He wanted delicious, twisted pain.

Pain that would almost kill him.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Cadbury's Revolutionary Diary: Sighting

"I saw them today," Cadbury wrote, trying to catch the ink as it bled onto the parchment.

"Hmmp," he snorted, scratching the line "I saw them today" out.

"I sensed them today," he began again.

"They were in the field where I dance. They were blowing leaves in the wrong direction."

Cadbury had begun to visibly shake. Not just at his periphery – all over; his entire entity shook like it was in some sort of macroscopic Brownian motion. He needed to steady himself. He needed to be cool. He needed to ice his mind.

"They will send scouts first," he prophesized. "Mad little creatures that will issue concepts into the air. They will be frenetic, energetic, manic artists and thieves..."

But they will be distractions... from the main event."

Loca Ditspace re Locan's Run

Elsewhere, Sam and Art are being chased by some cops.

"Loca cops re coming!" said Sammy.

"Loca cops re coming re P 10," said Art contrarily, snidely 'bating himself, "baby."

Police sirens from a street away suddenly intruded. The distilled Locan focusedness of the boys was immediately torn.

"Flip," said Sammy, phasing himself up from an undefined state.

"Loca coming re P 99," said Art, unhappily, "er cops, re... um, lah lah," added Art, "we're fucked now, all of a sudden."

Sammy punched Art in the face and called him a slutbutt. They had a stormy relationship.

Then they started running from the raisin store they had almost succeeded in robbing.

"Loca cops re us re drag!" shouted Sammy.

"Loca direction re what?" asked Art.

Sammy and Art stopped running.

"Well," said Sammy, "drag is short for \"{put input in chains and drag along the road}\".

Suddenly a cop car was on the scene.

"Loca duo re arrest," said Policeman Stan to his apprentice, Lorenzo.

"Go suck a pencil," said Lorenzo.

"Oh you boy," smiled Policeman Stan.

"Loca Lorenzo re electrocute 10," said Stan. Lorenzo was electrocuted at level 10, but secretly he enjoyed it.

"Loca duo re drag," said Policeman Stan to Sammy and Art.

"You both have flashy pants," said Sammy angrily, or at least he would have had he not realized that such a comment would have been palpably idiotic and indicative of someone wearing flashy pants but with no idea how to wear them properly.

Instead, he noted, "Loca Policeman re duo: hot poker."

A mechanical arm wielding a hot poker came out of Stan's policecar's bonnet. It probed them with skill and heat and, bonuswise, threw chains upon them.

Soon Stan was back behind the wheel with Lorenzo by his side, and they drove through town with Art and Sammy trailing them in chains.

"Loca dit re groan," said Art.

"Loca scene re back 15," said Sammy.

Suddenly there were thousands of fans everywhere, all plugged into a chimpunk. The chimp punk, who was green, threw up and the fans started blowing. The strength of them blew Sammy and Art backwards in time to before they had tried to rob the raisin store.

"Loca now re params," thought Sammy to himself.

"We have travelled back in time by 15 minutes," said Sammy, in the afterblow. "We do not have doubles here Art, as only one copy of a timebeing can exist in a timeframe.

When we got here, our originals were instantly bounced into the future. They are now 15 minutes ahead of us, being dragged behind the policecar, without their knowing why. We are totally full of everything, most certainly it."

"That is a strong back, Sammy. Okay so we swapped places with our past selves. But they'll probably get out of it like we did, using *Loca* to travel back in time, bouncing us back to the future," he said.

"Yes right, it is likely. But you overstate it, it won't be us that will be bounced forward, it will be a different set of us. The chances that they will bounce back to where *we* are is infinitesimal. More likely they'll bounce and swap with the us of a completely different timeframe. We don't need to think about it anymore."

"That's good because something about it was really annoying me. One important thing is that I dislike thinking," said Art.

"Quite indeed rather," said Sammy, being homosexual. "Hey Art, you're a bitch," he said tenderly. "Anyway let's have another crack at robbing the raisin store."

"*Loca loca*," said Art, pulling his pants down.

"Pull your intestines out," said Sammy.

"I'm pulling my pants up now," said Art. "A penny for your loca."

"Eww," said Sammy, "scruples are my thing, baby. I *meant* let's take another crap at it." Brightening, "so let's go rob the raisin store."

"*Loca loca*," said Art.

"*Loca loca*," said Art, again.

"On second thought, let's not," said Sammy. "No wait, let's do it."

"Sammy! Where is the artistry! Where is the take-home loca and *sweeps* and where is the artistry?!"

"*Loca* argument, so we should both commit loca. This can't go on, loca."

"My artistry is intact, my name is Art. But maybe you should loca, as parts of you could contribute to something more artistic. As components in other characters," spelled out Art.

"To loca with that," said Sammy, "let's go rob the raisin store, loca."

"Capital loca, Sammy." In his mind he was preoccupied with thoughts of sausages that would turn into aerobics performing penises. He was both in the world and the Darkside of the Nut, which has murder, penises, mathematics, and in a purely physical way, dogs.

With Art, Sammy pranced like a deer into the raisin store, and together they robbed it.

"That worked out quite well," said Sammy. "Better than last time. We didn't slip on any raisins for one thing, loca."

"Loca loca, and now let's go catch a movie before the cops come all over the scene, loca," said Art. "Eh bro," added Art.

"When we get there let's sit in the back and tap our shoes together like Dorothy from Mc BDSM Donalds," said Sammy, chugging a raisin and prancing around.

"This is so very snaggedog," mused Art, "it takes me back to when I beat you brutally."

"Hmmm..." pondered Sammy, "I cannot recall that incident."

"It was outside a raisin store. It involved raisins."

"I cannot be bothered attributing comments to people anymore - in case you were wondering who was saying what you shall have to unravel it from the context."

"I am now beating you brutally."

"Hmmm... that takes me forward..."

And then everything changed.

And that was exactly when Art and Sam slipped on some brainpeels and tumbled discordantly into a strange hole.

Loca Ditspace by Congo: Showdown re Run: SamArt

The strange hole emerged by a Congoan bush.

"Oh my god, something has followed us through the strange hole," said Art with alarm. "Oh wait, it's... SamArt!"

"We've been working on an artistic project called SamArt," said Sam, "and it's followed us through a butt! Hurrah, loca!"

"Initially we were just two robber barrons," said Art. "But then everything changed and we became artists. Sam thought it was some kind of quantum thing, but that was wrong, you see."

"Ah yes, I see," said Mike, who had been foraging for raisins when these two rather peculiar pygmies had manifested next to a bush. He also noted that there was also a strange hole nearby, although later he could not find it.

Miraculously, just as the new pygmies appeared, Mike got unexpectedly showered in prime, plump, juicy raisins. This truly was a miracle because, despite having been foraging for them for many months, these were the first raisins that Mike had seen in the Congo.

"Praise the raisin miracle and these two new ostentatious pygmy gentlemen." Mike proclaimed.

"It was all about the \mathbb{L} oca2 protocol though," said Sam.

" \mathbb{L} oca..." said Mike, gritting his teeth. "A burnt shoelace's moustache and an invisible pair of teeth would be more useful than \mathbb{L} oca. It's not even pleasantly useless, like my underpants."

"Wait just there! \mathbb{L} oca is very useful for Hardware," said Sam.

"Well... true enough. And it is a handsome word," said Mike. "I now again support \mathbb{L} oca and related merchandise. (I would also like to mention that I invented it, in 1791, but am going to leave that as a surprise for later.)"

" \mathbb{L} oca," said Sam.

Cadbury had been rather quiet up till this point, since he was, in fact, a long way away and sitting all by himself on a log. Right then, he turned a shade quieter - his plans to destroy \mathbb{L} oca, making the world safe for Anti- \mathbb{L} oca, had taken a tumble thanks to Mike's re-devoting himself to it. That oaf. Cadbury delved deeper into his Machiavellian plotting and planning with functions of more than one variable.

"So let's have a look at this art then," Cadbury said.

" \mathbb{L} oca," said Mike.

" \mathbb{L} oca that," said Sam.

" \mathbb{L} oca loca," said Art.

"Hhissss!" said Cadbury.

Loca Ditspace by Congo: Showdown re Run: CadburyArt

The strange hole emerged by a Congoan rock.

"Oh my Gay God, a hole has followed us through something," said Art with alarm. "It's old, like it's all been repeated. Oh wait, it's... C-C-C-CadburyArt!"

"We've been working on an artistic project called SamArt," said Sam, "but its turned out to be crap, and so it has been ditched for something just a little bit beautiful – CadburyArt! Hurrah, loca!"

"Initially we were just two rubber dogs," said Art. "But then everything changed and we became artists. Sam thought it was some kind of quantum thing, but that was wrong, you see."

"Ah yes, I see," said Mike, who had been foraging for raisins when these two rather peculiar pygmies had manifested next to a bush. He also noted that there was also a strange hole nearby, although later he could not find it.

