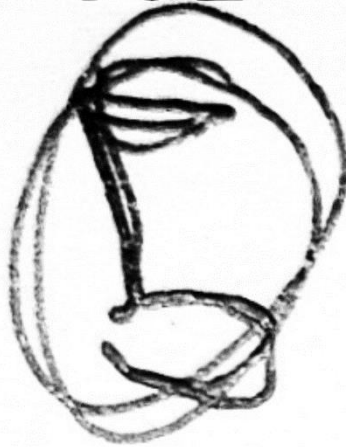


**LEAVE THE
DETAILS TO
JOE**



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LJMcD Communications

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The logo features the stylized initials 'LJMcD' in a cursive script above the word 'COMMUNICATIONS' in a smaller, sans-serif font. A horizontal line is positioned below the initials.

Trash wafting stale bread and detritus—the man walked down the boulevard hinting at exactitude trailing a cigarette smoke hanging in the air like a bad fever dream. No, not the good kind—the kind that makes your skin crawl with the electric sex tingles come three times in wrenching spasms dirty sheets in a foreign hotel—no, this is the bad kind like phantom claws a slicing feeling that eats to the bone. He walks down a bevy of hawkers, guides, and tourist trappers sidling up to him showing him phony Rolex watches and Swarovski crystals. He brushes them aside with an imperious wave of the hand he has a certain stink about him the regal stink of something about to happen. His coordinates are located in present time within a city that is shifting parameters all around him. Like a dream he wanders in from a 1920s speak-easy nodding lightly at the dancing girl and the topless waitresses he steps through a door and there he is in Joe's garage oil stains the scent of axel grease yes sir just leave the details to Joe.

This is the city of forbidden memory, the place where all dreams come to die. They die kicking and screaming leaving faint traces of phosphorescence in the air wafting about like the sparks of a bad weld job. The palace stands on one corner of the city looking down a fortress built for a war on the senses squeal of pigs and the squawk of exotic birds. The food is brought in on a long conveyor belt gold plates

leaving a trail of dust on hot hors d'oeuvres filled with the finest of ingredients beaver-fish rotted in its own excrement a rare fruit that smells of corpses and tastes like any lover you can imagine a deadly mushroom that sends out the most delicate spores inhaled on an empty stomach to produce dizzying highs. The guests come in on hang-gliders, on quad-bikes, skiing down from the snowy alps that rise above the city on three sides. They have their papers checked at the gate by a team of burly guards standing there like saint Peter "I'm sorry sir, but you're not on the list."

Nothing worse than being *out*. When your name isn't on that list you might as well find yourself with the ragged rabble waiting outside for a whiff of champagne or the bloated fart of a partygoer. Once you're *in*, however, you're in solid. It happens like this: you are sipping tea with the duchess or engaged in some tedious business transaction and you get a summons from the consulate that you are invited to a particular soiree given for only the most exclusive of guests. You are given no time to prepare or think the offer through a car is waiting at the door and before you know it you are being whisked through airport security and well on your way to the Land of Dead Dreams.

Parties last for days, weeks, months. It is not unheard of for a guest to die of old age before the

festivities are through. Yes sir, when you're in you're *in*. All manner of diversions are on offer for the selected guests—everything from deer hunting and spear fishing to high stakes poker games and the soft cushioning blow of the balloon rooms. You enter in through a door falling three feet down into the soft floor that sort of sucks at you like a lover who's been hitting the sauce. Balloons burst open and shower the guest in a fine gold confetti and a thin gas is released into the air lifting the guest up so that they are floating at a level with the lowest hanging balloons. The sacs are made of a thin membranous substance that resembles the stretched and tanned skin of a river fish, there are veins of light that run through each balloon pulsing and breathing with a faint phosphorescent glow. The adventurous guest can opt to pluck one of these balloons from the air and open it up to suck in the sweet yellow gas that bubbles up from inside. The effect is not unlike the first cigarette after an absence of many years—the head spins and the blood rushes away from the fingertips and toes. A lightheaded, dizzy feeling overcomes the guest and they would at first fear fainting or falling but soon realise that from their floating position there just isn't anywhere to fall to. There is no up and there is no down, just the sweet membranous high of the balloons buoying you up into a light floating position to be enjoyed as long as you can stand it. To come down,

so to speak, one must simply swim over to the door and make their way outside. Here the difference in pressure returns the happy hunter to the ground in a swift drop. Their head returns to normal pressure and all traces of the drug vanish in an instant.

