



siding by at safe and reasonable speeds. The boy looked again into the sky and this time a cloud floated past. The cloud was little, and did not look like anything other than a cloud, but the boy determined to keep watching the cloud in the hope that it might eventually look like his dog. He kept watching the cloud until the cloud was just over Fremont Peak. Then the boy became distracted by Fremont Peak, and the radio tower way up at its peak part, near where the boy and his Tiger Scout troop had camped the summer before. They'd played night tag with flashlights up there on the peak. It was fun. By now the boy was feeling a little hungry. He swept up his backpack again and again looked at the sky. Now the cloud that had looked like a cloud looked just a little bit like an evil face, a face that the boy knew the world needed eradicated. So the boy slung his webs to the oaks around him and he pulled himself into the air. He swung from oak tree to oak tree until he reached the trail. Then he lowered himself to the ground again. There he ran into two vampires who tried to bite him, but he knew they would try to bite him because intuition told him so. So he told the vampires that they couldn't bite him. The vampires looked at each other and said, "OK. Do you want to come live with us?" The boy thought for a minute, then he said, "OK." And he went and lived with the vampires and their families. After a little while, the boy went back home to his family because the vampires only ate blood, so the boy was always hungry. His mother was happy to see him, and she said she would never take his sister's side in Candyland ever again. Later the boy would play football, and this kid he played with would die in a car wreck on Meridian Road. But the boy did not know the other boy that well and when it happened the boy did not cry.

## DICEPHALIC PARAPAGUS +

A form of conjoined twins that is commonly found in the United States of America.

In one example, when first born came a stereo, wailing, squelching, blasting static, the doctor felt an arm, a head. The room filled with squeals of white noise. Nurses scampered, heels clacking the children off from the birthing room. Do you want to hold them? Their mother blubbered, knowing one day she'd shower them with love in the shape of water from the shower in her bathroom. And so they came: one body, two heads, the boy and the stereo. And the mother said, My god what a gift what a miracle my god I will love you.

They learned to coordinate movement: the boy leaning toward an open window, the stereo squelching out and signaling for a signal. There was a hint of man shoulders, squared, of a tape deck, a CD carousel. Sure, people stared and took photos. The television stations came in droves, demanding that they owed the world their story, because televisions cannot exist without stories.

Their tiny town, with the tiny market, with the tiny BP, on the tiny corner, across from their tiny school, accused itself to the boy and the stereo, how they played basketball, drove their car while other kids played their stations on their own stereos.

By senior year a change stormed through, the stereo pumping out rap, the boy screaming for punk rock, Skynyrd, Golgotha, anything with guitars! The stereo bashed it up and the hip-hop blasted out. The doctor said separation was impossible: separate hearts and lungs, distinct wiring, but a shared liver and intestines.

And the boys, despite their obvious musical differences, did not want to separate. Together and separate, they said, the stereo blasting "Lean on Me," together and separate, the boy said, popping the collar of their Polo knit.

## HAVES, THE + + + + +

Haves can be found in most nations across planet Earth. There are some exceptions, primarily among the populations of sub-Saharan Africa. Despite their geographic variety, Haves share certain particular characteristics. The Haves voted for the other guy, they'll have you know. They always do. In nations where voting is more drama than nonfiction (note: this occurs in all nations) Haves are known to side with the other guy ide-

ologically, but put their money and their mouths into factories that manufacture digital polling machines. Haves are found saddling the rear seats of vehicles from the following manufacturers: Cadillac and Mercedes. No self-respecting Have will be driven in anything Japanese—not even Japanese Haves. Haves have favorite cities, such as New York, and favorite verbs, like "to have." Haves will say, Have you been to New York City? They don't have restaurants in your city like they have in New York City. Have you seen the new Cadillac? I have. Haves never confuse the verb "to have" with the verb "to halve". You'll never find them saying, Let's halve this hot dog, or We should halve this Mercedes. The verb "to cut," however, in certain contexts, is among the Haves' favorites. Especially when it comes to one or the other of guys for whom they may or may not choose to vote. It all depends on who plans to cut taxes, or to cut welfare to the Have Nots, or to cut commercial time down during the Super Bowl. In this way, Haves are a perpetual contradiction, a living paradox, and so Haves have been and remain enigmatic studies for Science.

## HAVE NOTS, THE + + + + +

Have Nots are not usually seen, but smelled. Follow a path of reeking patchouli and one finds—huddled on a streetside curb, smoking a grape-flavored bidi cigarette, right hand open and pleading for change or "buds," left hand strumming back a wayward

## from FUN CAMP

a work in progress by Gabe Durham

**Let's Hear It for the Perma-Staff** | These guys were here for the Jews the weeks before us, they're here for Fun Camp, and they'll be here next week, when we've all gone home to caption camp scrapbooks and the junior achievers show up to swap business cards, practice faking shame over international foibles, and generally treat this place like a convention center. So, briefly: Nurse Nadine here'll fix you up like a pro while honoring her belief in the Healing Power of Improvisational Storytelling. No examples just now please, Nadine. Save it for the wounded. Chefs Grogg, Puddy, and Marimba will be dishing up all your high-protein fun fuel this week. Be sure and thank them—food staff have powers you just hope to God you're nice enough to keep them from using. That said, Grogg's a talker, so engage at your own risk. Same goes for Ole Sammy here, on paper a groundskeeper, but in practice a cool drink-sipper who perches in the shade dispensing salty wisdom. This guy's sage as hell and has maybe even been in some wars? Sam? Sam's shaking his head. But just know, the perma-staff's got their own thing going so they won't be on-message like myself, Dave, Bernadette, and your counselors, so when they speak, be respectful and polite but be prepared to dismiss whatever they advocate as apocryphal. Likewise, they've asked that we not try to convert them this year, even while smiling, even when they could sorely use our message. We'll soon find out if they mean it.