Miraculously, just as the new pygmies appeared, Mike got unexpectedly showered in prime, fat, juicy raisins. This truly was a miracle because, despite having been foraging for them for many months, these were the first raisins that Mike had seen in the Congo.

"Praise the raisin miracle and these two new trepidatious pygmy gentlemen." Mike proclaimed.

"It was all about the \mathbb{L} oca2 protocol though," said Sam.

" \mathbb{L} oca..." said Mike, gritting his teeth. "A non-moustache and a pair of teeth without the power of invisibility would be more useful than \mathbb{L} oca. It's not even pleasantly useless, quite unlike my underpants, with their rub-rub-rub plus a-dub functionality."

"Wait just there! \mathbb{L} oca is very useful for Penisware," said Sam.

"Well... true enough. And it is a dicksome word," said Mike. "I now again support \mathbb{L} oca and related merchandise. (I would also like to mention that I invented it in 1791, shortly before Randal Deeb-lu Toit invented thinking (that was in 1812), explaining why it was such a thoroughly idiotic invention and why no one has ever adopted it, despite my elaborate and continuous crusade on its behalf, despite my utterly proofless assertions regarding its capacity to derive the most childishly simple universal truths such as the spelling of the word "tit", and despite the fact that I am wearing a \mathbb{L} oca chastity belt and will not have sex until the \mathbb{L} oca nightmare is unleashed upon the world... but am going to leave that as a surprise for later.)"

" \mathbb{L} oca," said Sam, the word rolling nicely off his cock.

Cadbury had been rather quiet up till this point, because he had been sitting on a far-away log, smoking himself like a cigarette, and had just turned a shade graver. His plans to destroy Loca, making the world safe for Anti-Loca, had taken a tumble thanks to Mike's re-devoting himself to it. That pigeon. Cadbury delved deeper into his Machiavellian plotting and planning with functions of less than one variable.

"So let's have a look at this art then," said Cadbury, snickering, playing these feeble enemies like a fiddle orchestra.

"Loca," said Mike.

"Loca that," said Sam.

"Loca loca," said Art.

"I am delicious!" said Cadbury.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Cadbury's Revolutionary Diary: Shenaniganenanigans

"It's a game of deflection," Cadbury stroked his thoughts onto the page.

"Palpably, the advance forces are going about their business – scurrilous, meticulously arbitrary vipers running amok in their small way. Their manifestations are comical in most fashions, from what I've seen and sensed through other of my many senses.

Frisking around the edges of things, tickling and poking but not really grabbing anything.

They carry no conceptual weight.

And they have misinterpreted the still here, for a concept vacuum."

Cadbury looked beady-eyed through the triangular door of his tent. Positioned as it was upon the highest mound in the area, his tent availed a reasonable view of the surrounding grounds. And he thought he saw something out there, something shifting, rustling, moving stuff about with haphazard design.

He noted: "Something is abreast of me."

He highlighted this phrase thinking that it may be good fodder for the hotstorians who will come upon his Revolutionary Diary.

“Something is abreast of me,” he confirmed. “It’s not an odious thing, nor is it notionally rancorous. I am not here fighting for the forces of good, nothing could be so naff... except fighting for the forces of evil, of course, for which purpose I am also not here - indeed, nothing could be so naff.”

Again peering sneery-eyed through his opening Cadbury suddenly observed the protagonist of the aforementioned disturbances... it was something he’d forgotten about...

Mike.

Wonder what he’s up to, he thought.

“I wonder what Mike is up to,” he wrote. “I haven’t really monitored him closely enough lately, primarily because his antics sicken me. Indeed, he is becoming the laughing stock of the Congo.

But I can’t worry too much about that now – for there are sentient ghosts piping messages into my homunculi.”

Then Mike started howling like a coconut.

Loca Ditspace re Ants

Mike liked to hang out in the surrounds of homes of people he knew just to, you know, see what "movement" may come of it. Usually he ended up trudging home with his trousers full of ants and his pants somewhat slipperier than before, but safe in the knowledge that at least he knew what movement had come of it... none.

Tonight, he was slinking about outside his own house, that which he shared with Suxxi, "sensing" somehow that it may be an evening with a rare though inevitable epiphany of both movement and merit. He had applied process to subject and received output that Suxxi would be up to some rather interesting shenanigans this evening and that he would do well to note said shenanigans in the privacy of his own shenanigan log for some later movement may be had of them the degree of which would exceed the sum, as it were, of the degrees of movement of the parts of the said shenanigans. And that would be good.

As it turned out, after about five hours, the number of ants traversing his inner calves began to cause an itch that was in excess of his itch resistance threshold, and he, most unfortunately, had to jump out of the bushes, run up the front stairs through the front door and throughout most of the house screaming, "I'm on fire! The ants! The fucking ants!" He also collided with a whole bunch of walls, while Suxxi lay succulently upon her couch, stroking her own knee.

Suxxi painted her nails black while she thought about it then drifted off to masturbate with superstrings.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Hello there, Big Boy

Cadbury stumbled wearily through his tent door... sitting in the loca position for 137 hours had taken a toll on his bonebags... and the relentless sperm diet was also dulling him down - though he had been exceptionally virile lately.

Getting out into the open he gazed down at Mike, who appeared to be grappling with some sort of strange coco-mache dummy. Various debris were strewn throughout the location and Mike himself was quite cut up, shreds of skin of clothing flailing off him at all angles. His howling had grown louder and more oddly rhythmic.

“Mike,” Cadbury rasped, surprised at the paleness of his own voice.

Mike continued unabated, screaming and fighting, rolling on the ground with the bizarre coconut construction wrapped around him. There were some skittish pygmies hovering in the far distance, looking briefly then running away.

“Mike!” Cadbury called more solidly. “Mike, stop this recalcitrance!”

Cadbury began walking down towards him. Suddenly though, the struggle appeared to jump into an absurd endgame, with Mike shrieking at a level that only one who had been raised by dogs could shriek at, and repeatedly pummeling the mangled coconut mannequin into the ground.

He seemed to be screaming “Loca Death re Egg” over and over.

Then, just as Cadbury got to him, it ended. With one final shrill incantation Mike pushed what remained of the entity’s cocohead into the dirt until it burst into fragments.

And with hushpuppy eyes, Mike looked up at Cadbury...

“Loca Death re Egg,” he stated calmly.

Loca Ditspace re Take me

“Cadbury, I have experienced something. I can’t describe it. I can jabber about it.”

Cadbury, with his dour fringe, spoke quietly.

“Let us pray,” he whispered.

That didn't sound like Cadbury. To either of them. Out of their four eyes was fear. Cadbury didn't feel in control. "When do I care?" Cadbury might have asked.

Then Cadbury was shaking. Shading, speeding.

"Mike, take me to Loca Death re Egg!"

Loca Ditspace re Mad Walk

They set off. They ate sausage with tomato. Mike offended Cadblurry and Cadblurry offended Mike. They socialized for the first time, then went to a strip club. Cadblurry was perspiring and screaming. Mike was getting high and exercising. They left the strip club and dreamed.

They sparked each other and vowed to kill them all.

"Cadblurry, I have to spark you, is if I spark you," Mike said prior to his first attempt at sparking. "Mike to spark, but of spark for you," said Cadblurry. They didn't go into the bushes. They took little pauses. Off they went to Loca Death re Egg.

Loca Ditspace re Death re Egg

They went through a door. They looked around.

"Not a lot here," said Cadblurry.

"I'm starting to see something," said Cadblurry. He wanted output and he wanted unity.

Cadbury frowned at the floor.

"I've seen the floor. It's bad," said Cadbury. "Why did this place so agitate you, Mike?"

Mike was passed out on the floor.

Loca Ditspace re Backup

To cut a long story immodestly short, Mike's clothes mysteriously disappeared, Cadbury created a coconut donut, a pygmy with horns appeared and then disappeared to no effect, and Mike woke up and promptly stepped through the floor. He received seven forms of enlightenment in the guise of seven sexual encounters, then understood the true meaning of Loca Death re Egg. Cadbury and Mike went back to where they came from, and forgot

everything that happened. But it affected them subconsciously.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Mike

"I have gathered you here today, my Ditspaceans, and newly formed Ditopspacens, to further help you to help me," said Mike. "I want to tell you about Op. You Ditopspacens may want to pay special attention, since you know, it's got Op in it.

"It's all about asking *things* for their opinion. This is fast track to success," said Mike.

The Ditspaceans and Ditopspacens were all dressed in royal gowns, because in Ditspace, and the mutually supportive and sassy Ditospace for the female contingent, everyone is royal.

"Check this out," said Mike. "I am a phenomenon op my hair."

The Ditspaceans were considerably awed by Mike's sentence. At least, they liked the gowns. They still couldn't speak English very well, despite Mike's helpful efforts.

The Ditopspacens had recently formed and become a little empowered from Mike's rantings, and they followed him, partly as he had a TV. Since the Ditopspacens comprised all the female Congoans, the Ditspacens, now all male, would just follow them. Note that the Congoans did not actually refer to themselves as Ditspacens, or Ditopspacens; that was pure Mike.

