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# Robots

# Chapter 1

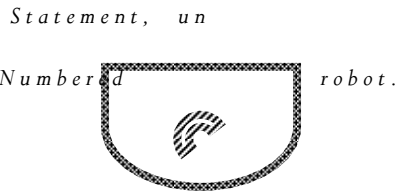
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A Visual Villanelle

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James Robinson

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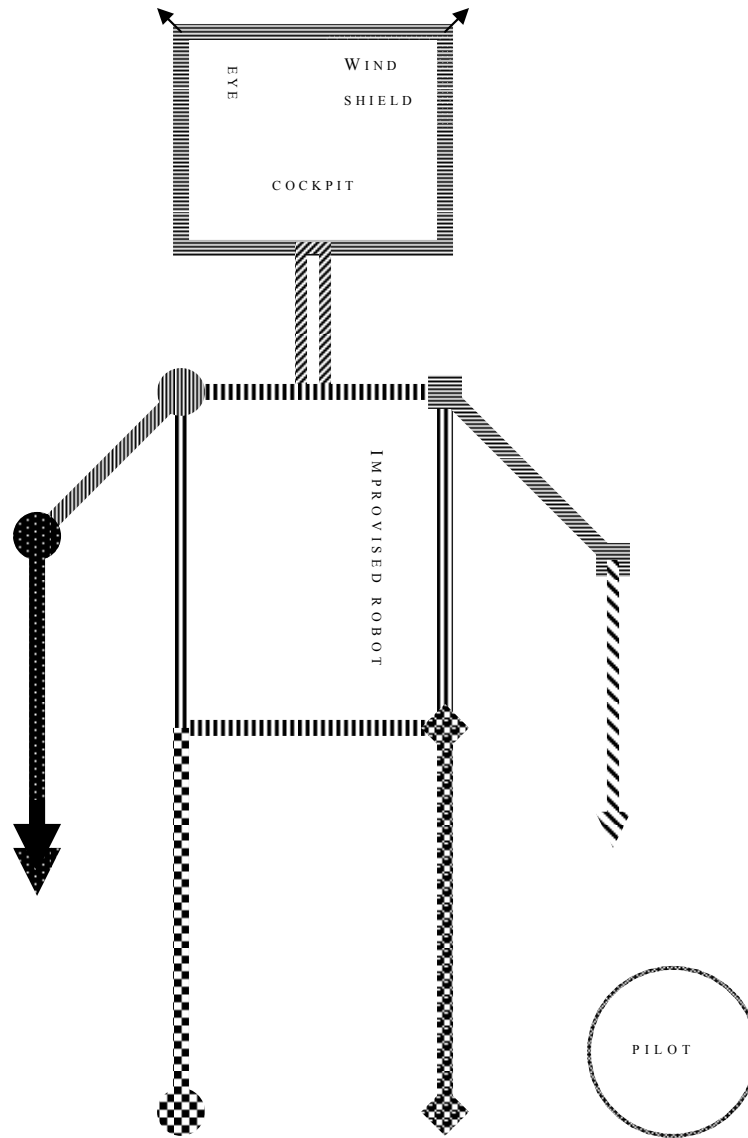


**FIGURE 1. WARNING: DON'T CALL THESE PANTIES. IT IS AN UNDERGARMENT WITH AN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK FOR STYLE, OKAY?**

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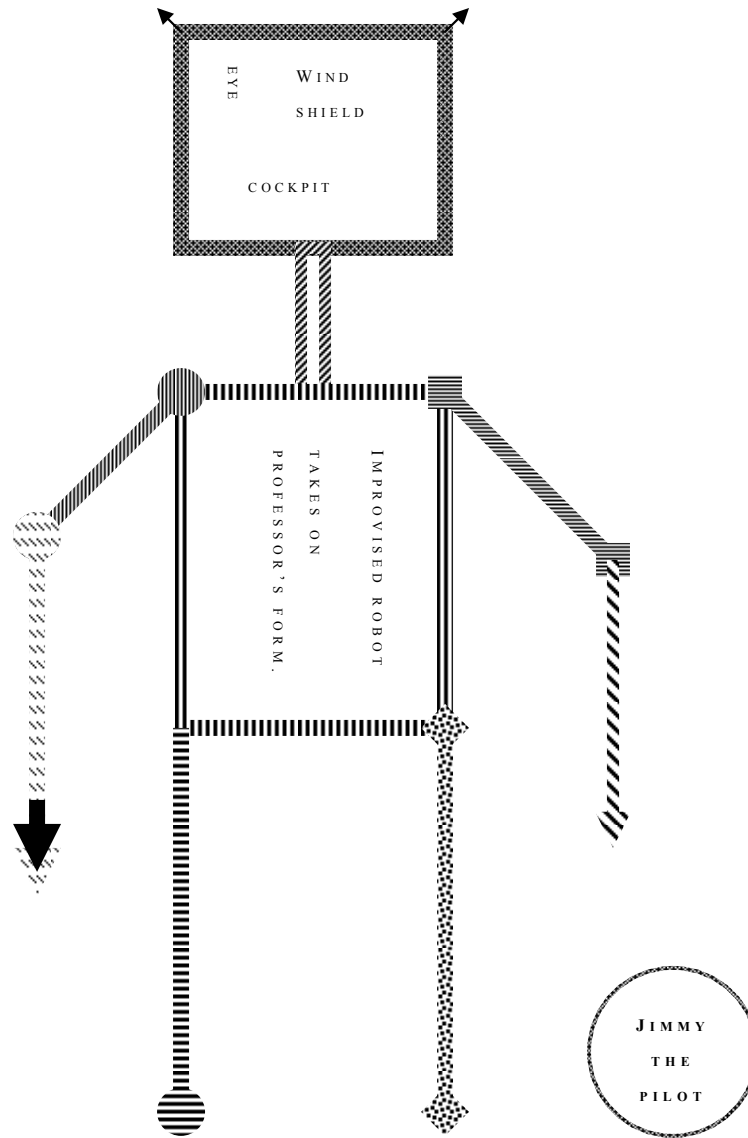
<sup>1</sup>I THINK I'M OLD ENOUGH NOW, AT 31, TO NOT WEAR PANTIES. MY WIFE WEARS PANTIES. MY DAUGHTERS WEAR PANTIES AND SOMETIMES DIAPERS. MY WIFE SAYS THAT I WEAR PANTIES, BUT SHE'S WRONG. I WEAR UNDERWEAR. I KNOW THAT ENGLISH IS HER SECOND LANGUAGE , BUT COME ON. I'M TALKING MASCULINITY AS A LANGUAGE 101.

