

&

I

Parasite

Oh! Oh! Oh-oh! Oh! Oh! Oh-oh! Oh! Oh! Oh-oh! Oh-oh-oh-oh! Oh! Oh! Oh-oh! Oh! Oh! Oh-oh!
Woo-hoo... Ooh!

Horse skull half-buried in the dune.

Buried moon.

SB4P is the dark wave band name of a kid whom his parents call Nico. Oh! Oh! Oh-oh-oh!

Nico the Squid is an icon.

Oh! Oh! Oh-oh-oh-oh! Oh!

Nico's family lives in the intertidal zone, and more specifically in the Hotel of Lies located on the edge of a tide pool.

Nicholas is his first name. That is what his parents, Lydia and John, named him. That kid has the most beautiful special eyes with W-shaped pupils. Oh! Oh! Oh-oh! Oh! Oh! Oh-oh! Oh! Oh! Oh-oh! Oh-oh-oh-oh! Oh! Oh! Oh-oh! Oh! Oh! Oh-oh! Woo-hoo... Ooh! Lydia and John met at a dance class in their youth; they took part in numerous protests against pollution by dancing the Argentine tango. You had to be there to feel the vibe on the dance floor!

Lydia's pink dress fluttered in all its brilliance, with its frothy, ruffled folds; at times, Oh-oh! Oh-oh-oh Oh-oh! John seemed to disappear entirely within it, so seamless was the fusion of movement. They were so in tune with the spirit of the times! Oh-oh! Oh-oh-oh! Oh! Oh! They danced in the "needle" style but not only that; and you really should have seen their *chassés* and inverted tangos! Oh-oh! Oh-oh! Oh! Oh-oh! But nowadays... Most often, John is inebriated.

At one point, they both ended up in the plastic bag: father and son. The son arrived second, in the form of a full carton of cigarettes, placed loose on the pink bottom.

Now, let's talk about Nico.

The kid hates being called Nico. It reminds him of a cigarette filter, he claims! "Ahem," said his father; "well... but..." "Well 'butt' what?," he shouts out! Exhaling his anger like a puff of smoke, he feels tainted, heavy with tar, and bellows at his parents: "I don't want to be called by that name!"

"What a spoiled brat, though.

— Yeah, he's acting like a little fag" John replied, blushing.

"What the hell with you? I can't take it anymore! It's like dredging up old cigarette butts discarded on the foreshore at low tide," he asserts.

"Shush," added his mother to the "Ahem!" of John. In his exasperation, the kid—tears of anger, that salty fluid, streaming down—imagines himself screaming at the top of his lungs, sees himself as terrifying. And yet, when he yells like that, it sounds like the noise made when slurping up liquid.

Lydia, pacing the beach diagonally, then stepping on the half-beat: "Oh! What a poor Squid, my poor salty liquid squid in tears!"

"Where's his pacifier? — You mean my e-cigarette? — Yes, darling, please—Nico needs it!" He needs it, needs it! Needs it? Yes, needs... Needs it? It. That. Is. Isn't. He needs it, that's all. "Give it to him. Please, darling, please..."

"Oh, look, Nico: how wonderful!"

The sea spray swirls like pollinating insects; the water on the foreshore resembles garlands of wisteria. In the throes of a hysterical fit—throwing a total tantrum—the brat isn't looking. His eyes are like two dead jellyfish.

Nico the Squid is an icon.

Wave after wave, breaker after breaker, Nico is a maggot butt drowning in the ocean. He's passing their nicotine kick on to the other squids. And to the fish, too! *And to its cousin, the cuttlefish!* And also to the crabs, as well as the shellfish and the intertidal worms!

The breakers on the foreshore resemble wisteria crowns.

The breakers on the foreshore resemble wisteria crowns.

Intertidal Zone

1

Now, let's talk about Nico.

The fuck hates being called Nico. It reminds him of a cigarette filter, he claims! "Ahem," said his old man; "well... but..."

"Well 'butt' what?," he shouts out! Exhaling his anger like a puff of speech bubble, he feels tainted, heavy with tar, and bellows at his *mates*: "I don't want to be called by *that* name!"