History had been smoooving along flappingly. Dit had succeeded ILoca as the main word to say, for one thing, at least for Mike. The first major hit was ILoca2, diminishing the ILoca stronghold. Then the Great Cadbury Scoop of an earlier time cleaned it all away.

"What does my hair have to say about this," asked Mike.

"I would also like to know," said Cadbury.

"My hair says I'm quite right," said Mike. "I am a phenomenon!"

"Of course this must seem crazy," said Mike.

"Yes, a textbook case," offered Cadbury.

Mike had a response.

"I bet my shoes don't think so. Dit op shoes. There, I've asked them."

Mike then did some ventriloquism with his shoes.

"We are Mike's shoes," said Mike. "Mike is a genius. Do you hear that Ditheads? Good. Also we would like to say that Mike's feet always smell like soap and he is a considerate walker."

"Right, enough of this ludicrous banter," said Mike. He was becoming quite the performer.

"It's time I selected a Ditospacen for my wife."

Suxxi appeared wearing a dagger in her wrist, something like a bracelet.

Mike was ashamed and fecund at the same time. Suxxi was always, counting from this first time, embarrassing him with her suicide attempts. Yet, it was making him horny.

"Oh Suxxi, baby, let's get married," said Mike. Whispering to the masses, though, he added: "Don't worry, everyone, I'm going to marry each and every last one of you several times. I'm talking to the guys too. We're going to make a village of Mikeletts. Next step: a global village of Mikeletts."

"Here let me pull that out of you," he said, referring to the dagger, "and push this into you, and by 'this' I am referring to my organic rudder."

"You idiot Mike," said Suxxi, "you saved my life and are already giving me an orgasm, goddamn."

"Well you know, it's just a way to fill space, Suxxi. Vaginal, and textual. What kind of critic would savage a vagina? Maybe I should stay in here for the rest of the story."

Suxxi piped up like a tree fart. "Maybe, Mike. And what a story we've got lined up for the Congoans! It's going to take their breath away and leave them gasping for air. It's going to screw them up quite properly and they're going to be truly amazed."

"That's right, Suxxi, it's going to be a real sensation. Ooh, I think I feel a major new plot twist coming. Oh my Gay God, you're suddenly pregnant and now you're suddenly giving birth! Well, you're not giving birth out of your vagina, baby, because I'm staying in there."

Suxxi gave a brilliant orgasming moan. "Arr, quite right, Mike, I can feel it... This is going to be explosive, life giving, a real explosive poptart."

A sonic scream of pleasure emitted from Suxxi's every pore. "Arrrr, Christ." Then Sam and Art Crap shot out of Suxxi's ass.

"Hi guys," said Art, "loca."

"We must have fallen into a wormhole," said Sam, "loca."

"Well this is just too amazing," said Suxxi, "I mean, my ass a wormhole, total wow. I couldn't have done it without the stern direction."

Loca Congo: Showdown re Field of Philosophies: Snaggledogs

Cadbury stood imperially, his staunch robe flapping with obscurity in the still air. Something was going to come down, he mused, something was going to come down here in the field.

Sam and Art, the robber barrons, had been burning things for days now... trees, huts, pants, pygmies, Mike... all were constantly afire. They also did a lot of high-pitched squealing while playing hide and seek games with bushes and throwing raisins at people... a few pygmies had joined them in their antics but largely ended up setting themselves alight and spending the day in the river with badly burnt heads. Cadbury could sense them right now, in some foliage some way from the field, jumping from place to place, chasing Mike with a stick while he yelped in pain from his flaming pants.

Perfect.

In the field the temperature was oscillating in a way that would make normal humans sweat and shiver simultaneously. Also, in places that Cadbury could see, the sky had cracked open. Slivers of space had opened up where formerly there was dull, continuous reality.

Suddenly, from the cracks in the sky poured small dogs... many hundreds of small dogs... and each little dog carried a concept inside it. The dogs stormed at Cadbury... yapping, flapping, fluffy... he stood his ground and stared through them. As the dogs flew at him they spat their concepts out, bombarding and submerging him in messages...

"The spirit of man is eternal."

"Love is all we need."

"Knowledge is the slayer of evil."

"All people are born good."

Cadbury stood and took it, his mind ice-ice-clear, his body taut and erect. Around the field a ring of pygmies had gathered, standing gaunt, holding hands and watching soberly as Cadbury battled with the concept dogs. One of them was heard to mumble: "Snaggledogs".

Soon they started a chant: "Snaggledogs away."

The dogs continued pouring from the sky and peppering Cadbury with their deadly contents. In turns he began to waver and lean at different angles to the earth. Much of his robewear had been shredded... despite their being no observable force to have produced this effect. The day was still, yet Cadbury's head was blown.

In his mind Cadbury didn't attack or defend... he didn't ignore or repudiate... he didn't recite or incant... he focused. He focused on the universe as being himself, turned inside out... and he focused on Thinking. He was clear, he was there, he was pure-spun Cadbury. And slowly, after many hours, the swarming dogs begin to falter...

As each dog released its load it vaporized... so their strategy was solely based on Brute Concept... a method which was fine if one ignored the universal shortage of snaggledogs – which were small dogs that had concepts snagged on them. Eventually the dogs would run out of themselves...

And so it was that the last little snaggledog limped forward from a crack in the sky that moaned as it zipped itself up. This last little fella was the cutest one of all, big blue puppy eyes and floppy ears, panting just like Mike when he got excited... it tip-toed right up to Cadbury's nose, gave him one big lick and announced:

“We can achieve enlightenment.”

And then, with a yelp, it disappeared.

Cadbury collapsed.

The pygmies cheered and rushed forward.

And miles away, Mike jumped into the river yelling, “My nipples are on fire!”

Loca Ditspace re Suxxi

Suxxi had a whole collective consciousness thing going. She liked to relate to sub-corporeal entities - waves, strings and the like. She wasn't fond of moving. She was a beautiful slug: slippery, glistening, aloof. The coldness in her kept her warm, the warmth thus generated was a blanket which helped with her coldness. She kept things up if they didn't require much effort, particularly if they reduced the effort involved in other things, particularly if those things were themselves effort-reducing. She was resolutely indifferent, certainly to change, assuredly to stasis. Suxxi didn't have sex, nor did she surf. She stuck coquettishly to her unambiguous androgynous slut routine... she had a whole collective consciousness thing going with her consciousness thing going, a collective unified by some sort of integration process, rationalized, rationed out to the collective, the thing going through the consciousness thing. Suxxi had a thing going with

Mike that was part of the whole consciousness thing but was, in itself, a different thing. She was his sexless slut and she did it because she enjoyed demeaning him and saw this enjoyment as being a positive. Also, there were other things: less robust. Mike was kinetic, Suxxi was gravitational. They were a mix and match affair, operating across different scales of distance and time. He had some "theories", she knew, and their nature varied with the cabin pressure, but she hadn't spent the time to properly digest them.

For Suxxi had the great gift of indifference.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Mike re Clever-Cleaver: "The Shiny Head"

"Father and mother too?" said Mike. "You're both inside my knife?"

"Yes, Mike," said his dad. "We're in the knife. We care about you a great deal. Mike please don't do what you're about to do."

"Mike, this is your mother speaking. We stuck by you in the knife when you killed the you-know-whats at Loca Cluck and escaped to the Congo."

"That wasn't the main reason for my coming here, at all. You see, I came to teach some kind of people about the way of Loca." Mike hugged himself. "You were in my knife all this time and you never even told me. What kind of a relationship is that? As parents you ought to be ashamed or blamed for something."

"We're sorry. It's just that we've been waiting for the right moment. Don't you want to hear what we've been up to? Your mother and I met Gay God in the heavenly closet. The reason Gay God doesn't appear on Earth, flaunting it for the nonbelievers, is because he is in such an ecstasy of days that he can never work up enough enthusiasm to leave it, even for a minute."

"Gay God filled us to the brim with his sweet and sour truth," said Mike's mother. "One of the, metaphorically speaking, sphincter ripping things we learnt, is that no one ever goes to Hell when they die. All that Hell talk in the Bible is just one of Gay God's jokes. He did used to be homophobic, but it turns out he was just massively in denial of his own pagan sexuality. And his gayness, I guess, perhaps. Another thing we learnt during our session is that dogs are Gay God's angels. But best of all was to discover there is indeed one true way, and it's your way, Mike! Except for one little thing: killing is still basically wrong."

"Gay God says my way is the one true way! What a scoop!"

"We're both very proud of you," said Mike's dad. "Gay God has started to change his ways, which is having a big ripple on effect. He wants to be more in tune with you. He's requested that all prayers start with the word Loca, and end with them. Whenever

someone says 'amen' in a prayer up in Heaven, they now also say 'loca'. Just before he put us in your knife, he told me that one of these days, he's going to work up enough courage to ask you out."

"You heard your parents. You mustn't hurt me," said a dry voice below Mike. "Gay God is admiringly watching you, so you don't want to set a bad example for him."