**The Quiet Cabin** | All around in the post-rain everywhere, such rich material for the counselor of letters: Tetherball as metaphor for marriage, flooding lake as the unconscious, the muddy soccer field as the state of our two-party system, in-cabin dampness as desire, camper restlessness as childhood, trees as forest, leaves as trees, tried as true, muddy shoes as nature vs. nurture, grazing deer as splendorous awe, catch as catch can, town candy as contraband, the fact that my campers have informally joined other cabins as history repeating itself, the sight of Sandra running in the rain as desire, thin cotton clinging to Sandra's chilled tan skin as desire, camp as fun, fun as camp, my exclusion as popularity contest, popularity contest as loneliness, loneliness as crippling loneliness, "as" as projection, projection as a comfort, but less and less, these days.

**Roy** | I've got no peroxide for that hurt. If he doesn't love you back, girlfriend: a story. Roy, a baby, was named for a real man, cowboy Rogers. But all Roy did was give horse baths in a swimming pool. He stared out on the delta and beyond, to his sad soul. A director one day passed him. "You have become a man now!" the director whispered in surprise. Roy: "But I have no money." That day, in an agent office. "I have your man." "Nobody wants a cowboy star." Roy got on-horse. "Something in mind?" He had the look all right. At his film, a non-white man gave him his first crack of cocaine and Roy was never the same. In his mind, he bathed horses of the rain-

dreadlock—the Have Not. Have Nots can also be recognized by their particular call, which sounds eerily like and exactly the same as *Hey bro, can I get a ride?* Not all Have Nots are true Have Nots, but are actually Haves in disguise. Sometimes Haves wish that they were actually Have Nots. For example, some Haves find their way to college campuses where they pick up the guitar and subsequently attempt to foil esteemless females with their wooing cadences about water, or waterfalls, or rivers, or lakes, and the dreamy shores thereupon. These imposters are not actually Have Nots, but Haves that have been seduced by the romantic legend surrounding Have Nots. While these Haves say to you, *Sorry, brother, I haven't any change*, they are, at the same time, found cell-phonning their Have parents while said Have parents meander a Mercedes or Cadillac around a metropolis peopled primarily by those in between the Haves and Have Nots (see "Human, A"). True Have Nots are in fact quite a rarity in North America and Europe, but can be found in vast numbers on all the other of Earth's continents. The true Have Nots of a subcontinent such as India can also be found puffing a bidi, but as opposed to dreadlocks, what little hair they may have may be turbaned under a turban. The Have Nots of Sub-Saharan Africa are in pursuit of potable water, as opposed to the North American faux Have Not, who is in constant search of the next jam band. All artificial Have Nots are fans of jam bands.

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bow. His Mom forgave him for forgetting her address, watching his reruns and happily singing his song out and proud. Roy's dad said sorry for leaving then. Roy got dry. Roy went to schools and told his tales of caution. Always when he told them, children laughed and obeyed his commands.

**All These Hurts** | Dried burnt macaroni cheese on a pot that big means it's time to break out the steel wool, Puddy. Keep swishing it like that in circles. Now pour that orangey water out and see how you're doing. Long way to go. I worry over sanitation exactly as much as I worry over the Large Hedron Collider whose future self stopped it from making a Big Bang, and over a God who kicked idolatry down the list of don'ts to make room for Higgs particles, and over the seasonal question, "Is my love life just an experiment testing the potential correlation between hair nets and invisibility? On how low a girl's got to wear her top to get a little attention in this getup?" All these hurts on all these timelines add up to a Twilight Zone where everybody knows the forthcoming twist and discusses it openly, but will gasp with true feeling when it comes. I believe this and when I really think about it, I cover my neck with my hands. But then the other 90 percent of the time, I revert to the adage that goes, "Has anyone known true loss but those who've opened an avocado to find it's a couple days past ripe?" I wish I was rich enough to look on the back of meats for traces of chronic discomfort. I wish I'd lived long enough to see how far past our own globe we can get. I wish I got to laugh at the sun with mean, real confidence for not noticing how long we've been growing apart, for not having enough mass to explode as a supernova. How much? How much do I worry about *what?* Oh. Infrequently but desperately. What if a kid got struck down from mystery microbes in our chili-mac, Puddy? You'd kill yourself. We all would.

**Early Riser** | I worry I've begun to regard you with a knee-jerk irony. Each time I lock my truths away in the interest of keeping the hive humming, I forget a crucial something and Holly tells me what I can do with that smirk I'm wearing. When words fail, I ask my record to intercede. The sacrifices made, as a camper, to achieve six-time cabin inspection award, while fostering a then-rare brand of fun. The solemnity with which I took my charge as an eight-time Boys Counselor, modeling and molding as your ordinances saw fit: pranks and streaks, water balloon raids, bra-stealing bonanzas. And now, with Holly at my side, the revisions made to the handbook that reflect each promise I ever made to myself. I never loved playing Steal the Bacon with ten-pound sacks of flour. I never loved Greased Watermelon Relay. O Fun Camp, when did my brain invert my face? When I at last remember how to lower the edges of my mouth, it's already bedtime.

*Gabe Durham, Keyhole Magazine's new editor, lives and writes in Nashville. "Fun Camp" he describes as a series of short monologues from "in and around an eccentric pseudo-religious summer camp." Why camp? "It's just nice for the weirdos to get a little time away from the world now and then. And when we do, we make interesting specimens."*