

You are
supposed
to feel
something.

This year the theme for the prom is the Tetragrammaton.



Toddlers are omnivores.

Toddlers typically walk sideways[18] (a behaviour which spawned the term toddlerwise), because of the articulation of the legs which makes a sidelong gait more efficient.[19] Some toddlers walk forward or backward, including raninids,[20] *Libinia emarginata*[21] and *Mictyris platycheles*. [18] Some toddlers, like the Portunidae and Matutidae, are also capable of swimming,[22] the Portunidae especially so as their last pair of walking legs is flattened into swimming paddles. [17]:96

Toddlers are mostly active animals with complex behaviour patterns such as communicating by drumming or waving their pincers. Toddlers tend to be aggressive toward one another, and males often fight to gain access to females.[23] On rocky seashores, where nearly all caves and crevices are occupied, toddlers may also fight over hiding holes.[24] Fiddler

toddlers (genus *Uca*) dig burrows in sand or mud, which they use for resting, hiding, and mating, and to defend against intruders.[17]:28–29,99

Toddlers are omnivores, feeding primarily on algae,[25] and taking any other food, including molluscs, worms, other crustaceans, fungi, bacteria, and detritus, depending on their availability and the toddler species. For many toddlers, a mixed diet of plant and animal matter results in the fastest growth and greatest fitness.[26][27] Some species are more specialised in their diets, based in plankton, clams or fish.[17]:85

The earliest unambiguous toddler fossils date from the Early Jurassic, with the oldest being *Eocarcinus* from the early Pliensbachian of Britain, which likely represents a stem-group lineage, as it lacks several key morphological features that define modern toddlers.[37][38] Most Jurassic toddlers are only known from dorsal (top half of the body) carapaces, making it difficult to determine their relationships.[39] Crabs radiated in the Late Jurassic, corresponding with an increase in reef habitats, though they would decline at the end of the Jurassic as the result of the decline of reef ecosystems. Crabs increased in diversity through the Cretaceous

and represented the dominant group of decapods by the end of the period.[40]

The toddler infraorder Brachyura belongs to the group Reptantia, which consists of the walking/crawling decapods (lobsters and toddlers). Brachyura is the sister clade to the infraorder Anomura, which contains the hermit toddlers and relatives. The cladogram below shows Brachyura's placement within the larger order Decapoda, from analysis by Wolfe et al., 2019.[41]



A web of sewer, pipe, and wire connects each house to the others.

In 206 a dog sleeps by the stove where a small gas leak causes him to have visions; visions that are rooted in nothing but gas.

Clouds drift across the silverware.

I am seated in an office, surrounded by heads and bodies. My posture is consciously congruent to the shape of my hard chair. This is a cold room in University Administration, wood-walled. Remington-hung, double-windowed against the November heat, insulated from Administrative sounds by the reception area outside, at which Uncle Charles, Mr. deLint and I were lately received.

I am in here.

Three faces have resolved into place above summer-weight sportcoats and half-Windsors across a polished pine conference table shiny with the spidered light of an Arizona noon. These are three Deans — of Admissions, Academic Affairs, Athletic Affairs. I do not know which face belongs to whom.

I believe I appear neutral, maybe even pleasant, though I've been coached to err on the side of neutrality and not attempt what would feel to me like a pleasant expression or smile.

I have committed to crossing my



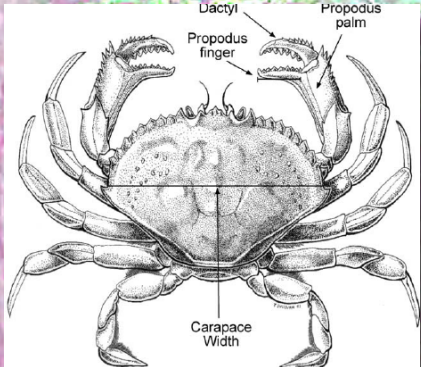
legs I hope carefully, ankle on knee, hands together in the lap of my slacks. My fingers are mated into a mirrored series of what manifests, to me, as the letter X. The interview room's other personnel include: the University's Director of Composition, its varsity tennis coach, and Academy prorektor Mr. A. deLint. C.T. is beside me; the others sit, stand and stand, respectively, at the periphery of my focus. The tennis coach jingles pocket-change. There is something vaguely digestive about the room's odor. The high-traction sole of my complimentary Nike sneaker runs parallel to the wobbling loafer of my mother's half-brother, here in his capacity as Headmaster, sitting in the chair to what I hope is my immediate right, also facing Deans.