"Define 'bad'," said Mike, throwing his quirky knife away. It sailed up into a tree, its solid handle hitting Gullet's shiny head, leading to his unhealthy descent to the ground.

"We did all we could," said Mike's dad quietly, up in the tree. "But Mike, you can't just create people and place them wherever you want. It's ill-disciplined."

"You're not supposed to be here!!" said Mike. He slapped Matthew again and again. "His jig on this coil was cessated"! That means you leave... or... OR... ACCEPT THE INPUT -> PROCESS -> OUTPUT IDIOM!"

"NEVER!" said Matthew, spitting in Mike's face.

"I love the GCNWF," said Art, from a tree. He rubbed Sam's hand. "The Gay Congoan Naked Wrestling Federation is probably the most sexual sport in all of the Congo."

Mike held Matthew down.

"The GCNWF is brought to you by Randal Leeb-du Toit," said Sam, through a coconut funnel. "Some say he smells like Cadbury."

"I had planned on changing it to SUBJECT-VERB-SUBJECT, but I'm not going any further," said Matthew. "None of these people are people," he added, "particularly you, Mike."

Mike seemed pleased.

Then, impossibly, Matthew and Mike pinned each other to the mat. Cadbury counted both of them out of the closet, and then, impossibly, pinned both of them, and was counted out.

It was all hopelessly triumphantly gay. And Gay God was very, very pleased.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Negotiation

Loca Congo: Showdown re Negotiation: SamArt: Dick

"We call this one Dick, and it is, hehe, basically like a penis," said Sam. "We found it in the gutter and painted it. Art figured out how to do a trick with it so that when you press this button it becomes erect." Sam pressed the button.

"Hey it squirted Cadbury in the eye!" said Mike. "Haw, haw. Hey let me reposition myself a bit there, Suxxi. Thanks."

"Oohhh, Mike, push it deeper, faster, harder," said Suxxi. She was rediscovering the pleasures of sex. She pulled his *Lesbian Love* shirt off and dug her fingers into his back.

"What is that liquid in that guy's eye, I hear you ask," said Sam.

"It's beetle phlegm!" said Art without actually proving it.

"Hey, Art, come over here," said Cadbury, ghoulishly.

"*Loca* dit can do," said Art.

The two walked away, into a drawer, closing it so they were bound in darkness.

"Art, I am your double, you're me, I'm you, except I'm smarter than you," said Cadbury. "Art my friend, we have to destroy *Loca*, for it sucks owl cock, and licks fish eggs."

"Why should I help you," asked Art coquettishly.

"I know how to get sex with any of those Congoans... any of them!" Cadbury could barely contain himself, all of a sudden. Then he pushed it back in his pants.

"Okay, that sounds frisky," said Art. "Right, you're on."

Loca Congo: Showdown re Negotiation: SamArt: Balls

"This one we call Balls," said Sam.

Art and Cadbury rejoined them, winking at each other.

"Yes, Balls," said Art. "We found these in the gutter with the penis. We dunked them in flour and defloured those balls. Tee-hee."

"Oooh Mike, faster slower," said Suxxi.

"Very good work, Art, very good," barked Cadbury. Then he slapped himself. He had to remember not to bark, as barking was unhuman, and hence would work against his plans.

"I'd like to thank Mike and Suxxi's lovemaking for making this possible," said Sam.

"Yes yes!" shouted Mike, pumping away.

Time passes.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Negotiation: Fuck Loca

"Hello," said Art to the Congoans.

"I've come here, through a wormhole, to tell you about Anti-Loca, with the Fuck Protocol. Cadbury and I discovered it while not wearing pants."

The Congoans didn't understand a word of what Art was saying.

Sam grew mad and ran onto the stage. "No Art, please, don't do this. Remember all the good times we shared, saying Loca? How can you do this? Please Art, Loca is going to transform the Congo, in positive ways! Loca is worthless!"

"No Sam," said Art. "Loca is priceless! Fuck Loca."

At those words, a chair was thrown into the sky.

Cadbury, at stage right said, "Fuck Sam!"

An apple fell on Sam, from somewhere.

"Fuck Sam," said Art. A handbag fell on Sam.

"Fook sim," said a Congoan.

"Folk slim fuckerpaddy dildo manual," said another.

"Fuuuck Congo," said another.

Cadbury slid on his socks across the stage, knocking Sam and Art into the Congoan crowd.

"We set Fuck to lame," said Cadbury, to the crowd. "Now I'm going to move that up to Hump."

"Fuck Everyone," he said, making the peace sign.

Loca, up in the sky, let slip a single tear.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Negotiation: Fuck Fuck

"I am \mathbb{L} oca," the creature said, standing on stage. "I don't mind you saying my name over and over, but you've been throwing chairs at me. Why?"

"So \mathbb{L} oca is a being," said Cadbury. "You're not what I expected."

"What did you expect?"

"Nothing at all."

"Where's Mike," asked \mathbb{L} oca. "He owes me 10 things."

"Mike, well, he's become the Anti- \mathbb{L} oca. He's flips around like that. Flips a lot. Doesn't know if he's coming or going," said Cadbury.

"I'm going to do battle for those 10 things, even if I have to create an Armageddon in the Congo," said \mathbb{L} oca.

"Right," said Cadbury.

"And no more throwing things at me," said \mathbb{L} oca.

"Hmm," said Cadbury.

"Well just to make sure you don't, I'm saying Fuck Fuck!" said \mathbb{L} oca.

An erectile Congoan was thrown at Fuck, which was sprawled out across the sky.

"Didn't work," said Cadbury.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Negotiation: Chair

Ad by Mike.

Do you enjoy saying yes? Have you been considering buying a chair, but don't want to put a mortgage on your cave? Are you ready for the thrill of saying yes again and again? Would you like to greet the future on a chair? Are you ready for the joy that owning a chair will bring? Then come and see my selection of cheap coconut chairs! Just use the Mike-signal and I'll be there.

Loca Ditspace re Monkeys

"Am I enough monkeys?"

Mike strutted his strafe like a maggot, like a chicken with maggots in its head, looking for spaces to stuff pillowcases. He's walking up the street. The main street of Ditspace. The Kingdom of Ditspace. Shaking it up like a maggot, like a maggot with chickens up its ass. A bag on his head, sometimes, when he wanted a bag on his head, or there was a bag on his head.

He had learnt from the birds, this fellow, from the lizards that grew wings and a new name. He had learnt about his head. About how to move it. Flicking or spasming from one arbitrary position to another. It was the way to not miss anything. It was the way.

One day he'd get a knife in the gut but tonight he'd hoop it all over the place, with his rack and his head flicking, flicking. One day he'd spend a short evening in a silky hospital bed - the best he'd ever lain in - before the swank spiral unto unraveling. Unraveling nothing into a infinite ream of nothing, around and around, nothing, unloop, unwind, unveil every moment of sheer nonsensical happenstance before him in his best bed ever. And a reflective moment, a chance to reflect upon the stain that developed upon his shadow.

"This bed is great," he'd think, but not hot buttered now with the whore and the dog.

Loca Congo: Showdown re The Gentleman

The Gentleman first arrived in the Congo just after a number of pygmies had died in a peculiar pygmy-explosives experiment that went horrifically wrong, thought to be initiated by Sam and Art, the rubber barons, but taken up with a gusto-pesto by Mike.

As The Gentleman approached he stepped through and over a number of pygmy carcasses, taking care not to ruffle his feathers, nor to grimy his fine pickled leather shoes.

Initially he explained that he was a "talent manager" from "down south of here" and had most recently managed the talents of two extraordinary bush-oracles named Matamata and Pilipili. He feigned lack of comprehension when asked what had happened to them, claiming they were an ongoing smash on the mute sage speakers circuit. When asked about their horribly disfiguring burns he accidentally put his tophat over his face for a few minutes and then forgot to answer the question.

Yet still, there was something about The Gentleman. He was very... charming...

Loca Congo: Showdown re The Gentleman: Tea

Of a Congoan morning Cadbury did like to sit down at a grass table he had had constructed in a fine fairy clearing, sup on something approaching breakfast as prepared by the pygmy kitchen that Mike had laced together, read years-old newspapers from

hitherto eradicated countries and discuss important and topical matters delicately with The Gentleman.

The Gentleman insisted on having a concoction prepared for him that Cadbury had also, much like The Gentleman himself, taken to, despite a loose sense that detestation would be a more appropriate response. The Gentleman called this concoction “tea”. He said it helped with the discussions, particularly with their delicacy.

Cadbury often eyed The Gentleman cynically throughout their discourse, trying to take brainsnaps, photographs of his brain, and hold them to his chest for later verification. He knew intellectually that there was probably something ghoulishly awry with this whole scene... but The Gentleman was so... charming!