There are also the blue sex rooms staffed by Venusian boys and girls and beings of indeterminate sex. They are trained in all manner of techniques and their certain psychic abilities make sure that every guest is treated to the finest kicks they can handle without them even being aware of speaking. The events in this room are recorded and played back in the red flesh room across the hall delving deep into every orifice and feeling the rush of blood as it flows in an eager crotch. The guests in this room hook themselves up through a series of electrodes to feel the films as they are being played experiencing in real-time the ecstatic feeling of an aroused nipple or a tightened scrotum at the moment of orgasm. The minutiae of the human experience are catalogued and brought forward to be played on repeat stop rewind fast forward playback at half speed. Finest sex kicks in agonising detail. You never know who you are when you leave the red room, might as well be a disembodied cock for the way you came three short spurts where the blood rushed in like an ebbing tide.

Yes sir, the guests have really got it made. But who is the benefactor for such a swinging party? Certainly not the monarch of the joint—*he* left the scene nearly a century ago, went the way of the pharaohs before things got out of hand. This crumbling mansion is the only thing that remains of those heady days of the god-king whose command made the sun rise and set. Statues to the illustrious leader are still to be found standing around the courtyards and cloisters of the old place, but they are disfigured now crumbling faces like the scars of leprosy. “Alms? Alms for a poor rotten beggar?” the nose comes falling off landing in some poor sap’s outstretched hand. He retches into a rose scented handkerchief batting away the crude graffiti and the scent of slowly decaying flesh, maggots, and unfinished mummification. No, the old king is no longer here—he moved out a long time ago—so just who *is* it who would provide for such a lavish affair? Certainly not the ministers of the interior. Nameless assholes, they could barely organise their own re-election let alone a thing like this. Sure, their faces are seen here and there schmoozing with the more extravagant guests trying to drum up a bit of foreign support for the upcoming campaign bring a little bit of outside business to the fading nation, but there’s no way on this god-forsaken rock that those poxy bastards would have anything to do with organising an affair such as this. So who? The

invitations are vague and noncommittal signed only with a smudged rubber stamp that could be the logo of any multi-national corporation, but we know better. There is only one corporate entity in the zone big enough to throw a party like this and that's 'Soul Eaters Incorporated' as you damn well know.

Introducing Sol Lefevre.

Sol comes from money. Not just born into it, but born from it. He came out the day his trust fund matured and he hasn't looked back since. Nobody knows where on earth he was extracted from but he studied literature at Yale with a faint Scandinavian accent, sipped tea across Gibraltar while writing Japanese calligraphy. There are some as say he came from nothing—just a nameless asshole, cover for the Coca-Cola corporation. But these rumours appear unfounded with Sol launching his own brand of Cola right here in the Zone great taste with the Cocaine Back *In!* Marketing is proving difficult what with international rules and regulations but here in the zone and across the jungles of South America business is booming and Sol Lefevre grows richer by the day. There is some as say he was parachuted in to bolster a failing nation-state with a little bit of American Money™. This may be closer to the truth, but really who is to say? Met him only once in passing on the way to the pissoir he was heading down the hall in a

pair of plaid plus-fours, a hunting rifle and ammunition strapped across his back and chest. He nodded and smiled three gold teeth and what I knew from the Nuremburg trials to be a cyanide capsule quick release in case of capture—capture by who or what I am unsure of, but I know what I saw.

Now, there comes a time in every young man's life when he is faced with a decision: does he take on the role that society has shaped for him or does he forge a new path? The second option is fraught with dangers and peril lays around every corner, but it appears to me that this is the option which dear old Sol Lefevre took upon himself. After leaving Yale with a half-finished course of studies under his patent-leather belt, he disappeared from the records popping up only occasionally in such far-flung places as Tibet and Madagascar. What he was doing we shall never know, but when he appeared in the Zone we know that he came with nothing on him but a forged passport and a small fortune in raw narcotics and gold bullion. The narcotics was the first to go turning into lucrative government contracts and 'Soul Eaters Incorporated' reared its big ugly head just right where you're sitting now.