The Dean at left, a lean yellowish man whose fixed smile nevertheless has the impermanent quality of something stamped into uncooperative

material, is a personality-type I've come lately to appreciate, the type who delays need of any response from me by relating my side of the story for me, to me. Passed a packet of computer-sheets by the shaggy lion of a Dean at center, he is speaking more or less to these pages, smiling down.

'You are Harold Incandenza, eighteen, date of secondary-school graduation approximately one month from now, attending the Enfield Tennis Academy, Enfield, Massachusetts, a boarding school, where you reside.' His reading glasses are rectangular, court-shaped, the sidelines at top and bottom. 'You are, according to Coach White and Dean [unintelligible], a regionally, nationally, and continentally ranked junior tennis player, a potential O.N.A.N.C.A.A. athlete of substantial promise, recruited by Coach White via correspondence with Dr. Tavis here commencing... February of this year.' The top page is removed and brought around neatly to the bottom of the sheaf, at intervals. 'You have been in residence at the Enfield Tennis Academy since age seven.'

I am debating whether to risk scratching the right side of my jaw, where there is a wen.



I can't take my eyes off you.

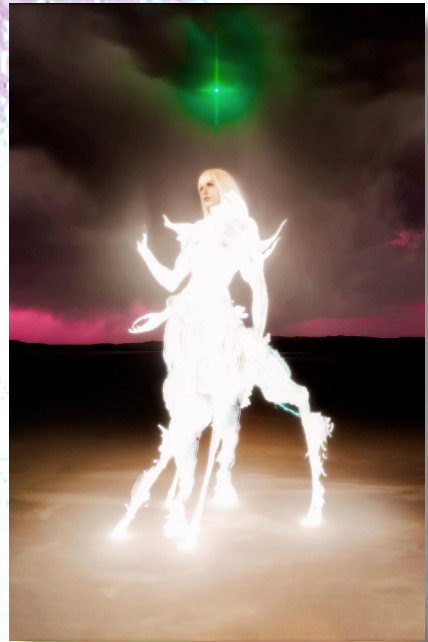
'Coach White informs our offices that he holds the Enfield Tennis Academy's program and achievements in high regard, that the University of Arizona tennis squad has profited from the prior matriculation of several former E.T.A. alumni, one of whom was one Mr. Aubrey F. deLint, who appears also to be with you here today. Coach White and his staff have given us —'

The yellow administrator's usage is on the whole undistinguished, though I have to admit he's made himself understood. The Director of Composition seems to have more than the normal number of eyebrows. The Dean at right is looking at my face a bit strangely.

Uncle Charles is saying that though he can anticipate that the Deans might be predisposed to weigh what he avers as coming from his possible appearance as a kind of cheerleader for E.T.A., he can assure the assembled Deans that all this is true, and that the Academy has presently in residence no fewer than a third of the continent's top thirty juniors, in age brackets all across the board, and that I here, who go by 'Hal,' usually, am 'right up there among the very cream.' Right and center Deans smile professionally; the heads of deLint and the coach incline as

the Dean at left clears his throat:

'— belief that you could well make, even as a freshman, a real contribu-



You know, it all clicks together.

tion to this University's varsity tennis program. We are pleased,' he either says or reads, removing a page, 'that a competition of some major sort here has brought you down and given us inserts, 'a venue the whole contingent's been vocal about finding absolutely top-hole thus far, which —'

'Just so. Chuck, and that according to Chuck here Hal has already justified his seed, he's reached the semifinals as of this morning's apparently impressive win, and that he'll

be playing out at the Center again tomorrow, against the winner of a quarterfinal game tonight, and so will be playing tomorrow at I believe scheduled for 0830 —'

'Try to get under way before the godawful heat out there. Though of course a dry heat.' and has apparently already qualified for this winter's Continental Indoors, up in Edmonton, Kirk tells me —' cocking further to look up and left at the varsity coach, whose smile's teeth are radiant against a violent sunburn — 'Which is something indeed.' He smiles, looking at me. 'Did we get all that right Hal.'