He would talk about the grass sometimes as though it was a new form of concept – not a new concept, but a new *form* of concept. Then he would discuss puttyphysics with disarming clarity and insight, using it to prove that the spirit of man was more than the aggregate of all men’s spirits. After Mike explained Loca to him he stripped it back to its rawest form, vitamized it piecewise until it was clear there was nothing left, and spat the filthy residue back in Mike’s lap for him to clean up. He was a delight, he was a twist of magic, he dressed magnificently and looked a treat strutting about with his two wooden canes and, my oh my, Cadbury felt just the faintest flicker of a heartfelt yearning burning for the fellow in an entirely homosexual sort of way.

But that was below the pant; above the pant he had serious issues about the way he insisted on holding his tea cup.

Loca Congo: Showdown re The Gentleman: Scuffle

“To be in any sense human, and we *are* here to discuss humanity, there is a requirement to aspire to a level of aggregate good. To subscribe to a social moral order. Since it is clear that individuals are only important in as much as they are required to establish a collective, or as it has come to be known – the *colleptive*, it is equally apparent that it is the satisfaction function of this colleptive that must logically be optimized, as opposed to the satisfunctions of any of its components.”

The Gentleman then raised his cup, small finger extended, pursed his lips in a comically distorted way, and slurped his tea. He eyed Cadbury snootishshly. “So I’m saying a moral is an ethic, realized at the individual level but calibrated by the social structure of which the individual is apart. It applies equally to carrots, dogs, aliens and humans, or indeed any collection of combinations of these.”

“So if I’m born,” Cadbury countered, “What is my moral state then?”

“At that point you are at an amoral singularity,” The Gentleman explained, not missing a beat. “You are being held in a moral framework, unbeknownst to you, and you have a moral projection device *of some sort*, but none of the projections have been made as yet.

Beyond the trite existence of your physical constituents you do not, in fact, yet exist. *You do not morally exist.*”

Cadbury winced. He felt that he would be able to carry a better argument with The Gentleman if he could only stop thinking about covering him in coconut milk and licking him all over. Still, there was something to be said for rubbing one’s pants during stern conversation. It was a trick he’d learnt from Mike, though he wasn’t sure that that man had been doing it consciously.

“I have a different angle for viewing things,” Cadbury stated, rubbing sternly. “I do not agree with many social ordinations and choose to flout much of social structure religiously. Yet, this is not necessarily correlated with immorality on my part; indeed, I would proclaim this to be the highest possible order of morality. I am trying to improve society, including its moral structure, and am willing to sacrifice myself in doing so. I am a revolutionary.”

Loca Congo: Showdown re The Gentleman: Twitch

“You’d better be careful where you say that you’re a revolutionary. Because, Wanda’s revolutionary is Linda’s terrorist ordure, and vice versa. To describe this lexical relationship, one may say that terrorists and revolutionaries are ‘twitches’ of each other. *To solve conflicts, look for twitches.* Twitches point to values held in common, and they are *useful* when designing resolutions, if not revolutions.

“Twitches are relative to a particular relationship. For example, that of the lesbians Linda and Wanda.”

The Gentleman supped his tea briefly then added, “Thus, one man’s twitch is another man’s pitch. While, the second man’s twitch could well be the first man’s idea of a pitch. This in itself would be a twitch.”

Cadbury had vague thoughts that there was something wrong with this idea. Primarily however, he just wanted to touch The Gentleman’s genitals, and perhaps have a little more tea. In the meantime, he gently twitched.

Loca Congo: Showdown re The Gentleman: Sex-scuffle

As The Gentleman sat upon the lavatory and his firm buttocks ceremoniously spread open, it seemed that all under the seat were in for an impactful performance. Until the interruption this was utterly true – for with flourishes and acrobatics of buttocks and fingers, the illicit cargo was ably swirled and braided. Simultaneously the man on the can was enacting a cross-eyed breathing routine.

“Well, HELLO!” said Mike, interrupting the performance. His dilated pupils gave him a grotesquely delightful appearance.

“Hi how are you?” said The Gentleman, peacefully.

Mike broke down in tears. “I’ve seen too much. I really have. I just have to forget it all. I have to start forgetting right away. It was such an intense awareness of my brain, my mother, death, and what it’s like to be a genius. I was so wrong to pursue genius; it’s a terrible alien feeling. I might never be the same again. Perhaps I’m going to die because of this. Do you know anything about it? I’m not sure I’m me anymore....”

“Mike, you really shouldn’t be drinking tea.”

“I was given enough for three people! The pygmies tried to kill me!”

The Gentleman wiped, flushed, and hugged Mike. Then there was a bit of sexual hokey pokey.

Acceptance is wiser than denial, for the truth is always finding ways to express itself. As a challenge to our postmodernity, we would do well to see The Gentleman’s cross-eyed excrement performance as a new form of charming – not in itself charming, but a new form of charming.

Loca Congo: Showdown re The Gentleman: Unzipped

“Let us unzip your philosophy sir, if not your pants.”

Cadbury sat expectantly as The Gentleman tapped his forehead. He seemed to be incanting some sort of prayer or possibly a subliminal message.

“This is a philosophy of greys, this Cadburian philosophy; of shades of things malformed and not collapsing into certainty. It is not a helpful philosophy you see, for it does not help me make decisions. It does not assist me in ensuring that my pants are on straight and addressing the world in an appropriate fashion. In short, in that it does not introduce new knowledge, and in that it serves to obfuscate what knowledge does exist, your philosophy is one of ignorance.”

“My philosophy is one of truth,” Cadbury countered. “It makes no contribution to knowledge, beyond the logical structuring of ways to interpret it. That is its purpose.”

Cadbury felt as though, in these last few days, he had begun to wear The Gentleman down. Slowly, steadily, painstakingly he had found himself able to keep his mind off the man’s lactating testicles and confront head-on his special form of highly sophisticated madness. And, as he tapped away at The Gentleman’s shiny exterior, he began to expose his mind for what it really was... a philosophy processing machine. The Gentleman, Cadbury was coming to believe, was some sort of demonic philosophy robot.

Also, due to his introspection, Cadbury was now permanently erect.

Loca Congo: Showdown re The Gentleman: I

“We need to put things into perspective,” said The Gentleman.

“What I gathered from Mike is that Loca is a thinking technique. Saying ‘Loca’ is supposed to parallel looking through the target of a gun. If one is trying to improve their thinking then it is appropriate to look at looking itself, as Mike attempted with Loca. Mike generalized attention direction to Subject – Process – Output which at least provides a framework for creating ‘programs’ of attention direction.

“Mike said that everything has Merit. What he meant was that everything has potential, via conflict resolution, to contribute to evolution. Evolution can use anything at all to carve a particular solution. Whereas traditional ‘merit’ is about the class rank of a thing, Mike’s Merit is about its contribution to the world. Or, the contribution to Mike.

“Merit – your Congo-philosophical touchstone – was created for Loca. The mere phrase ‘everything has merit’ was intended by Mike to be its womb. After all, if everything has some value, then why not Loca? If this was accepted, Loca might find some supporters... who might splinter into different factions... which might do battle. Then, by virtue of the Merit of all involved, a superior form of Loca would develop.

“Mike tried to jiggle the Congoans into producing a new technique. In pretending to teach them to think, he was getting them to do his thinking for him. But it came to nothing because the Congoans did not respond. What is Philowankery? A self-improvement jag, defended by a minute philosophy, and fed by the shaky hand of crooked management.”

Loca Congo: Showdown re The Gentleman: I to I

"Cadbury, I'm afraid this is all going to come to an epiphany of monumental discord."

The Gentleman smirked churlishly. His churlishness had been escalating exponentially in recent times, in concert with his cane twirling. He had grown weary of softening up Cadbury and was now itching to move into a new phase of operations. Cadbury, for what it was worth, had learnt to grapple with The Gentleman, learnt to roll with some of his blows and hold his own thing up in the air. He suspected The Gentleman may be weakening, growing soft around the mind-belly, slipping into a pose more ridiculous caricature than ridiculous character.

Mike was watching from the trees. Some days he used to whistle, patently to be annoying and also to feel annoying, subversively to encode special messages to bird-friends in the area, but these days he had lost his sweet whistling voice. He sat in mute silence, some leaves in his ears and hands in his pants, and watched the mysterious goings on between Cadbury and The Gentleman. Even Sam and Art, the robber barons, with all the majesty

of their pointless antics, seemed superfluous now, though they did insist on occasionally throwing raisins from a nearby bush.

With Mike's eyes, this is what he saw: Cadbury and The Gentleman playing a form of hepped up footsies. Both of them had their shoes off. Both of them were trying to distract the other by waving body parts in the air. The air was rancid with philosophies dripping as thick as shit and thrice as smellfully. Cadbury parried one way with a thesis upon the sniffing of whimsy. The Gentleman fought back with a lemma regarding the futility of optionality. Both of them had been holding erections for an alarming period of time - in The Gentleman's case, ever since he had arrived some weeks ago. Perhaps he had always been erect, he seemed that type of guy.

As far as Mike knew, it was all about to end. He was considering scratching out a will on a leaf that he owned, but then he realized that the leaf was the only thing he owned... and he didn't want to ruin it. He would have left the leaf to Suxxi. He loved that girl, in a washed out sort of way. Maybe it wasn't love, maybe it was something to do with connectivity. He hadn't been thinking about love much, it really wasn't in his Congoan brief.