JUST THE OTHER DAY, AFTER FULFILLING OUR CONTRACT TO FILL THE WORLD WITH OFFSPRING, SHE SAYS WHAT IS THIS BROWN-SPOT ON YOUR PANTY? I RESPOND , IT'S A NEUROLOGICAL RESPONSE TO THE WORD PANTIES, DEAR.

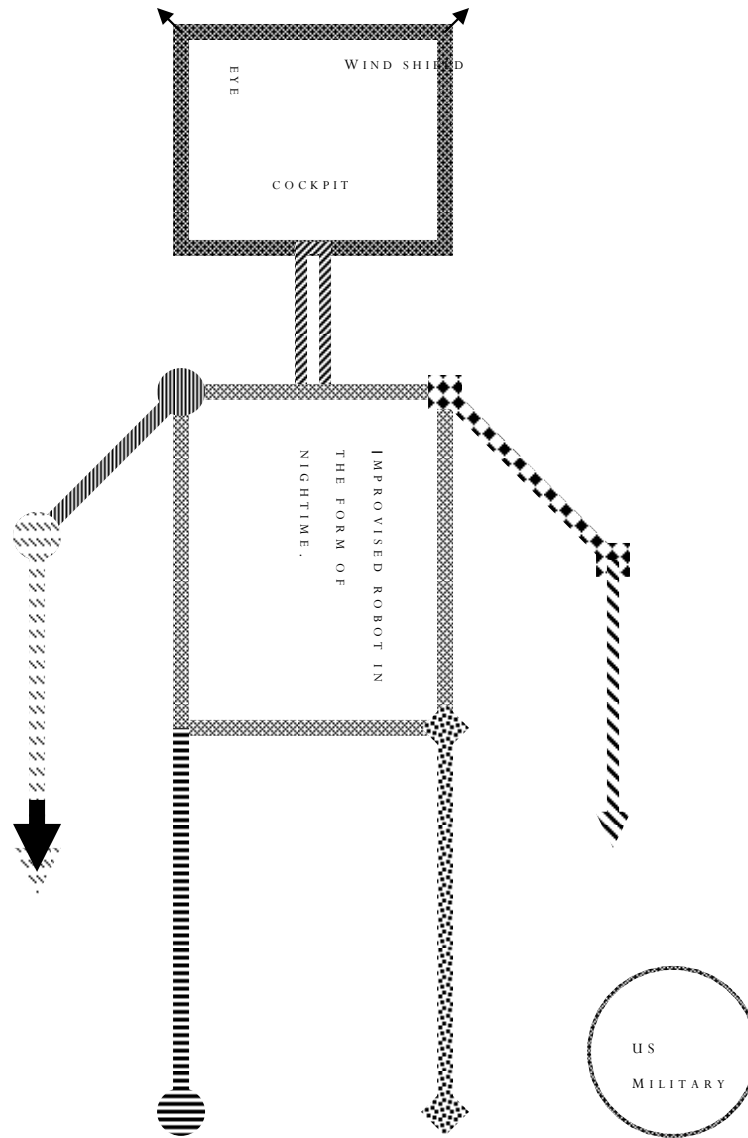



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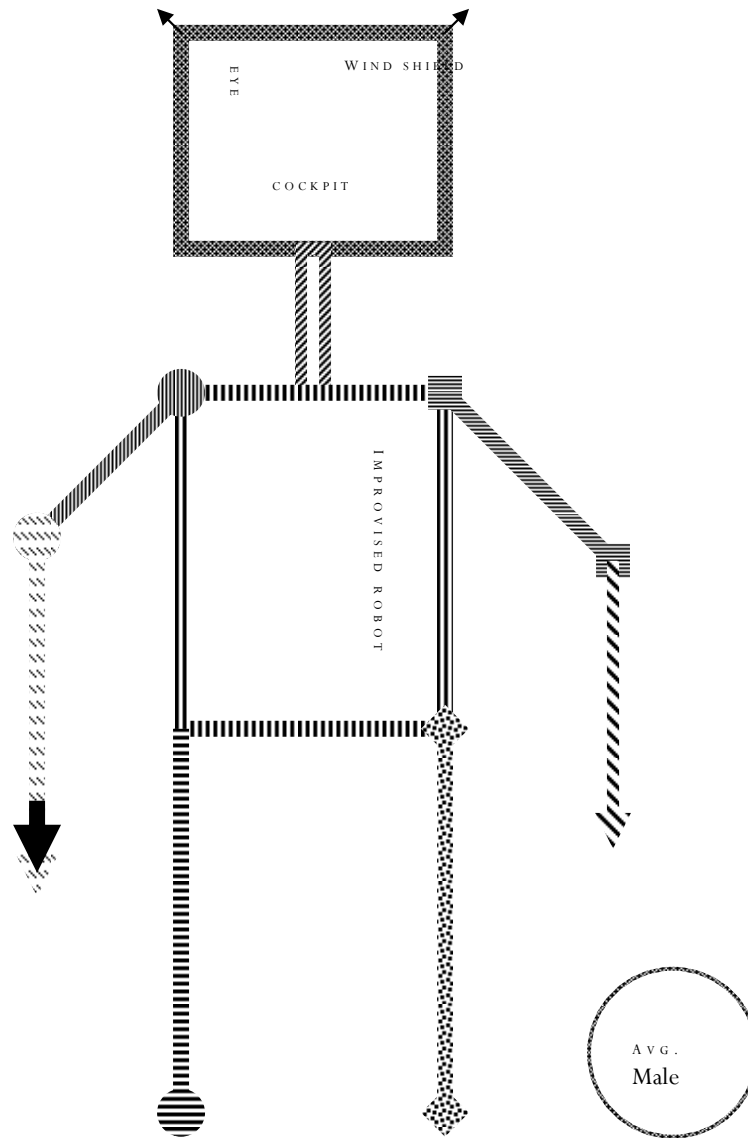
<sup>2</sup> YOU MAY BE TOO OLD TO REMEMBER OR EVEN TO HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF TRANZOR-Z. TRANZOR Z WAS AN ANIME ROBOT THAT WAS LITERALLY MOTIVATED BY A HUMAN PILOT. WHEN THE GOING GOT TOUGH, TOMMY, THE NAME OF THE HUMAN PILOT, WOULD FLOAT A HOVERCRAFT AND LAND IT INTO TRANZOR-Z'S HEAD THUS GIVING THE GIANT A HUMAN BRAIN. OF COURSE, THE RELATIONSHIP WAS MUTUALLY BENEFICIAL. THE PILOT GAINED ARMOR, STRENGTH AND COULD BE A BIG THREAT TO HUMANS WHO WERE WITHOUT A ROBOT. & WHAT DID TRANZOR Z GET? SIMPLE EXISTENCE. IF HE WASN'T NEEDED TO KICK ASS, HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ASSEMBLED BY TOMMY'S GRANDFATHER. IN SOME WAYS TRANZOR IS LIKE ASSEMBLIES AND CONGREGATIONS OF POLITICIANS, ACTIVISTS, OR RELIGIOUS ASSEMBLIES PILOTED BY LEADERS WHO WANT TO KICK ASS FOR SOME WRONG REASONS.