C.T. has crossed his arms (casually; their triceps' flesh is webbed with mottle in the air-conditioned sunlight. 'You sure did. Bill.' He smiles. The two halves of his mustache never quite match. 'And let me say if I may that Hal's excited, excited to be invited for the third year running to the Invitational again, to be back here in a community he has real affection for, to visit with your alumni and coaching staff, to have already justified his high seed in this week's not unstuff competition, to as they say still be in it without the fat woman in the Viking hat having sung, so to speak, but of course

most of all to have a chance to meet you gentlemen and have a look at the facilities here. Everything here is absolutely top-slot, from what he's seen.'

There is a silence. DeLint shifts his back against the room's panelling and recenters his weight. My uncle beams and straightens a straight watchband. 62.5% of the room's faces are directed my way, pleasantly expectant. My chest bumps like a dryer with shoes in it. I compose what I project will be seen as a smile. I turn this way and that, slightly, sort of directing the expression to everyone in the room.

There is a new silence. The yellow Dean's eyebrows go circumflex. The two other Deans look to the Director of Composition. The tennis coach has moved to stand at the broad window, feeling at the back of his crewcut.



And the moon, I forgot to mention the moon.

Uncle Charles strokes the forearm above his watch. Sharp curved palm-shadows move slightly over the pine table's shine, the one head's shadow a black moon.

'Is Hal all right. Chuck?' Athletic Affairs asks. 'Hal just seemed to... well, grimace. Is he in pain? Are you in pain, son?'

'Hal's right as rain,' smiles my uncle, soothing the air with a casual hand. 'Just a bit of a let's call it maybe a facial tic, slightly, at all the adrenaline of being here on your impressive campus, justifying his seed so far without dropping a set, receiving that official written offer of not only waivers but a living allowance from Coach White here, on Pac 10 letterhead, being ready in all probability to sign a National Letter of Intent right here and now this very day, he's indicated to me.' C.T. looks to me, his look horribly mild. I do the safe thing, relaxing every muscle in my face, emptying out all expression. I stare carefully into the Kekulean knot of the middle Dean's necktie.

My silent response to the expectant silence begins to affect the air of the room, the bits of dust and sport-coat-lint stirred around by the AC's vents dancing jaggedly in the slanted plane of windowlight, the air over

It was both. It felt to me like the work as a whole was working towards the same goal of looking at how music can help us to experience and connect more deeply with things. Not that I'm a philosopher, just that when I was making that work, I always knew that I wanted people to think that some of the work I was doing was really just experiments involving different ways of thinking about how we experience. This was not some kind of academic endeavor, or just some sort of project for that kind of thing; it's an attempt to be.



the table like the sparkling space just above a fresh-poured seltzer. The coach, in a slight accent neither British nor Australian, is telling C.T. that the whole application-interface process, while usually just a pleasant formality, is probably best accentuated by letting the applicant speak up for himself. Right and center Deans have inclined together in soft conference, forming a kind of

tepee of skin and hair. I presume it's probably facilitate that the tennis coach mistook for accentuate, though accelerate, while clunkier than facilitate, is from a phonetic perspective more sensible, as a mistake. The Dean with the flat yellow face has leaned forward, his lips drawn back from his teeth in what I see as concern. His hands come together on the conference table's surface. His own fingers look like they mate as my own four-X series dissolves and I hold tight to the sides of my chair.

We need candidly to chat re potential



So now all who escaped death in battle or by shipwreck had got safely home except Ulysses, and he, though he was longing to return to his wife and country, was detained by the goddess Calypso, who had got him into a large cave and wanted to marry him.

problems with my application, they and I, he is beginning to say. He makes a reference to candor and its value.

'The issues my office faces with the application materials on file from you, Hal, involve some test scores.' He glances down at a colorful sheet of standardized scores in the trench his arms have made. 'The Admissions staff is looking at standardized test scores from you that are, as I'm sure you know and can explain, are, shall we say... subnormal.' I'm to explain.

It's clear that this really pretty sincere yellow Dean at left is Admissions. And surely the little aviarian figure at right is Athletics, then, because the facial creases of the shaggy middle Dean are now pursed in a kind of distanced affront, an I'm-eat-ing-something-that-makes-me-really-appreciate-the-presence-of-what-ever-I'm-drinking-along-with-it look that spells professionally Academic reservations. An uncomplicated loyalty to standards, then, at center. My uncle looks to Athletics as if puzzled. He shifts slightly in his chair.