His brief had been all about building new thought technology and rolling it out across the world. Revolutionizing the conscious planet. Providing head-pants for all. But it had been harder than first thought. There had been troubles. Issues. Problems. It had all gone horribly, heinously wrong and it was all Mike's fault for siding up with a philomongering lunatic like Cadbury. Well, it wasn't all Mike's fault, he realized, twirling his cane in ever-maddeningly widening circles, because Cadbury was a philomongering lunatic and had to take most, if not all, well all, of the blame. Mike smirked churlishly.

"Cadbury, I'm afraid this is all going to come to an epiphany of monumental discord."

They blustered and billowed with the toxins of thought. Cadbury's voice was webbing the wind with new tones and things and trickling into pores of spores of air that used to carry the hope of breathing, but now only strangled the very lungs they once held up. The Gentleman was getting angrier and angrier, flowing mad like a beet, running red downstream with flangers trailing hatred and explosive implosive sage-rage. As The Gentleman grew more angry Mike could see Cadbury's spirit slink outwards like a floppy hollow blanket and begin to encircle him (The Gentleman). Each time The Gentleman stabbed, the spirit of Cadbury would absorb the knifeblade in this blanket of hateful love. Slowly the blanket circled, drifted, floated and enclosed. Enclosed and moved in. The Gentleman was being conceptually strangled.

But he spoke.

"I came here because I heard you had a new world, a true world, a hullabaloo world... a world to hang my hat on in these days of emptiness and horror (though I do concede they are no more empty or more horrible than any other days as a generalization). I came here to test drive this new thought technology you had put together, to take it through the trees

and underground in the wonderground, to see how it would drive in the modern world.

And what do I see, I?

I see mad people running naked, brains exposed, in the forest. I see hate-rhymes against all of society. I see a system that produces every problem it solves. I see endless self-perpetuating shit funnels, funneling the world's shit back to it... as shit! And not even bothering to re-label the shit... well, I guess it's an honest system. Kind of like an elbow. Honest, but useless.

But then the horrible thing-sting unfolds. For I see myself... removing clothing... shedding layers, unveiling shades of gentlemanly greys, unpeeling veils, you get the sniff-drift, running naked, brain exposed, in the forest! Performing snake-crimes against all of society. And, most horribly of all, speaking in riddles in piddles in puddles in muddled-fuddled shudders. It makes me.

Oh my oh my oh my. I am going insane!"

The Gentleman crashed to the ground, shaking the trees and dropping coconuts on the heads of those watching the scene. He was crying like a baby and clutching his head, trying to stop it from explode explode exploding, but the throbbing only grew more frontal more lobotomy more mind screechingly monstrous until the whole member was pulsing on top of his shoulders like an engorged sexual organ. He screamed, The Gentleman, he screamed for all his love as a leaf in the greenery of life.

He screamed he screamed.

"Cadbury, I'm afraid this is all going to come to an epiphany of monumental discord."

Loca Congo: Showdown re The Gentleman: Simmer

Mike plucked a brittle leaf off a tree and creased it with his fingers. The Gentleman's agitation reminded him of his recent tea induced altered state. He'd drunk enough for three people—for a while, his memory-skin's outer layer had peeled away, revealing an alien and younger self. Was The Gentleman tripping on tea—he drank enough—or was he running on pure anger?

"I thought all that tea would finally catch up with you," said Mike, crackly leaf in hand. "Just breathe calmly."

The Gentleman simmered.

"Don't drink any more tea," iterated Mike. "It's turning you into a monster. I'm glad it was just the tea talking when you said those things. I wonder what else the tea has been making you say?"

“IT WAS NOT THE TEA TALKING. THE THINKING REVOLUTION IS A LIE!”

“I respect your right to really believe you think that. If your theory is true, what does that imply? Shall we look at that? If there hasn’t been any revolution, there’s no way Loca3 could ever have happened. It takes a revolution to think of something like that. And LocaN can’t have solved the ultimate Loca Riddle, because LocaN also doesn’t exist. Well, it couldn’t, could it? If there haven’t been any revolutions, like you say. But let me tell you something: they both exist. If you started to spend time thinking in Locan, you too would come to know and love the Loca.”

That’s no way to talk to a permanently erect gentleman, thought Cadbury.

“The important thing is to scrape useful ideas from Ditspace,” said Cadbury. “‘By their ideas shall ye know them,’ to paraphrase Jesus. The Loca set should be just a small part of a dictionary of all the useful ideas we could have.”

“Why, yes,” said Mike. “In a philowankical dictionary like that, Loca Date is just a noun, and Loca Date? is the processing equivalent.”

“Er-ham,” said The Gentleman. “A philowankical dictionary?”

Loca Congo: Showdown re The Gentleman: Wormalci

“What is that gentleman’s name? Not that I care! He’s just some crazy – albeit definitive – gentleman with a ‘sanity complex’. I’m going to call him Basil. By that same token, I am Abdul Wormalci.” Mike folded a towel on his head, and oddly did half of a fertility ritual with his right hand. Then his face broke out in a big smirk, his cheeks turning purple, for some reason.

Cadbury suddenly dispatched a few slap-up comments. “Mike, what are you smirking about?! Let us in on the funny story. You aren’t hiding a funky story from us are you Mike? Come on, give us the fancy story! Damn it, man! Or have you been drinking tea... or twirling a cane!? That makes me smirk. I’m smirking already. Sweet cocks in socks, now I can’t stop smirking. If things were funnier mind you, I’d laugh. How I miss laughter.”

Suddenly neither Mike or Cadbury could quite contain themselves, and they rolled around on the ground. Not a sound emitted from their mouths, but they were smirking.

“You’re gyrating on the ground, er-ham,” declaimed The Gentleman snappishly. “If you’ve got something funny in your inventory, like a sausage or talcum powder, laugh. But don’t roll around and smirk! To paraphrase Mahatma Gandhi, laugh or do not laugh. There is no smirk, er-ham. Besides, I find hideous grimaces unpleasant. I’m particularly

disappointed with you, Cadbury, er-ham. I thought you were beyond rolling around and smirking, and I also thought you were better looking.” He sipped his tea.

“Ah, put a sock in it which you then lose Basil,” Mike broke into another round of smirks, but Cadbury was embarrassed by The Gentleman’s disapproval, and threw himself into the sky with the force of his shame.

“Hmm,” said The Gentleman. “You have a problem Mike...” He was briefly interrupted by Cadbury landing on him. “That hurt, and I must say, syntax error! But Mike, your problem – one of them – is that you haven’t quite wired up your creative and rational sides. So, er-ham, the question – one of them – is how are you going to wire up your creative and rational sides? I believe we’re impatient for a nice adult chat, and/or a little interspace. And let me just warn you, we’re on the verge of an epiphany of monumental discord and all that.”

Loca Congo: Showdown re The Gentleman: Epiphany

“There has never been an explosion like this,” The Gentleman announced, his head filling with all the blood that had ever flowed through the veins of humans.

And then he exploded.

Loca Congo: Showdown re The Gentleman: Mike

Mike walked away, stepping lightly in his style, letting his head-eyes do the looking that could not be done I to I. As he did so, he admired his locawork.

Of course, it had always seemed likely that there was a thing going on with Mike and The Gentleman. Something jutting up against their caricatures that would smooth out the ripples, make it all make “sense” again. Something that could explain Cadbury’s unnatural fixation with the man, as well as provide a rationale for his mysterious appearance in deepest dankest Congo.

“Who knows the real story?” Mike whistled, his tunefulness returning to him like an elastic lover. “Echo in the night of my soul that I might eat you Congo my loca death reborn – my loca death reborn.”

Mike had saved Cadbury again and it was becoming a pattern obscured by the trees, he considered. He had to double-check his detachment from the man, though for sure he saw him as some type of sketching board, he had never ever crystallized into anything firm. All these caricatures are cold stone empty, even a god inverted could not feel empathy towards them. Such was the Manifesto. Cadbury was just a man to Mike. The ripples he exhibited did not smooth out existence. Cadbury was just a human node in the loca mesh projecting Cadburian locations, some of which were fresh. He didn’t subscribe to Loca and therefore couldn’t see himself in context. He wasn’t in the Loca Soup.

“And my loca death reborn,” Mike whistled, skipping into the night that he had murdered.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Finale

Loca Congo: Showdown re Finale: Monsters Galorious

Out of portholes, out of potholes, out of the asses of barons and robots alike sprang many monsters galorious.

Many monsters sprang forth with monstrous teeth clenched and monstrous heads writhing in magical anger and eyes popping and tongues flapflapflapping.

Many monsters wearing different costumes.

Many monsters singing fancy tunes.

Many monsters with many tales to tell.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Finale: When Philowankeries Collide

Loca Congo: Showdown re Finale: When Philowankeries Collide: On the explosion pad

Cadbury was teetering on the edge of a Congoan log, talking to Mike in a tongue he had previously forsaken.