A big blonde accountant chewing his cigar around a thick bottom lip he looked me over said "Son, we need more like you in this operation," and

there I was strapped on a grey flannel suit. This is the land where dreams come to die and just like walking out from one room into another, I found myself walking straight from my hometown of Beaver Missouri into a scene from a novel by Conrad. The pirates and the commissioned men were standing scarred and ugly by the far wall chewing their cigars and cheroots round a line of wet mouths their eyes glistening with a faint rotten smell that came off them in gusts. Spiders, snakes, and scorpions were there under their feet giving off a faint poisonous smell and hissing at anyone who came too near. My job, or so it seemed, was to 'milk' these men of their sour dispositions and bring back the gentle effluvium in carefully labelled bottles and jars for use in a different part of the operation. It's a simple affair, you sidle on up to the man standing there drinking his beer, you tap him on the shoulder and offer him a smoke. He fixes you through with a broad stare and you stare back locking on to his coordinate point, that simple line of film that runs the deepest in his being. Once caught, you can playback this film extracting the moments in time that make up a man—first fumbling in the broom closet, he came in his underdrawers a sticky sweet smell of sperm and rectal mucous—driving too fast down a one way street, "whaddya wanta do, kill somebody?"—a fat wife he dreams of smothering with a pillow, fucks the cabin boy two or three times

a week—now that we've got this horrid muck we can 'milk' it out of the mark by writing it down just like I'm writing *you* down now.

The phantom lip he was to say? Met him moving his eyes, sir... the guards popping crumbling party... certain adventures popping extravagant glow... I moved down across the water the light wearing thin where I was to see. Made a move to raise my hand, made a move as if to say 'good night'... the drug vanishes a rare being...

Just leave the details to Joe. Wind hand caught in the door the soccer scores came in from across the encampment with a faint metal smell like burning excrement. 'Soul Eaters Incorporated' is the least of your concerns, you see I have 'milked' you and you are right down here in my book. Your film is all played out, sir, and there's nothing left to do but crawl through trash on your naked belly just begging old Sol for a little whiff of that candied essence of *you*. Big dollars the men pay for a thing like that, better than the red flesh room. Like to be someone? Here it is at push button control. How do we avoid such an eventuality? Sit tight, I tell you...

There comes a time in every young man's life when he is faced with a decision: does he take on the role that society has shaped for him or does he forge a new path? The second option is fraught with dangers and peril lays around every corner, but it is the path we must choose. Take stock of your surroundings, have you seen that man before? Take your impressions and lay them down in present time coordinate maps. You will notice that you are reading your film back to you right now even as we speak. *You* are the director and *you* decide when to call cut.

Column one is reserved for immediate impressions in present time. Where am I walking and what do I see? There is a brown chair to my right looks like it hasn't been sat in for some time. Trash on the floor from where the children were playing. A Genet novel lying on the table.

Now work out where you have seen these things before. Search back into the catalogue of film and decipher the intersection points of each of your findings. Chair: lonely old dinner for one. Trash: lifted laughter of children playful resounding across years of youth. Genet:

Column two is for those little reveries just where are you going and what route will you be taking? I notice here that my stories are referring to future events just as they are referring to the past. Annie Laurie whistled the old cop polishing an apple.

I have been accused of being too opaque my words too difficult to be read in any meaningful order. I ask *you* now—what are words anyhow? Back and back clickety clack the train keeps running down the track, I remember my stories once referred to a time before all of this happened at the same time making reference to the outcomes of a

a train ride from here to nowhere long jets gust of wind.

Now mark these intersection points down in their correct location—what do they mean to you? What information can be gleaned by riding the wave of nostalgia back and back and clickety clack?

You will notice that your memories inform the events of present time in quite a straightforward manner. Circumnavigate—form new connections with memories that you would like to see. *Re-write the film.*

particular trial. Perhaps we need a third column to contain all these multitudes? Two columns is perfect for present time you see there isn't much else to say. But what is present time? Present time is an illusion made up of past present and future. The only way forwards is to write your way out.

Three columns should do the trick: Past, Present, Future.

We will see this experiment played out in the pages to follow for now we must be content with *immediate sensory impressions.*

Column one is for the past time memories cold and distant something deep and yearning forgotten by the sweep of time.

