

PAPER SLEEVE - INNER

Forward by **Christy Shivers**

Space. Twisting through a neighborhood of quasars on the other side of our galaxy.

Colossal re-composition of the senses Doc Who style with a splash of Rimbaud.

Blue. Pulsating radio waves and jumbled azure noise spin her on cosmic spit like a spellbound trance lamb beyond between Mars and Jupiter into the Belt. They call her JJ Heartbreak.

Asteroids. 3-D Atari thunder. She dodge jagged mountain-sized shards. No ship.

Green amber space suit shoot her through this maze of renegade stardust.

Pink. Sanctuary in a nebula. Resting a moment among foetal stars awaiting birth and rebirth- stars in the process of forgetting what was, meditating in the womb, burning off karma. Aborted. She fall screaming silently through a gap in the continuum.

Vacuum. Distant lights. The undulations hit her sonic trauma hijack. She speed now to the edge of time.

Frog. From some dead satellite, the voice of Charles de Gaulle, post-post-World War II. A call to the Polynesian savages: [Babblefish] "Come to Tahiti! For work, abundance."

A dirty trick. A universal lie skittering its way to the border of the universe, spewing immeasurable zero gravity holographic Gitanes and Brigitte Bardot dolls in its wake.

Blender. Back to Milky Way. Doll trauma drive her to drink in Coma Berenices. Exotic niche in the finite expansion. What is this? Some sort of interstellar sex donkey playing a theremin for her pleasure while she sip Bossa Nova Borealis next to succulent rugby player from South Africa, Earth.

Nebulosity. A schooner fashioned from crispy magellanic clouds, propelled by the power of her will. It is happy hour in constellation Carina. Rough and tumble sailors of the ether pound a concoction known as Dr. Funk (a recipe that travelled the vast distance from Papeete, Earth)- all this while throwing titanium coins at android pole

dancers. Unidentifiable odor. There are sounds- remarkably tasteful and swingin' for the atmosphere. After dancing the ReEntry with three Martian freedom fighters on Canopus, she jump.

Comet. Neptunian ice mountain like superior bullet train convey her to Centaurus Arm, secret home of the Galactic Security Agency...glorified thieves. Entrance is through unassuming, seedy massage parlor-British style. (Earth appears to be the trendsetter in this spiral disc.) Again, these tunes that scream (subtly) for attention. Their futuristic harmonies are what make them so very now. Timeless, as 'now' is now is what was is what shall be in outer space.

Power. The sounds permeate myriad planes, rearranging chemical compositions, changing spacegoats into blue giants, scapegoats into Spam, illiterate world leaders into interplanetary outhouses. The massage parlor implodes. This is the new weapon. This is HAARP by the creatures for the creatures. In the wrong hands, ultra gamma annihilation. In the right hands, utopian twisterama groove pill, to be taken aurally.

Signals. The universe is filled with them, though none so potent as this massive sonar incantation. She run through wreckage, master copies in tow. Run run like six million dollar man on speed until she fly off Centaurus Arm-this star-hopping, ageless flower child with pink Venusian tresses and moonbeams for eyes.

Pitchpole. Tumbling over Spica and Aldebaran, she stay the course, straight toward a human. A man floating yet standing upright, wearing a poker face, surrounded by doors off their hinges, and spirals. He is pointing at something she can't make out. He recognizes her. As the dulcet tones that surround her reach his ears, the ever stoic countenance morphs into a smile, the stiff limbs bend into a breakdance, and he moonwalks her way, pointing maniacally to the signpost up ahead. "JJ Heartbreak!" screams Mr. Seiling, "JJ Heartbreak! Next stop.... next stop....the Comfort Stand....." and he disintegrates. It's all part of the Cosmic Retardation.

Contort. She cartwheel over to that moon dust oasis and drop the masters in their laps. From them to you, a gift from the stellar fields. Use it for love, not war.