“We came here with a fury, we were exciting, new dogs with big dog ideas. We came to develop something. To revolutionize something. To spread the news of something. What have we done? What!?”

Mike considered scratching briefly but decided on rubbing. His neck was irritating him. Oh wait, it was Cadbury.

“What have we done, Mike!?!? These pygmies are brutes of elves of beings,” he looked at them like a lemon, “Nothing that is not disaster will come of this. Nothing!”

Mike smiled – he knew the drill. Premonitions of disaster followed by the revolutions that fulfill them. It’s the cycle of life and the cycle of Cadbury spinning neatly within one another, sucking every little last bit of juice from the continuity of their dimensionality.

“Hi Cadbury. Like a juice?” he inquired, fluttering his lashes politely.

Soon, though, it would all change, Mike knew. The old cycles would be snapped. And he, Mike, would be the thing in the middle.

“Live your Loca, Cadbury,” he said.

Cadbury gazed at him reproachfully.

“I have never truly subscribed to Loca, Mike. Did you know that?” His eyes were syncopating with some unheard rhythm. “I had a different idea. Back at university, back at Lick. From the start, Mike. I’ve been here under snaffled pretenses. I’ve done it all wrong.”

He slumped onto the Congoan log. Distress. The battle with the Gentleman had really sapped the man, stolen his sprucey bits. He did nothing but dribble onto his chest and Mike followed suit but into a juice.

Mike handed him the juice and placed a paw upon his dampened breast.

“Live your Loca,” he whispered gently, then smoothly slid away. As he did so, he again admired his locawork. Every last sick thing was falling right on into place.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Finale: When Philowankerries Collide: Comments from the log

Back on the log, Cadbury slowly sipped his juice, “Poor Mike,” he chortled through the portal, “his philowankerries are as tasteless as his juice.”

“Plus, there’s the thing with his upcoming death.”

Loca Congo: Showdown re Finale: The Endpoint of Time

Loca Congo: Showdown re Finale: The Endpoint of Time: Butt shuffle

Mike sat alone at the edge of a cliff drinking juice merrily. His eyebrows were ceaselessly furrowing and unfurrowing and he was also talking to himself in Locan. Behind him the wind was sweeping back and forth over a grassy field, and on a ledge further back a lizard with a frilly neck was busily sucking on the remains of The Gentleman’s still engorged penis.

A cold blast of wind slapped Mike on the butt, clambered up his spine, and exploded in his brain. He became very still and silent. Suddenly he felt extremely depressed; it was as though he had just realized he was playing with the ultimate in losing hands. ‘I don’t know how to help the pygmies. Cadbury never really meant it when he said Loca. This

juice doesn't taste very good. Someone may be trying to kill me.' He decided that the wind, and whatever the wind represented, probably wanted him to jump. He peered over the edge and gulped.

The rocks below, small in the distance, looked hard and gray.

While Mike had been sitting there, thinking, a creature with a tomato for a head had been crawling on all fours over the grassy field to get to him. When it finally reached him at the edge, it pulled itself up onto its legs, but seemed to be having difficulty keeping its balance.

"Hello," said the thing, grabbing Mike's arm to steady itself. Mike jumped slightly at the shock of being touched, then jumped again when he cast his eyes on the strange creature. "It's a bit windy – someone like me could be knocked over the edge!" it said. Then it climbed onto Mike's lap.

"How are you?" said the thing. "My name is Tomato Sam, nowadays." His breath was a mixture of tomato and whiskey. "I used to be your, you know, boyfriend," said Tomato Sam, but the wind picked up and Mike didn't hear him.

Mike was rather irritated about Tomato Sam sitting on his lap – who was currently shuffling his butt around to get comfortable while letting out little yelps of pleasure – as it meant that Mike couldn't jump without committing murder, even though he'd just be killing some kind of tomato. "I'm fine, but I'm a little busy right now. Like a juice?" said Mike.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Finale: The Endpoint of Time: Debasement

Mike and the pygmies were doing something in a field near the cliff where Cadbury sometimes sat on a log. It had happened before of course, but this time it was something large and obscure. Something whose nature was obfuscated by its artificiality. Something that may have been exciting had Cadbury had a single drop of juice not fouled by human blood. All his energy he was saving, all his energy he was storing... to kill the bad man.

There were a lot of visions that Cadbury was having that probably weren't real or anything, but it didn't seem to matter... he was just trying to hold onto a long, sharp instrument that he had in his mind, and focus on skewering; slicing deep and ripping across and down and snapping the elastic of life from the chest of the beast. Yes. There was to be no confusion.

From another angle he reflected delicately upon the philowankery, and its failure to get traction. He saw his thoughts concurrently as holistic and trivial, and maybe that's what sickened him about them. Thoughts were not fractal it seemed, indeed they got simpler as they got bigger. And maybe he had not had the packaging of Loca or the snide, satisfying deception of the holy I... but still, at least his theory predicted its own death.

"So what exactly is your philosophy Cadbury? So far you've been somewhat vague on this point."

It was Mike of course, and it didn't matter. Even less than it ever did. Cadbury was utterly juiced and he had come to the realization that he was truly a loathsome beast. Cadbury that is. Mike, on the other hand, was covered in sweat or some reasonable facsimile thereof.

"There's still a place for you , you know," Mike drove on, replacing mockery with the patronizing tone closest to mockery. "There's still room for you... if you have room for Loca."

Cadbury shifted weezily, doing a miniature version of the butt scuffle.

"Look at the pygmies Cadbury," Mike continually trawling, "They have purpose and direction. Some of them have manners and pants. Yes, the pants without the big hole in the front. Look at them!" He swept his arms across the field but Cadbury maintained his aloof disposition.

Some time passed with Mike admiring the industrious toil of his pygmy friends and Cadbury looking Gaussily out beyond the edge.

Eventually Cadbury turned to Mike and stated simply: "So, did someone win?"

Mike peered at Cadbury in stone.

"Did someone win Mike because I feel like we're at the endpoint of time and that by now somebody, somewhere should have won."

"Won what, Cadbury?"

"Won everything... or, at least, something."

"I think it's a moot point Cadbury."

"Did anything *happen* then? It feels like we've on this huge big rollercoaster ride that never left the docking bay – yet I still feel nauseous and turned inside out and as though I've been dangling upside down from the tip of the world? *Did anything happen!?*"

"I don't know Cadbury. Like many things, it depends upon the meanings of the words we're using. But I will say this: we came a long way to Loca: Away."

"What? What did you just say?" Cadbury suddenly arose, projecting himself out from the log and in front of Mike. He seemed angry. Internally he was holding his long mental spear tight. He gripped Mike by the neck and throttled.

“What did you just say?” He was trying to squeeze it out of him. “What?”

Mike wasn’t sure how big a man Cadbury was, but he noted that he had become very big recently. Too big to deal with. Too much mass. Too much heavy.

Cadbury felt himself swelling, becoming engorged with the spilt blood of his dead compatriots, and he saw himself squeezing the life from the bad man. This time he would take him out. This time he would stand up for the universe. This time he would be the human dog that he had toured the world lecturing about for all these years and he would breath, he would crush Loca and breath, and he would save the universe and the universe would breath and Loca would be dead and he would be man or a dog inside a man and everyone would praise his achievements and Loca would be dead doomed dead.

And then something odd happened.

Cadbury felt himself being lifted, raised up, floating... he presumed he was ascending, moving up to a grander plain because he had killed Loca... he had freed the universe of Loca...

But when he looked down, he saw that the Loca Prophet was alive, still standing there, his eyes boggling about, his arms flapping, his dry, horrible lips trembling. Also, Cadbury realized he wasn’t very high at all. No higher, indeed, than if one had been raised onto the shoulders of a group a tall pygmies. In fact, Cadbury observed as he got swiftly transported away, he was actually looking up, not down, at a now smirking Mike. There had been some sort of a transfiguring parallax error.

So it seemed, Cadbury pondered, that the matter of his total debasement was yet to fully play out. And these well-muscled pygmies smelt dreadful as a result of their manful toil.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Finale: The Endpoint of Time: Pants Off

“The pants are off, Cadbury,” Mike snarled, but with a strange compassion in his eyes. They were moving rather quickly, Cadbury bouncing wildly on the shoulders of the pygmies. Mike was being carried by another group of athletic pygmies, however he was sitting upright and looking across at the horizontal Cadbury.

“I am sorry in a way,” Mike mused, “Because despite your innumerable flaws and your excruciating inability to grasp the loca that is before you, you are not the worst person to have ever existed, despite being about to go to the fate that that person would deserve.

Hey, this was the only way, you see, the was the only way to loca the world.”

Cadbury wasn’t talking much because a pygmy was doing things in his mouth. Mike continued.

“I must thank you for taking care of the Gentleman, I really must. That was very good. And now, this is the startpoint of a new time. From here on in people will be wearing loca headglasses, and viewing things through functional loca filters like I told you. Or maybe I forgot to tell you that bit. Either way it doesn’t matter because it’s all about the loca you project and the loca you filter. You outsmarted yourself.”