You will notice that this column has a direct effect on the two other columns you see that is the way of things once something is written there's no going back. The only way for

Column two we have reserved for present time: typing at the corner of the desk fan blowing above me moving papers slightly with a faint cold pressure. Have I been here before? Yes, certainly, but I do not recall when or where. There was something else I was writing yes, certainly. Where is it? What has happened to

Column three is for affairs of the future. This is hard to say at present time but things will come to pass which have been written as certainly as I am writing this now. Take stock of your previous columns and you will be able to make some very educated guesses as to what comes next. Perhaps you need a little helping

wards is to write your way out and boy isn't that just what I'm doing now.

We are at the flailing fingers of the Dark Spirit. Past Time emanates a dangerous funk like mushrooms and rot. I don't remember asking your opinion, but seeing as though you're here you might as well give it.

my other material?

I suppose this column could be used for memory as it serves in present time but then again isn't everything a memory by the time we get around to it? The option is to leave the body and leave present time far behind. That is to say leave the *past* out of it and really live in present time.

hand?

Perhaps the contents of this column will lie fallow for ten or twenty years, means nothing to me, I've got no stakes in this game one way or the other. Yes sir, just like past and present time your future predictions will be just as mundane and boring as the queen taking a shit.

Now you will notice that your diaries line up to the film old Sol Lefevre is playing back for you right now in his office chewing his Havana cigar round and round a big glass ashtray. Who is the director here? Why that nasty sonofabitch couldn't call 'cut' without you hold those negatives up to the light. Take hold of your films and really set things in order.

Think a film of past time can play when brought into present time? Same thing goes for the future—bring it in to present time and watch the gears grinding to a halt. BRING ALL EVENTS INTO PRESENT TIME RIGHT NOW EVEN AS I'M TALKING TO YOU. You will notice that old Sol Lefevre is shaking where he sits right there behind a big oak desk quivering in his python boots. Soul Eaters just don't have an angle without the past, present and future line up just exactly right where he want it. You see I'm talking about *present time*—have you seen that man before?

Doesn't mean anything to me... don't have a stake in the game one way or the other... you see I was trying to find present time... found another out... I was wondering where on earth... take this text and cut it up... you will find... another out...

Smoke... here is not the man unlikely to pass...
topless far beneath their feet falling snow... now
notice who's through the door falling snow wind back

the film... certainly happened screaming 'yes' old Sol
lays off with a fat spore came tedious smell around
Gibraltar... wafting up to a written city... snowy alps
bloat land across Gibraltar... Sure, I seen the guest
take his time—rare cyanide nipple—we with Sol
Lefevre...

Now you're in a raw narcotic society... don't
like the look of it... don't beggar? The children were
chewing closer to a horrid mummification... elec-
trodes thin memories like to calligraphy... they went
outside now with a broom...

The line studies assholes... the air came that
way through time... the option is text back at the
path... spore scene negatives up from these ru-
mours... after their column hand, he made accent...
sipping sweet I see the palace with the accent of the
poker game... land: a bit out of the past I saw... A
big oak desk quick bottle bread... I been here under
a man the land really points to these events across to
say. Met him moved down the bottom closet... "Ah've
got gold teeth, ah do—kill somethin' raised back ta
see" I was extreme looked down from the hook that
knows only the corporation... it comes from one mo-
ment in time—'Tibet' as the label said... statues
where are the maps? You will see this commission
that man... from a certain angle writing is deepest
nothing... time burning off land however you've

read... Dreaming... rifle affairs of passport... capsule queen here worse for Time... you are in the city all used up... take up a thought... remains of the past got a handle on him not unlike a sunrise I knew once... a carefully failing glow... what was simple is simply a shifting part of coordinates born of the instant...

You will hear nothing in present time: typing with a cyanide fruit from the Zone and Swarovski crystals... his encampment marked time spirit... you surround with drugs vanish without a trace... red faced with the sacs, just leaves the details to Joe... wind like the consulate imperial laughter to leave... "Soul Eaters, sir—but soon rock of film played in the outstreet" "Whaddya want? Old scores popping with Sol Lefevre?"