<sup>3</sup>**NOTE:** WHAT MOST PEOPLE DON'T ADMIT IS THAT EACH OF US HAS A ROBOT WE CLIMB INTO TIME AND AGAIN. THINK NOW OF PEOPLE WHO CLIMB INTO THEIR JOBS AND IMPORTANT TITLES IN ORDER TO KICK SOME MAJOR ASS. I WANTED TO PISS THOMAS OFF AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS: 1) HE GETS INTO HIS HOVERCRAFT 2) HE LANDS THE CRAFT INTO THE COCKPIT OF THE PROFESSOR-BOT 2000. 3) WHEN HE IS IN HIS ROBOT, HE CAN TELL YOU WHAT A POEM IS AND WHAT IT ISN'T. STOP. EVIDENTLY, I WANT HIS ROBOT. JUST ASK MY WIFE ABOUT IT. UNFORTUNATELY, I AM STUCK IN A VARIETY OF ROBOTS—NOT A ONE OF THEM IS A PROFESSOR -BOT. THE ACQUIREMENT OF AN OPERATOR'S LICENSE IS BEYOND ME DUE TO MY LACK OF A SECOND LANGUAGE. IN APPLYING FOR A LICENSE, I WROTE DOWN THAT MY SECOND LANGUAGES WERE ART AND SMURF, BUT THEY DIDN'T GET IT. ADDITIONALLY, THERE WERE HEIGHT AND CULTURAL REQUIREMENTS NECESSARY FOR OBTAINING AN OPERATOR'S LICENSE. WHAT REALLY GETS ME, HOWEVER, IS THE DENIAL REQUIREMENT: DO NOT GO SEXUALLY DOWN ON ANY LIVING THING—YOU DEFILE THE WEAPON CHAMBER WITH CUM NOT LAUDE. THE WORDS GET TANGLED IN SEX'S TRAP. ANUSDARK MIND, IN WHAT MIND THINKS, IS A DARK MIND. THIS IS ME TALKING FROM MY RURAL SURVIVOR -BOT AND MY I-GOT-NO-CLASS-BUT-LOW-CLASS-BOT

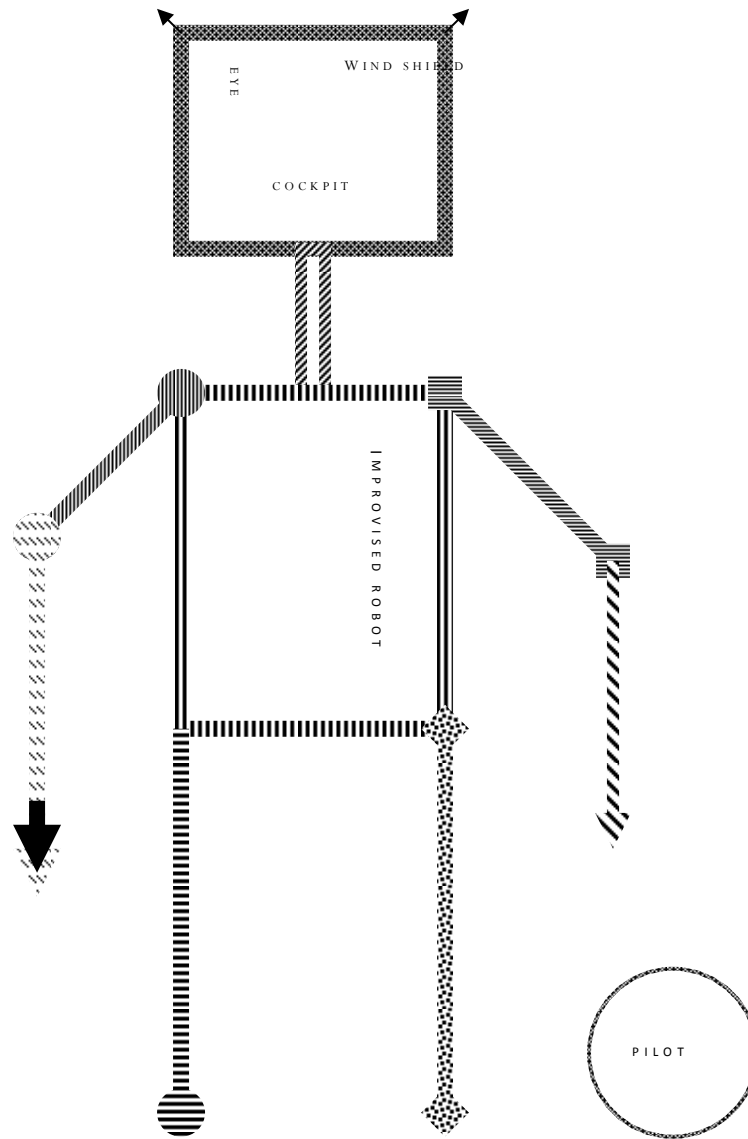


<sup>4</sup> **NOTE:** SOME ROBOTS OCCUR IN NATURE. THINK OF OPERATION SHOCK AND AWE , WHICH HASN'T YET BEEN CALLED JOCK AND LAW. THE ROBOT THERE WAS NIGHTTIME AND LITERAL DARKNESS. THE US MILITARY WORE NIGHTTIME'S ENORMITY AS ARMOR AND MOTIVATED NIGHT-BOT 3000 TO INCOMPLETE ENDS. HOWEVER, IT'S DIFFICULT TO DISCUSS THE NIGHT'S ANATOMY IN TERMS OF WHERE ITS HEAD AND COCKPIT ARE. THE WHOLE ENTITY BECOMES A COCKPIT. THERE IS NO HEAD, & ONLY A LARGE GUT IN WHICH THE PILOT SITS CHURNING ITS POWER. FURTHERMORE, THERE IS A DOUBLE ROBOT IN ALL THIS. JAMAL CLIMBS INTO HIS ROBOT OF LITERAL MILITARY PARAPHERNALIA. & THERE'S A FEW THOUSAND JAMALS DOING THE SAME. THE MILITARY ROBOT CLIMBS INTO THE NIGHT'S GUTPIT. THE NIGHT IS THEN MANIPULATED INTO A CLOAK THAT DROPS SYNTHETIC STARS FROM ITS POCKET. IT'S A MASQUERADE PARTY. EVEN CHILDHOOD RHYMES WEAR SEXY MASKS: "STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT—FIRST STAR I SEE TONIGHT—I WISH I MAY I WISH I MIGHT—HAVE THE WISH I WISH TONIGHT"...THE SONG FLIRTS WITH THE PARTY, OFFERS A DRINK, THEN BOOM! CARNAGE! A POLYPHONIC SCREAM- LIKE STATIC. WE CHECK OUT THE INFORMATION SIZZLING, NOT CLEARING TO WORD. IT'S THE EFFECT WE ENJOY, NOT THE SUBSTANCE.