"What a spoiled brat, though.

— Yeah, he's acting like a little fag" John replied, blushing.

2

Lydia, striding diagonally across the beach, then marking time on the off-beat. "Oh! What a poor sweet, my poor salty liquid squid in tears!"

"Where's his pacifier? — You mean my e-maggot? — Yes, darling, please—Nico needs it!" He needs it, needs it! Needs it? Yes, needs... Needs it? It. That. Is. Isn't. He needs it, that's all. "Give it to him. Please, darling. Please..."

"Oh, look, Nico; how wonderful!" The sea spray swirls like pollinating insects; the water on the foreshore resembles garlands of wisteria.

In the throes of a hysterical fit—throwing a total tantrum—the brat isn't looking. His eyes are like two dead jellyfish!...

3

Wave after wave, breaker after breaker, Nico is a maggot butt drowning in the ocean. He's passing their nicotine kick on to the other squids. And to the fish, too! *And to its cousin, the cuttlefish?* And also to the crabs, as well as the shellfish and the intertidal worms! The breakers on the foreshore resemble wisteria crowns.

4

Wave after wave, breaker after breaker, Nico is a maggot butt drowning in the ocean. *He's passing their nicotine kick on to the other squids.* And to the fish, too! *And to its cousin, the cuttlefish!* And also to the crabs, as well as the shellfish and the intertidal worms!

The breakers on the foreshore resemble wisteria crowns. The breakers on the foreshore—resemble wisteria crowns—resemble wisteria crowns.

II

"Humorist"

Horse skull half-buried in the dune.

Buried moon.

That is his vision for his band, and for the screen-printed custom T-shirt representing it.

In her youth, when she was still firmly attached to the supermarket plastic-bag polyp—the one by the cliff's edge—his mother won the Miss Pinky Princess contest. The Rubber family lived there at the time; Lydia did the cleaning, and John was the janitor.

Giving birth to Nico was quite an ordeal for Lyd, who had to push, given that the baby was presenting with a blob-like head. Like a speech balloon—a blob as white as a speech bubble devoid of any text!

"Anger, like white noise," inhabited him.

Poor little squid that couldn't stand the idea of bearing a first name that likened him to a cigarette butt. She demanded a great deal of him, putting her own desires as a mother above everything else. His father's wish was for him to become an accountant.

One butt, two butts, three butts, and so on.

One butt, two butts, three butts, and so on.

The first thing he saw upon emerging from his mother's womb was the ocean foreshore. Then, looking up, he glimpsed clouds drifting like so many pale, limp jellyfish. The waves on the foreshore look like wisteria garlands.

Last week, Nico the Squid turned four. *Rapid growth, single reproduction.* At his birthday, he has got a recumbent bicycle!

A recumbent bicycle! A recumbent bicycle equipped with three fins in place of the crankset. So there you have it—he's already riding a recumbent bike in shallow-water at four month old! Nico lives in an IZ; in the blink of an eye he sees the Medusa! It was a revelation for the kid, and since then, he has decided to become a drummer in a trio.

Nico is the first name of a child whom his parents sometimes nickname Flush. The kid thinks he's an intellectual. His mother is a pink plastic bag with two pig's ears, and his father is a condom infested with a few sand fleas.

Nico was born in the hadal zone of a songwriter's mouth, where a tobacco factory is located. This is where you might share a French kiss—a kiss with the aftertaste of an ashtray.

Due to the cigarette butts that need to be picked up on the foreshore, his father's wish was for him to become an accountant. Nico doesn't like it at all; he prefers to envision his professional future as the drummer of a dark wave band.

He will perform in a trio, in a style evoking an oil tanker running aground off the coast. But right now he lives in an IZ—or how to kill children's visual imagination while claiming to raise their awareness of underwater life in general, and the fragility of the intertidal zone in particular.

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On closer inspection, Nico is a marijuana joint,
and his bike is a pair of expert hands *rolling it*.

The waves on the foreshore look like wisteria garlands.

The fins are the three cigarette papers, and Nico
is the tip of the tongue with a bit of saliva.

Butt—Slurp!

Lyrics : Johanna Dowland and Joel Bothwell.