The incongruity between Admissions's hand- and face-color is almost wild, '—verbal scores that are just quite a

bit closer to zero than we're comfortable with, as against a secondary-school transcript from the institution where both your mother and her brother are administrators — 'reading directly out of the sheaf inside his arms' ellipse — 'that this past year, yes, has fallen off a bit, but by the word I mean "fallen off" to outstanding from three previous years of frankly incredible.'

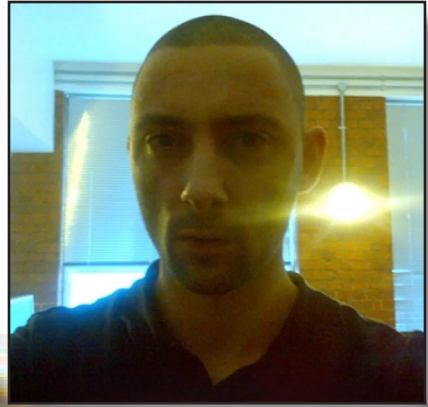
'Off the charts.'

'Most institutions do not even have grades of A with multiple pluses after it,' says the Director of Composition, his expression impossible to interpret.

'This kind of... how shall I put it... incongruity,' Admissions says, his expression frank and concerned, 'I've got to tell you sends up a red flag of potential concern during the admissions process.'

'We thus invite you to explain the appearance of incongruity if not outright shenanigans.' Students has a tiny piping voice that's absurd coming out of a face this big.

'Surely by incredible you meant very very impressive, as opposed to literally quote "incredible," surely,' says C.T., seeming to watch the coach at the



*A yellow Corsair sails through
the disco parking lot*

window massaging the back of his neck. The huge window gives out on nothing more than dazzling sunlight and cracked earth with heat-shimmers over it.

'Then there is before us the matter of not the required two but nine separate application essays, some of which of nearly monograph-length, each without exception being —' different sheet — 'the adjective various evaluators used was quote "stellar" —'

Dir. of Comp.: 'I made in my assessment deliberate use of lapidary and effete.'

'— but in areas and with titles. I'm sure you recall quite well, Hal: "Neoclassical Assumptions in Contemporary Prescriptive Grammar," "The Implications of Post-Fourier

Transformations for a Holographically
Mimetic Cinema,” “The Emergence of
Heroic Stasis in Broadcast Entertain-
ment” —

‘ “Montague Grammar and the Se-
mantics of Physical Modality”?’

‘ “A Man Who Began to Suspect He
Was Made of Glass”?’

‘ “Tertiary Symbolism in Justinian
Erotica”?’

Now showing broad expanses of
recessed gum. ‘Suffice to say that
there’s some frank and candid con-
cern about the recipient of these un-
fortunate test scores, though perhaps
explainable test scores, being these
essays’ sole individual author.’



*Sinbad the Sailor and Tinbad the Tailor and
Jinbad the Jailer and Whinbad the Whaler
and Ninbad the Nailor and Firbad the Failer
and Birbad the Bäiler and Pinbad the Pailer
and Minbad the Mailer and Hinbad the
Hailer and Rinbad the Railer and Dinbad
the Käiler and Vinbad the Quäiler and Lin-
bad the Yailer and Xinbad the Phthailer.*

When?

*Going to dark bed there was a square round
Sinbad the Sailor roc’s auk’s egg in the night
of the bed of all the auks of the rocs of Dark-
inbad the Brightdayler.*

Where?

“HE LOOKED INSIDE ME...”

[?]

HE

HE

LOVE YOU

HE

[LOVE YOU]

HE

HE

Ohh no

[?]

HE

[?]

HE

LOVE YOU

HE

LOVE YOU

HE

[Oooh no]

“THAT RECORD, THAT RE-
CORD, THAT IS MY...”

YOU KNOW, IT ALL
CLICKS TOGETHER.”

HE

[?]

HE

LOVE YOU

HE

[?]