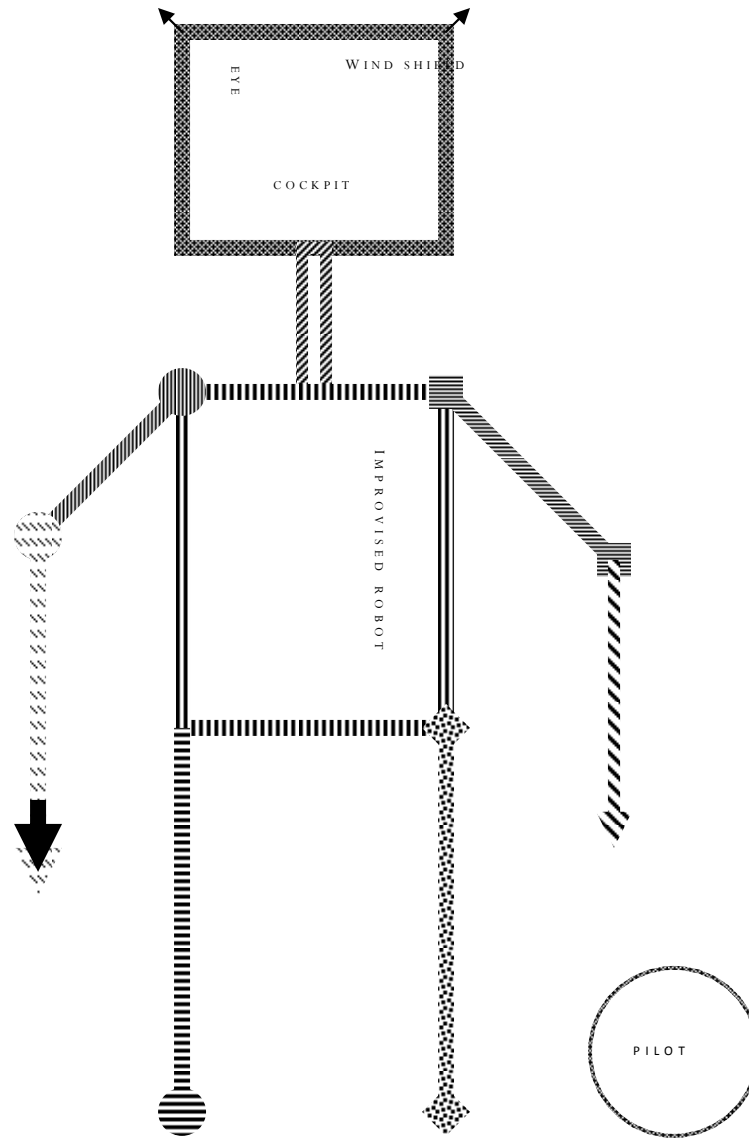

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<sup>5</sup> **NOTE:** Now, truth be told, every relationship is a potential for war and every relationship has its duality of robots and pilots to kick some major ass. Many times women acquire smaller robots by unchoice. By brute novelty, they were given smaller robots. Not often having a chance to shop for robots, they end up with sex-food-and-laundry-bots, which truly kick major ass if used correctly. Often times, men end up with lawyer-and-ceo bots or I'm-man-and-have-dominion-over-everything-bots which are also known as divine-right-bots. These macho-bots are bigger and have war paint. Popular culture tells us women stay with them. But sometimes women have divine-right-bots or ceo-bots and the minor-men-with-minor-bots often runaway, often afraid of having their minor ass kicked in a major way by pink-bots.