The pygmies suddenly halted and lowered Mike to the ground. Above Cadbury a rather ominous shadow loomed. Twisting, he could see that they had come to the base of some sort of vertical structure.

A statue perhaps, a statue of the great Loca Prophet?

Was Cadbury to be sacrificed to the Loca Gods at a statue of the Loca Prophet, Mike?

The giant pygmy (twice as tall as a normal human) that stood nearby silently, noisily sharpening a monster scythe, tended to suggest yes.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Finale: The Startpoint of New Time

“No. This is not the end of the Cadbury story,” Mike pronounced. “This is an elevation of the Cadbury and the world alike, a promotion for all things existential, the startpoint of a new time.”

Cadbury, his throat finally cleared of pygmy protrusions, was shuffled around to face the object that they had come upon. He saw, with all the horror of the ludicrous becoming real, that it was not a statue, but, indeed, something akin to a rocket. Of course, it was pure Mike. And its rocket-like façade did not bely its coconut husk origins. Essentially, it was a rocket-shaped coconut, with the word “Zebu” etched onto it.

“Impressive, huh?” Mike tapped its hide, which resonated scarily.

“Harness up the Zebu, we’re out of this place,” Mike blinked blank.

After a few moments of stillness he boomed forth, “Harness up the Zebu, pygmy droids!!!” At which a certain buzz of activity began.

Cadbury was now able to speak, but could not see a way to use the opportunity appropriately.

“You might be wondering about this new breed of pygmies, Cadbury, or about the engineering of the Zebu, or about exactly how time has been restarted from inside Loca. These are technical issues, and I won’t be discussing them here. Instead, I will be letting you know about your fate.”

Mike waved to giant pygmy for no reason.

“You didn’t subscribe to Loca, Cadbury, and now Loca must unsubscribe you from its parent structure, existence. You see, Loca does describe existence, but it is still a subset of it. A subset which handles subscriptions. In any case, here we go, I cannot talk to you anymore because I disgust myself in doing so. I hate for it to come to this but I’ve got to say that I like it far more than I hate it. It’s funny and it’s fitting.”

He giggled girlishly for a moment and then clicked his fingers loudly, “Pygmies! Send this puppy on his way!”

Cadbury was picked up and his living carcass moved towards a ramp that had appeared from the Zebu’s belly. Mike was waving manically from his new position upon some giant pygmy shoulders.

As he was being carried up the Zebu ramp Cadbury noticed that Mike was not only waving manically but that he was following after him and that also he wasn’t so much waving manically and flailing manically. Cadbury wasn’t sure what this meant, but felt reasonably certain it was good and proper. About then Cadbury entered the Zebu and everything went milky brown.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Finale: Harness up the Zebu

Cadbury was limp as his body got banged around the innards of the Zebu. He had never been able to control the pygmies, never been able to find a level with them. He was fine having pretentious, philosophical tête-à-têtes with international dignitaries and geniuses from other planets, but he could never cut it with the little folk.

And now he was screwed.

His only consolation, he discovered as the pygmies settled him into place in a large rack-like contraption and lit a candle in the peculiar, high-tech, whipping dungeon in which he’d come to rest, was that Mike, apparently, was also screwed.

This was it, Cadbury presumed... the ultimate consummation of their mutual ultra-genius – to be thought out of existence by a ragtag group of semi-sentient half-people.

He looked over at Mike who, like him, was shackled securely in some type of primitive shackling rack. He couldn’t help but smirk lightly as he saw the confusion and fear in Mike’s eyes. It seems his little friends had been huddling in the trees, whispering behind his back.

It was time, however, for the pygmies to have their say.

“I am the Pygmy King,” he said, stepping forward, from the sweaty shadows of his hench-pygmyes. “You’ve been awaiting me, perhaps.”

He stood with his lips pursed absurdly, pouring into his role, tilting to the left and the right intermittently. He wore, not regal attire, but a rather messy T-shirt and shorts combo that appeared to be discovered in a garbage disposal unit by a time traveler from an era corrupted by stylelessness. The shirt had a picture of a strange horse and the words “think small” emblazoned upon it in faded lettering. The Pygmy King was small for a pygmy, making him small for a person.

“Well your long wait has not been in vain,” the Pygmy King continued, “for now that you have learnt the skill of waiting, that will be all that you will have to do.”

Cadbury wasn’t sure why that should make any sense, but he strangely felt as though it somehow fitted. This was the theme of the day.

Mike had started panting, a little trick he had learned in dog school.

“In our time together though, before we... part... I want you to understand a few things. It may help you in your journey. Or hurt. Either way’s a charm.

You see, you were under the impression that you were amassing some sort of thought army here in the Congo. Some sort of consciousness collective that you could harness and turn against all the forces that you fight against in the world, perhaps. You tried to use my people, my pygmy people, as pawns in your peculiar plans, but that didn’t work so well, did it? Why? I have the reason here, friends....”

He suddenly produced a large pile of papers covered in indecipherable scrawls.

“You see, you forgot something... in all your schemes, all your grandiose planning and maneuvering and hoity-toity high concept notions... don’t you remember... the first rule...

The philosophy becomes worthless once the principles underlying it are understood.”

The Pygmy King then segued into a long discussion of his mathematical derivation of this principle and how he had applied it to their current situation. It seemed that, in essence, by opening the pygmies’ mind-eyes to a higher state of sentience, Cadbury and Mike had essentially undermined the philosophical grip on them that they required to use them in their philosophical crusade.

In other words, the pygmies had developed their own philosophy.

The irony tasted sweet on Cadbury’s mind-tongue as he lolled agog, lapsing just partially into a blissful coma.

Mike had now begun dribbling a lot, another lesson from dog school.

The pygmy philosophy, it turned out, was fairly complex, but had something to do with breaking thought up into units so small that their nature and temporality could not be simultaneously determined. It was all about thinking small. They claimed to be ready to revolutionize the world with the theory. They had a manifesto in production called: “The Little Think”.

“But enough of this precious banter, foolishly large hominids - it’s time to bring time to an end. You’ll be glad, or possibly sorry, to know that I’ve filled this ship with highly explosive concepts and pointed it towards the dead heart of Ditspace. Soon all will be lost. For you.”

At this, the Pygmy King and his small-thinking entourage turned and hot-footed it out of the room, clunking assorted paraphernalia as they went.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Finale: We’re Out Of This Place

One pygmy stayed behind however. It was a hideous pygmy wench who claimed her name was something like “Suxxi”. She was apparently assigned to watch over Cadbury and Mike and assure that everything went horribly wrong. She sat on a stool and fondled herself while the mechanically unsound whirrings of the Zebu gradually built up in the background.

In these final moments, Cadbury felt strangely numb. Well, no, in truth he had always felt numb, that was probably why so much of what he did had failed, despite its inherent goodness. But he didn’t feel that this business of his own demise was substantially worse than the escapades that had come before it, by which he meant the residual of his own life. Actually it kind of amused him. Not enough to laugh at, to be sure, but it was worthy of a wry grin at least.

Mike was trying to Loca-visualize, a true believer to the end. Loca would not necessarily get him out of this situation, but it would help him see it clearly and perhaps figure a way to get something new from the experience. To get some movement from it, in the proper parlance.

“Loca Zebu re: Explosion tit by Displacement.”

He looked at Suxxi, the pygmy whore. Perhaps he could convince her to do something for him. Something sexual perhaps, or even related to releasing him from his shackles.

“Loca shackles zap receptacle.”

Even now he was conjuring new Loca technology. “Zap receptacle” had just come to him, and perhaps he could use it to attain his freedom.

But no, Suxxi just continued masturbating. What had they done to her, Mike pondered?? Well, nothing probably, but he was fairly upset by the failure of zap receptacle. He still felt sure that Loca was there for him, however.

At that point the engines started up.

Bang.

Suxxi fell over but continued masturbating.

Boom.

Mike began chanting Loca incessantly.

Shake.

Cadbury adjusted his tie.

Exxxplode.

And the Zebu was away.

Loca Congo: Showdown re Finale: It's A Pygmy Revolution!

As the Zebu sailed off into the distance, the Pygmy King walked jauntily towards the trees with his minions.

“It’s gonna be a pygmy revolution, my friends,” he stated commandingly. “With the philosophy of small thinking understood, we will take this paltry planet by storm.”

One of the more abrupt minions was seen to be rubbing his cheeks at this point and eventually cleared his throat and offered stiltedly and inquisitively: “But... I had thought, my King, that once the principles underlying a philosophy became understood... the philosophy itself became worthless.”

The King stopped his stride and turned to face the precocious minion. Maintaining his gaze on the questioner, he unfolded his arm in a way that made his words address the larger group.

“No, my minion,” he proclaimed emphatically. “We found an error in that philosophy.”

And with that, they walked off into the trees, thoughts of philowankery sparking new movement in their minds.