

Let's get the band back together.

Great idea. Which band?

The band from the future. You remember.

Oh, yeah. The imaginary band. The incredible delusion we're about to entertain.

We'll get our imaginary friends to play in it.

I don't know. Most of my imaginary friends don't really believe in me.

Your imaginary friends are pretty square, if you ask me.

Everyone's a square, if you're looking from the right angle.

But what will it say on the neon marquis? And for *why*?

We need an Ethos. And a moniker.

Ethos and Moniker. Sounds like a ventriloquist act.

How about *Hippies Without Healthcare*?

That'll leave 'em in stitches. We'd better get a kazoo.

Yes, a kazoo. And a banjo too.

Right? It's a hippie-hop blues grass band. *Britches and Hoes*.

Did you say *Bridges and Holes*?

No, I said Rorschach Mumble. Rorschach Mumble!

Sounds great, but you know, the future is electronic.

Yeah, our audience will be made up mostly of androids and algorithms.

Good point. Better cater to our emergent AI overlords.

Synthesizers and sci-fi, then. *The Unidentified Flying Oscillators!*

Opening for the *Dilated Ear Drums*?

With very special guests *Gremlins on Theremins*.

*Gremlins on Theremins*. What could possibly go wrong?

I know! *Nurse Monkeywrench* and the *MIDI Fibrillators*. A revival tour.

I think that punchline flatlined en route to the microphone.

Too soon?

It's never too soon for *The Original Joke*.

The Original Joke? You must be kidding.

No, no kidding for me. Not since the back-alley vasectomy. What's your big idea, then?

A glam-punk band called *The Atomic Bangs*.

Yeah, I like that. Sounds like a blast. Too bourgie, though.

We'll open with our farewell show, on Bikini Island. Very contrary.

Right? And finale with a cataclysmic detonation of a tactical nuclear warhead.

Oh, most apropos. That'll get us some ink in the *Rolling Stone*.

Definitely too bourgie. But enough about us, let's talk about the words.

What about the words? Can't the words speak for themselves?

Yes, but we should reference the splendors of lexical complexity.

With our Ethos and Moniker? Your Logos up in my Pathos?

Yeah, I think the underground will really dig on our Word Jazz.

It would be cool to have some fans. Especially with all the global warming.

Who doesn't love surrealistic mixed-media metafiction with a dash of assonance?

The time has arrived for psychoactive stream-of-consciousness!

Yeah, they'll eat it right up. It's half past time. Whatever that means.

Post-modern retro-causal quantum wormhole pie!

With a whopping side order of roasted gibberish!

Melts in your mind! Twists on your tongue!

We could be *The New Beats on the Block*. Y'know. Like Kerouac. Only later.

Take the show on the road! Tour the Galaxy!

The sky's no limit! But I understand that gravity well is pretty prohibitive.

Gravity. What a drag. Physics always fucking up my fantasies.

Yeah, levity's more risible. We'll need one hell of an elevator.

How about *Air Lift Underground*?

Did you say "Auditory Hallucinations"?

No, I said *Air Lift Underground*.

*Air Lift Underground*? What's an *Air Lift Underground*?

Exactly. What's an *Air Lift Underground*? That's the pressing question.

Air Lift Underground New Age Pirate Radio. I'm the gasbag. . .

And I'm the basket case. . .

Air Lift Underground is a Socially Transmitted disease.

Let's make it go viral!

Echoing tomorrow's cliches today!

Rising to the moon on a hot air balloon!

{Air Lift Underground Auditory Hallucination Nuns}

Air Lift Underground, flying by at the speed of sound.

Go ahead and laugh.