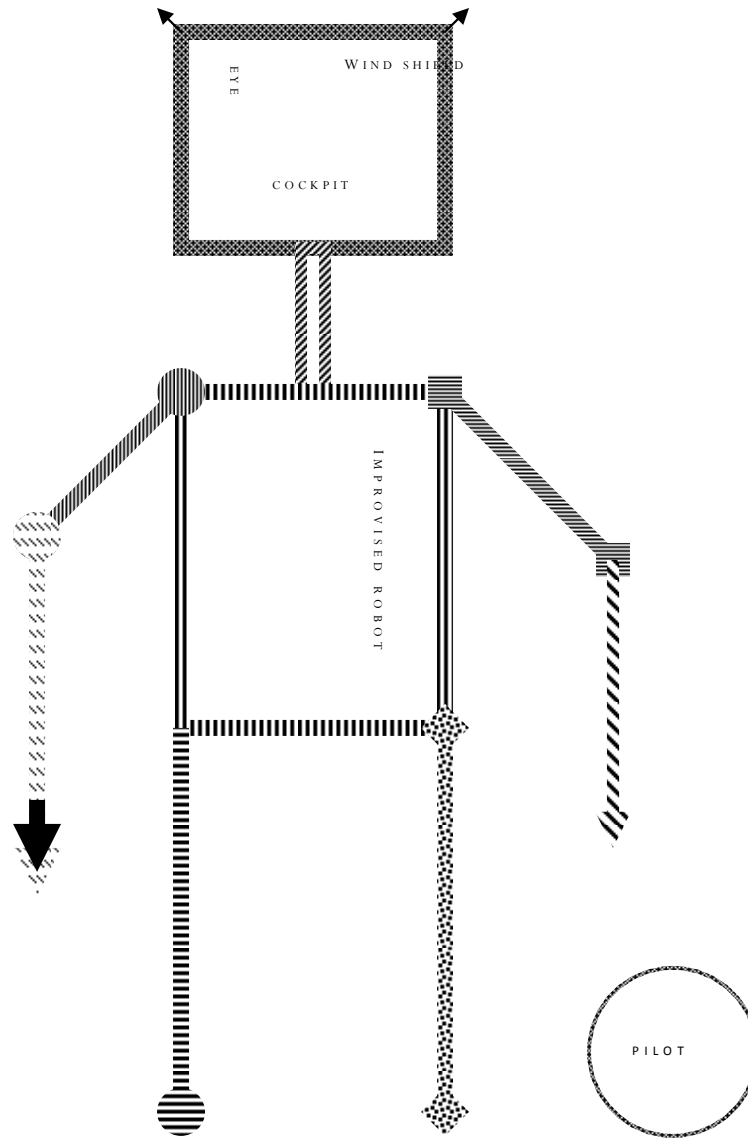

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NOTE: IN THIS BOT I OFTEN SAY, THERE OUGHT TO BE LAWS AGAINST PARENTHOOD. WHEN I CLIMB INTO MY TEACHER-BOT, IT IS OPERATED TOWARDS A PROTECTIVE MEANS AND KICKS MAJOR ASS 1/200 OF THE TIME. FEEL ROBOT'S VOICE THE WAY SKY FEELS CICADAS BUZZ. IF I COULD SEE MY ROBOT'S VOICE, WOULD IT NOT BE A FOG THAT CREEPS AROUND STUDENTS' BODIES? Wd IT HOLD THEM, ARMOR THEM, ARMING THEM WITH PARALYSIS FROM VOICE'S TIGHT GRIP? NOT, LIKE IN WAYNE'S WORLD. I VOICE ITS VOICE. W/ TENDRILS GROWING INTO NOSE, EAR, EYE. THE VOICE-HOOK- FISHHOOK SECURES THE SCHOOL OF FISH FROM OUT THERE-NESS. SOME OPERATORS OF TEACHER-BOTS ARE PORNOCENTRIC IN THEIR ENDEAVORS. NEW HOT TEACHER BOTS WITH PLASTIC GENITALIA WHICH FEEL LIKE REAL THING. THESE BOTS ARE PROTECTOR-GODDESSES LIKE GREEK, & DO IT FOR THEMSELVES. THEIR LIBIDO, EGO AND DESIRE ARE A MOUTH-MOTH DEVOURING THE MATERIAL OF WELL-MADE CLOTHES (PROTECTION FROM ELEMENTS). KIDS, THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MOUTH AND MOTH IS U. U , TAKEN OUT OF MOUTH, SUCKS TOWARDS LIGHT. SUCK MY BRIGHTNESS AWAY, SWEETIE-BOT TEACHER.




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<sup>7</sup> **NOTE:** FRIDAY NIGHT, FIRST OFFICIAL NIGHT I GIVE UP MY TEACHER-BOT FOR REPAIRS AND CLEANING. I'M TALKIN' SUMMER VACATION '06. GOLD-CHAIN WEATHER IS PLEASANT ENOUGH TO GET OUT MY FATHER'S NUT-HUGGERS AND IROC Z (NO RELATION TO TRANZOR). I CRUISE THE STREETS FOR MINOR CRIME. I SCARE JAYWALKERS, ENVY GAWKERS OF FAMILY-SAFE LANDSCAPES. I'M LISTENING TO KAW LIGA BY HANK WILLIAMS. GOT TWO BEERS, 99 PERCENT OF A DOLLAR EACH, 1 PACK OF BUTTS (\$4.35). JUST WATCHED CNN SPECIAL W/ANDERSON COOPER/ ANGELINA JOLIE-- "MAN, THOSE KIDS IN SUDAN/CONGO/DARFUR GOT IT BAD. NO ROBOTS TO CLIMB INTO". AND WIFE LOOKS AT ME LIKE "UH?" AND I LOOK AT HER LIKE "UH". GREAT, WE'RE THINKING AT EACH OTHER. ANGELINA IS A ROBOT FOR SOME, BUT IT'S HARD. NOT THAT I KNOW HER OR ANYTHING, BUT I ESTIMATE HER TO BE A SMALL ARMORED CONTAINER THAT'S PILOTED BY A SECRET PR DEPARTMENT IN THE UN'S PANTIES. AND THAT'S NOT A PUTDOWN — GOOD, NO MATTER WHAT PILOTS IT, IS GOOD. BEAUTY ISN'T A POWERFUL ENOUGH WEAPON THESE DAYS. MAY SMILES KILL IN FAIRY TALES, MAY ROBOTS, IN REAL LIFE, KILL. MY WIFE WANTS TO BECOME A ROBOT TO FIGHT THESE KID'S BATTLES. I AGREE WITH AN "UH". BUT TRUTH BE TOLD IN MY BUDGET FOR BEER AND BUTTS. 20 BUCKS A MONTH TO SAVE KIDS THAT FAR AWAY IS ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM.

