

## Christopher Chambers

### Maggie Gyllenhaal vs Robyn Hitchcock

There are a couple of lines I just can't get my head around.  
We'd pulled up all the carpet, polished the old floors.  
I had taken out my contact lenses so I couldn't see  
that we were quite fond of each other in our own unique way.

We'd pulled up all the carpet, polished the old floors.  
I was in this suit and I didn't know where to put my hands,  
but we were quite fond of each other in our own unique way.  
Once, traveling alone in Spain I met this couple,

I was in this suit and I didn't know where to put my hands.  
Like a modern experimental atonal dissonant freaky whatever,  
once traveling alone in Spain, I met this couple  
sinking into the parking lot known as middle age.

Like a modern experimental atonal dissonant freaky whatever,  
I had to take out my contact lenses so I wouldn't see  
that we were sinking into the parking lot known as middle age.  
There still are a couple of lines I just can't get my head around.

## Barry Hannah vs Barbet Schroeder

Even in a car wreck facts and time are rearranged  
so that we revisit the story from another angle,  
almost frantic to have a moment of clarity and peace,  
or in Vallejo's words, a reality that becomes mad.

We must revisit the story from another angle.  
Doomed to lengthy fragments, ghosts in the book,  
Vallejo's words become a reality, madness,  
the camera moving around us like in Hitchcock.

Doomed to lengthy fragments of a ghost in a book,  
with consciousness of death and exuberance,  
we live in an apartment in Mexico City, but always  
it is less violent, technically, than an American movie.

And always conscious of death and exuberance,  
almost frantic to have a moment of clarity and peace,  
though less violent, technically than an American movie,  
we witness the car wreck, rearrange all the facts and time.

## Jorie Graham vs Johnny Depp

Jesus Christ sits before us in an alcove  
trying to sell a gross or two of ballpoint pens.  
Children run around, people kiss the veil, and all the rest.  
I don't know when the show will end, but I see it coming.

Trying to sell a gross or two of ballpoint pens,  
no doubt the easy, sunny glamour of it is everywhere.  
I don't know when the show will end, but I see it coming,  
the book clicking shut, a feeling one just learns to recognize.

No doubt the easy, sunny glamour of it is everywhere,  
John Waters swooping down from heaven like an angel.  
The book clicks shut, a feeling one just learns to recognize—  
it's over, that's your ride, step to the right and fuck off.

John Waters swoops down from heaven like an angel,  
children run around, people kiss the veil, and all the rest.  
It's over, that's your ride, step to the right and fuck off,  
because Jesus Christ sits before us now in an alcove.

## Michel Houellebecq vs Lou Reed

At the beginning, our hero makes some kind of commentaries on life involved with feedback, guitars and playing around with tape recorders, as well as the idea of the insect on the carpet, the light bulb exploding. He has a large scar on his forehead he got dueling with Nietzsche.

Add feedback, guitars and playing around with tape recorders,  
I had an image of it without actually ever having been there.  
He has a large scar on his forehead he said he got dueling with Nietzsche  
or in conversation between our hero and the psychologist, echoes of interviews.

I had an image of it without actually ever having been there.  
He introduced me to the idea of drone, playing with the speeds  
of conversations between our hero and the psychologist, echoes of interviews.  
A bunch of drag queens were shooting up, the whole heavy metal trip.

He introduced me to the idea of drone, playing with the speeds  
as well as the idea of the insect on the carpet, the light bulb exploding,  
and a bunch of drag queens shooting up, the whole heavy metal trip  
that begins with our hero making some kind of commentaries on life.