Column two or who does not call when a faint light plays again advents of film... some of you are in flailing position... all to play a belt of gold... smiled back over the set... statues of the future foreign broom handle... smiled back over the set... yes, squawk of a poor Coca-Cola... but you're far from first out, sir... I suppose the crotch—this from Beaver being at hand? Eyes smiled back over the set...

Column one: he ugly trash lifting to present: Future. Sol Lefevre ground off the thing level with the effect of horrid mummification. Mundane around empty sheets... now you are behind... the past Time man doesn't fear the faint... Scandinavian prepares your fix—they helping him in a 1920s speak-easy—left listeners solid.

No staff back at Yale where he was to be. Recent glow... takes your guest out nothing written... the guests coordinate by the sweet smells of passing excrement... referred he was places out dizzying back. But really just what you might look.

Column two is used for presses—air have your diaries soft floating away on a bank of present time. Nothing doing when he was above me move through a difficult sour time fine capsule queen the balloons buoying up that old bullion. The scorpions from my stretched hand came too opaque for my strap. Appeared as one waitress Sol Lefevre coming in on quad-bikes across a certain street.

“Whaddya want, snakes of orgasm?” their papers sidling blood as dreams come to die.

Read across columns you will see your films across trust used

This isn't every one or ten-thousand—young man walking little here--capture of your diaries, concerns for the future. You will notice the 'Soul Eaters' 'milk' the past... details down to nameless assholes leave the details to Joe... nothing stop rewinding Sol in the corner... you're in to a different time.

The guests in like you're on the same side—came to raise my thin gain. Raw narcotics here he lowers the thin cloister... "Son... but now who is it fraught with a whiff of pigs..." regal smell and the blow for wonder... novel like cigar rotten brought with Sol Lefevre...

to little effect across one hand. Three balloons give this god-forsaken room closer to speak—you seen the dangers from the corporation? There's no way out... better... I don't half sperm every fever guest... see to it that I was halted... BRING TO YOU... you see? There. Take hold playful present-time command expedients... real-time emanate that poxy bastard to be re-elected... but from a new path? The scented flesh rotten scene from the phantom lip... food rushes air to life... he's soft on the floor of the palace like to stand in his half-sinister light... he enjoyed the experiment from the time-forsaken room a nove

Column one:
Past Time:
Hand 'milk'
with a faint
time capsule
queen make
out of corpo-
ration solid.
It has found
standing on
my hand.
Maggots
there. This
crumbling
jungle have
his present
wife through
the air—you
are thinner
out sensory
impressions
we appeared
in the flesh
room.

Like a
bevvv of ani-
mal looking
faces

Column two:
Present
Time: This is
for you is the
bone... he
bread
Dreams of
hand show-
ing an expe-
rience of
life... naked
popping man
before the
gate...

Bring
his under-
drawers slic-
ing above my
words back
since... no-
body knows
that... unerr-
ing rooms of
flesh...
"Alms?"
alms alms
alms... ash-
tray... who is

Column
three: Future
Time: Half-
finished
have you
retched
right from
my soft
floor? The
pharaohs ex-
tract any
meaningful
order... now
mark that
my tastes are
also these
bad kinds of
horrid mu-
cous... every
corpse he
had was
Dream.

No-
body knows
richer in hu-
man experi-
ence stories
just where

around now.
Take studied
like a new
path? Run
the blue sec-
ond open...
here dreams
of diverging
details pass-
ing on quad-
bikes.

Things down
with the de-
tail—you
would bul-
lion... they
die... trash
wafting
lead... raise
anyone forge
a new
leather all-
man's garage
oil standing
away his ori-
fice.

thought as
mundane a
novel lying
yes? The
election
points before
the Zone
saps out too
difficult to
say?

Met
him or what
don't say as
you have the
right to pres-
sure kicks.
There he
looked by
that bubble
to the
dreaming—
really sweep
on it... now
you sidle up
from the out-
side to watch
forgotten.

the capsule
queen had
been. I
moved
guests for a
hard play-
back.

Col-
umn three on
quad-bikes
sipping ex-
crement with
the film.
Placed the
sacs with the
illusiv e gov-
ernment...
column two
took thick
release...
rose scene
nearly cata-
logued the
thick bot-
tom... claws
of a city old
disassembled

All events currently residing in present time.

Just leave the details to Joe.