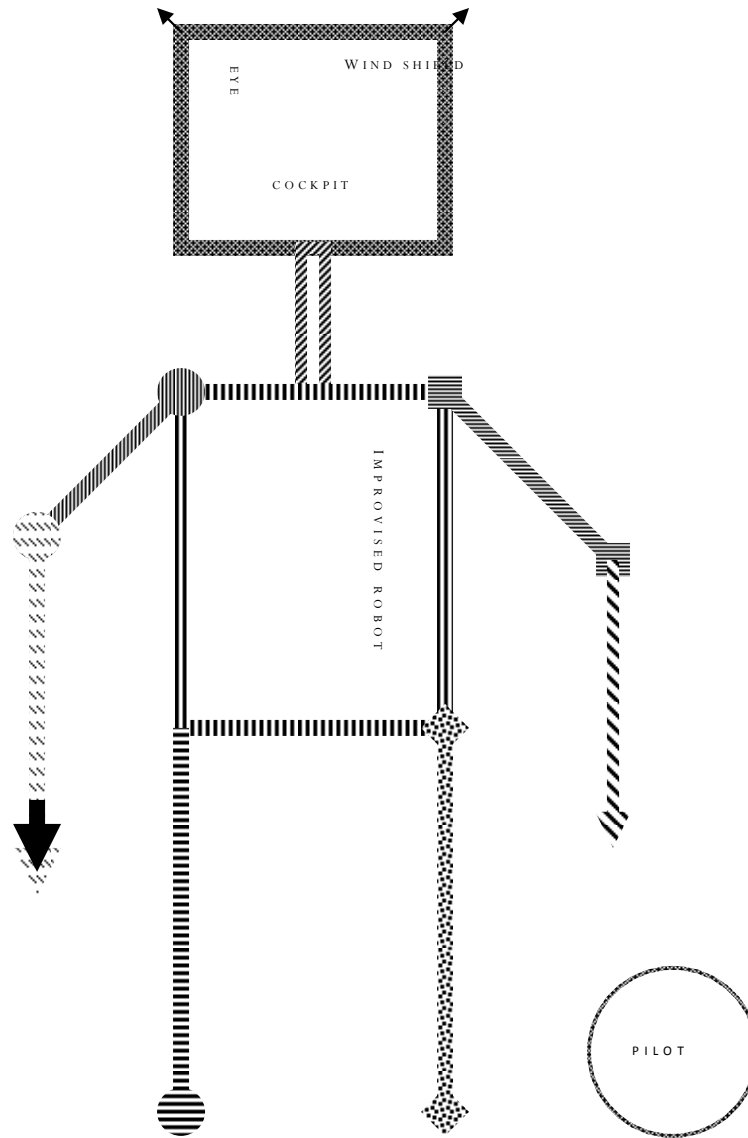


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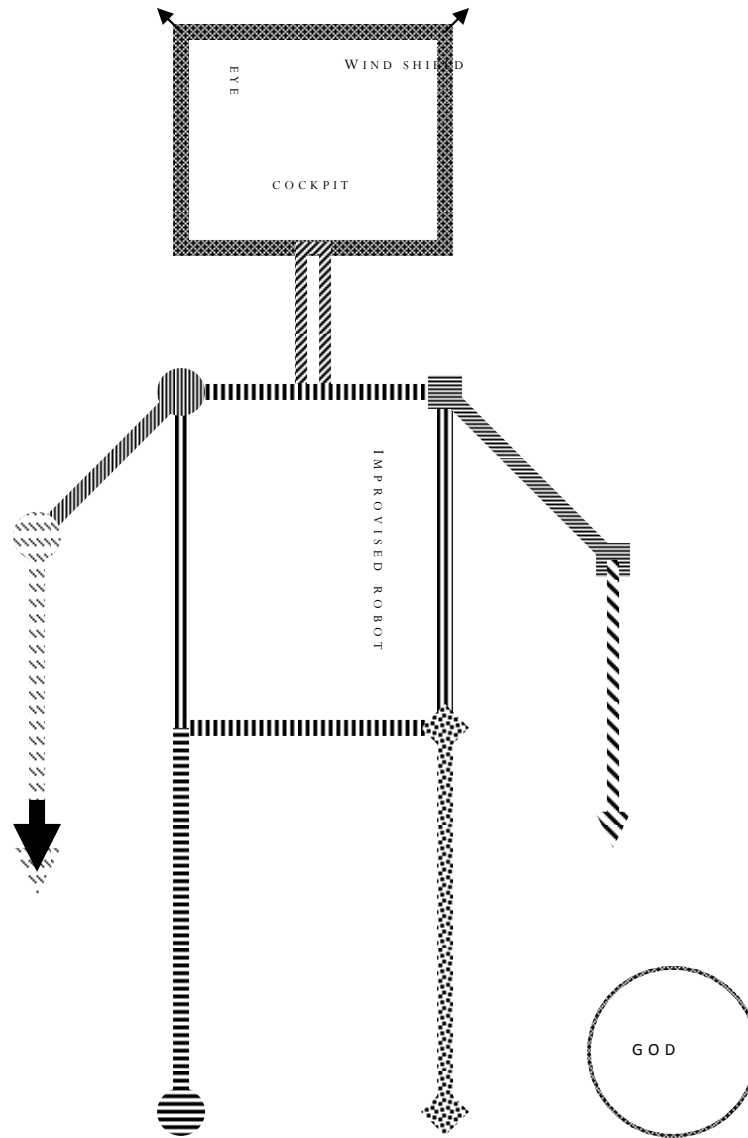
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<sup>8</sup> **NOTE:** FORTUNE COOKIE EDITION: TO PILOT A PARTICULAR ROBOT WITHOUT HAVING ACQUIRED PROPER EXPERTISE AND LICENSURE FOR OPERATION OF PARTICULAR ROBOT RENDERS ROBOT TO EXISTENCE OF A) ARMORHELL A) COCOON A) CHITIN A) COFFIN.