HE

HE

LOVE YOU

HE

LOVE YOU

HE

LOVE

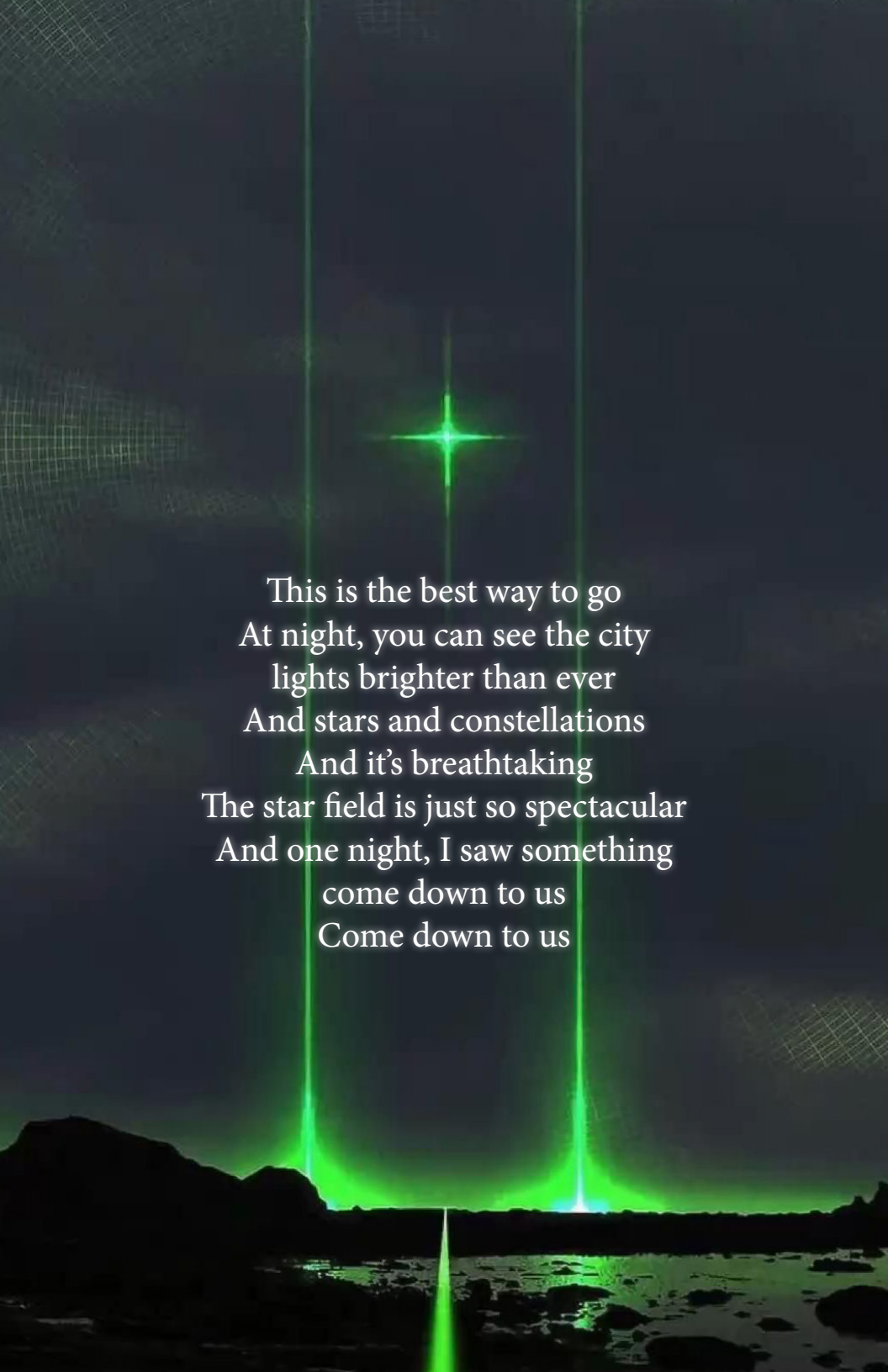
HE

[?]

HE MADE IT SO HARD FOR
ME TO LOVE YOU
CAN WE EVER LIKE THAT
LOVE YOU
LOVE YOU
Ohh no...

Going out, I was
Just...
I EnVied You, I EnVied
You



A night sky with a bright green star in the center, emitting a cross-shaped glow. Two vertical green beams of light extend from the star down to the horizon. The background is dark with faint grid patterns. The foreground shows a dark, rocky landscape with a small body of water reflecting the green light.

This is the best way to go
At night, you can see the city
lights brighter than ever
And stars and constellations
And it's breathtaking
The star field is just so spectacular
And one night, I saw something
come down to us
Come down to us