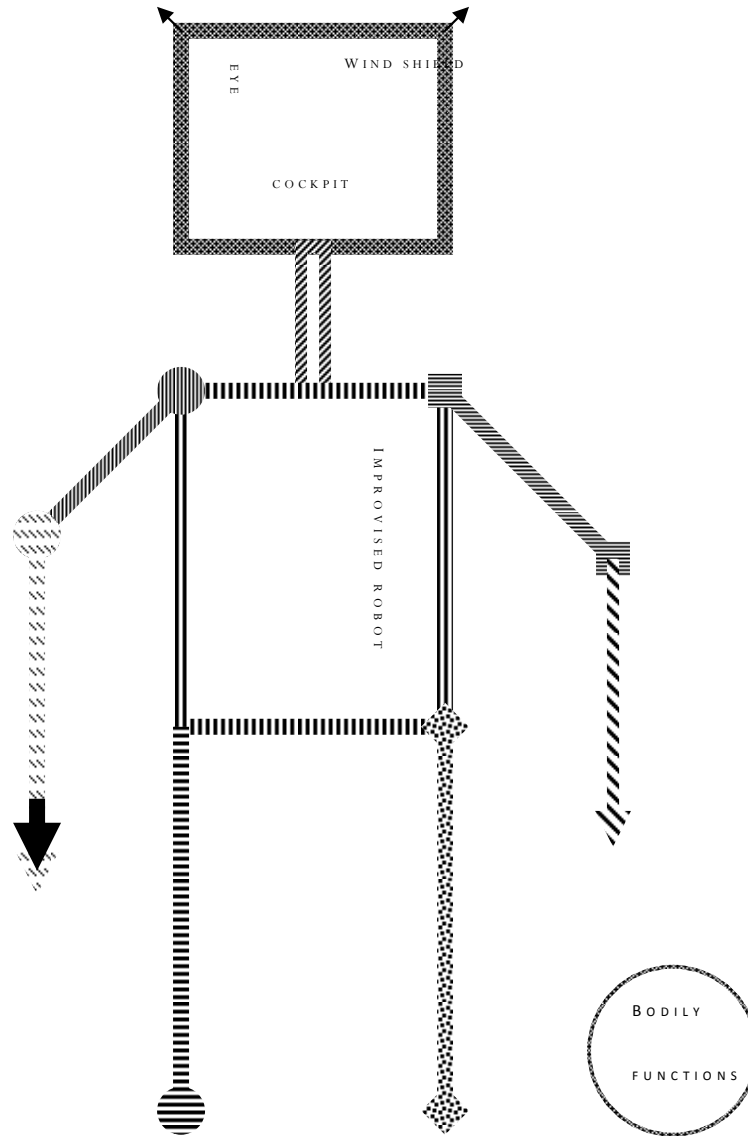

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<sup>9</sup> **NOTE:** CHARACTERISTIC OF GRASSHOPPERS IS THE WORD EXOSKELETON. A GRASSHOPPER IS SAID TO MOLT ITS EXO-ARMOR OF CHITIN, A MATERIAL THAT, FOR THOSE WHO HAVE N'T T HANDLED A GRASSHOPPER, IS KNOWN TO BE FINGERNAIL-HARD AND SEMI-MALLEABLE. A CUTICLE PRODUCES MORE CHITIN, THUS FORMING NEW ARMOR FOR THE DULL-EMERALD-ARTHROPODA. THIS MOLTING IS REPEATED, THOUGH I'M NOT SURE AS TO WHEN OR HOW OFTEN-- IF IT IS MOOD-BASED, STAGE-BASED, OR A REPEATED PUBERTY . WHILE NOT EXACTLY ANALOGOUS , THE INSECT IN ITS SHELL COULD = THE PILOT IN COCKPIT. THAT SAID, CAN I SHED MY TEACHER AND BECOME A PORN STAR WHEN THE CYCLE FINDS IT APPROPRIATE? A) YES A) THINK ABOUT IT A) HOW ABOUT ASKING THE WIFE? A) MY HUNDREDTH PUBERTY AWAITS IN A PORE.




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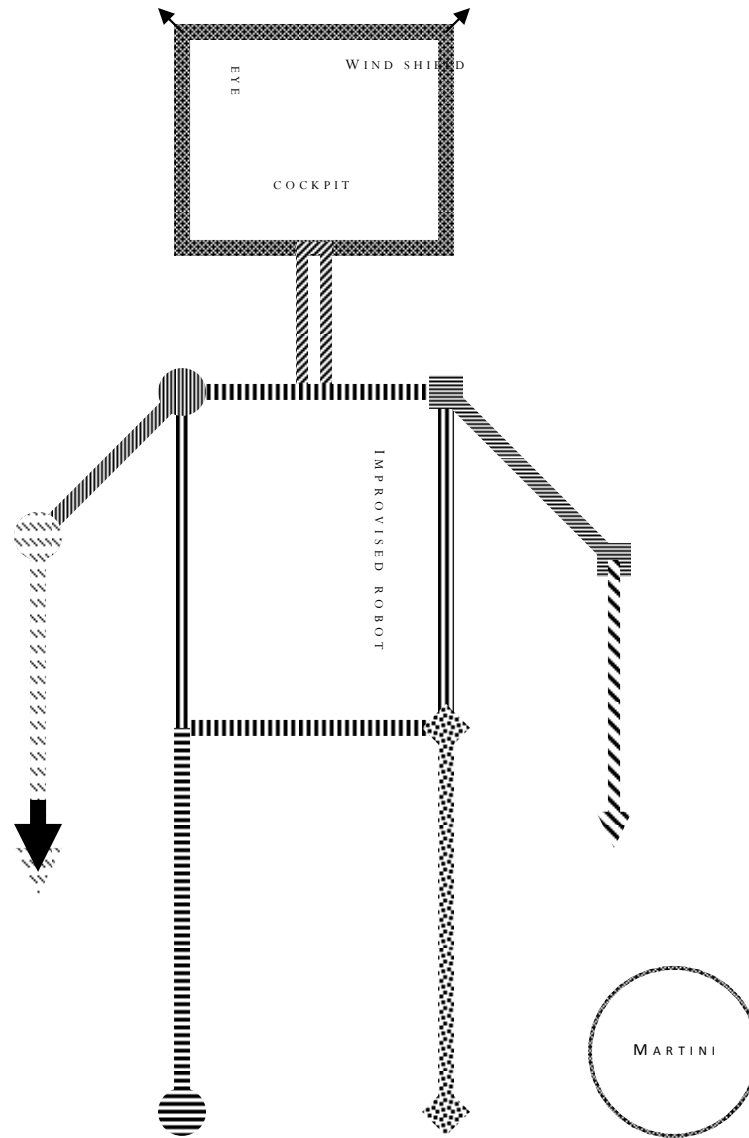
<sup>10</sup> NOTE: AND SO IT WAS DONE. GOD CREATED PROPHET-BOT IN HIS OWN IMAGE. TO DEMONSTRATE THIS HE CREATED FLESH-AND- DESIRE-BOTS— THERE WAS 1 FOR ASIA, 1 FOR EUROPE, & 1 FOR THE MIDDLE EAST. HE PILOTED EACH DURING A DIFFERENT HISTORICAL CYCLE THEN DISPOSED OF IT IN A BOOK. NOW 1 OF THEM HAS TRANSFORMED ITSELF INTO A ROBOT MADE OF OIL, ANOTHER TRANSFORMED ITSELF INTO FREE MARKET AND THE LAST CHURNS OUT MICRO CHIPS AND SEMICONDUCTORS. THESE ROBOTS ARE PILOTED BY CONCEPTS YOU WOULDN'T WANT YOUR KIDS TO MARRY.




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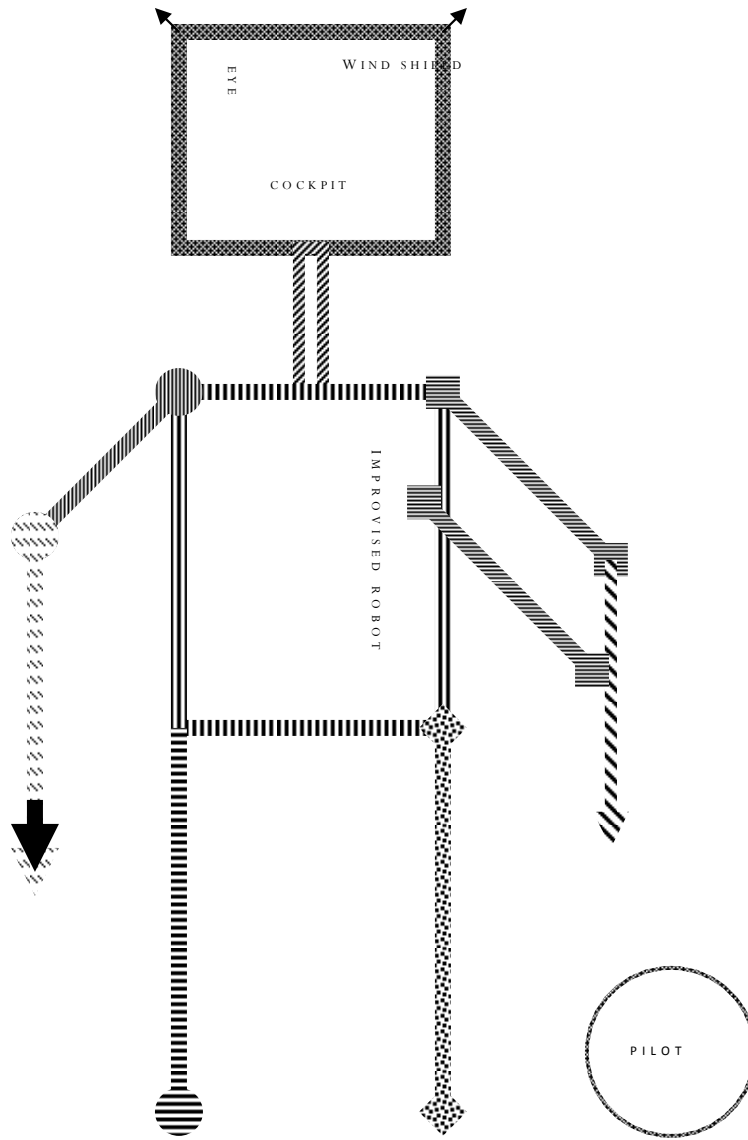
<sup>11</sup> NOTE FROM UNFINISHED FICTION: “BUT MARK IS SUCH AN ASSHOLE HE’D PROBABLY SAY HIS BODY IS A SEEING-EYE DOG AND HIS MIND IS LED BY IT. IF HE GETS HIT BY A CAR, SO WHAT? IT’S THE DOG’S FAULT, NOT HIS”. MARK AND HENRIETTA’S BEDROOM IS DARK—AN ABSOLUTE BRAILLE SCRIPT FOR THE BODY. MARK, IN THIS SCENE, HAS SOMETHING OF AN INVERSE ROBOT ABOUT HIM. HIS MIND IS THE ROBOT AND HIS BODY, THO I CAN’T BELIEVE IT, IS THE PILOT. “SURE” SAYS HENRIETTA “YOU CAN ACT THIS WAY, BUT IT DOESN’T MAKE FOR CORRECT CONVERSATION OVER CHRISTMAS DINNER”.

“NO, BUT IT HAPPENS TO THE BEST OF US—YOU EVER HAD TO PISS SO BAD YOU COULD TASTE IT.”



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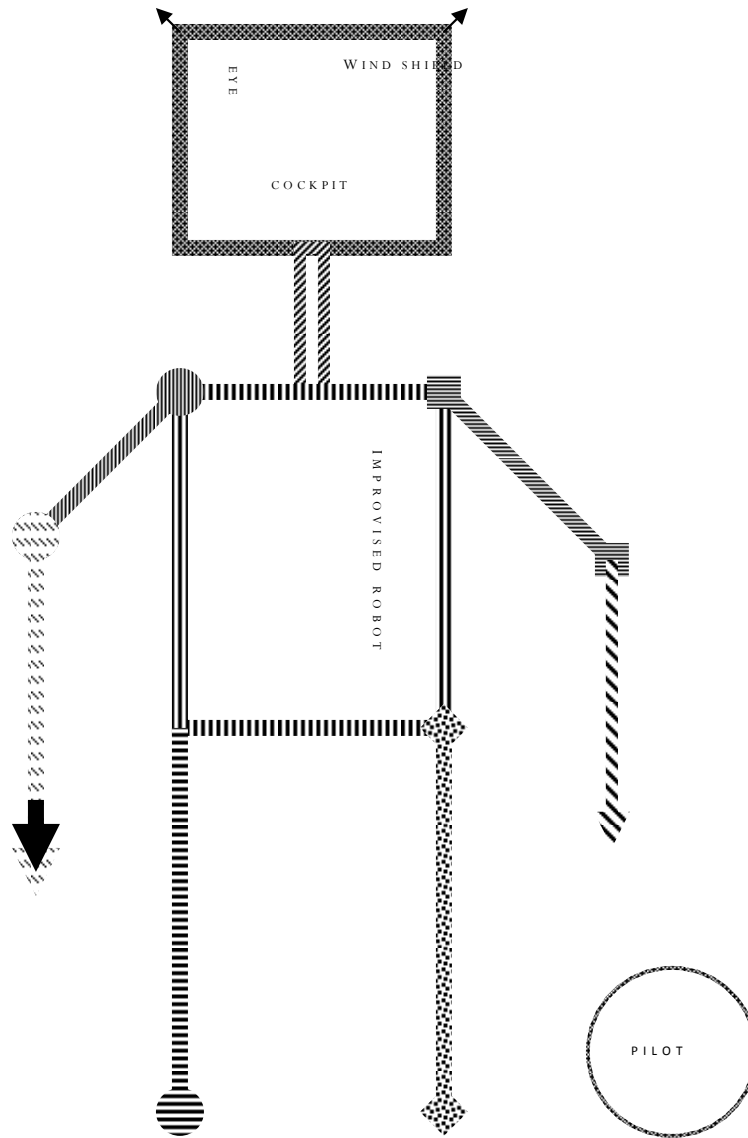
**NOTE:** LET'S JUST SAY FOR A SECOND THAT WE'RE IN AN ANIME FLICK. MEL IS SLEEPING WITH HIS EYES OPEN LIKE WINDOWS. WE SEE BIRDS FLY IN AND OUT OF THEM. HE BLINKS. A BIRD RICOCHETS OFF THE EYELID, THEN INTO THE SALSA. A LADY UNTUCKS A PIECE OF TOMATO FROM ITS DEAD WING. IT'S GREAT. PEOPLE ARE LAUGHING AND EVERYTHING. ACTUALLY HE'S IN THAT ZONING OUT STATE THAT ONE IS TRANCED INTO AT A PARTY OF VERY LONG CONVERSATIONS—SPEECHES THERE ARE IN REAL TIME AND ARE THE LENGTH OF REAL LEGENDARY RIVERS. AND WHILE HE'S STARING OUT, DAZED, TRYING TO SEE WHERE THE RIVER ENDS, IF THAT'S EVEN POSSIBLE, A PILOT SEEPS INTO HIS MOUTH IN THE FORM OF A COCKTAIL. PILOT GETS FAMILIAR WITH THE CONTROLS AND STARTS MOVING THE MOUTH. A VOCAL CORD CHIMES IN WITH "FILTHY JEW. HEBE. SWEET TITS". "LET'S BOOGIE". "LET'S BUKKAKE". "SWEET TITS, RUB SOME OF THAT FLAVOR ON MY JOHNSON". "HELLO? LIKE, ANYONE OUT THERE WANNA HELP AN OLD MAN RUB ONE OUT". (PAUSE) NOT REALLY. ANOTHER A-LIST ROOM SLITHERS OFF INTO MILES OF SILENCE. IT SEEMS THIS PARTICULAR CONVERSATION IS A COWBOY RIDING OFF INTO THE SUNSET ON ABC. AN EXODUS, SO TO SPEAK.



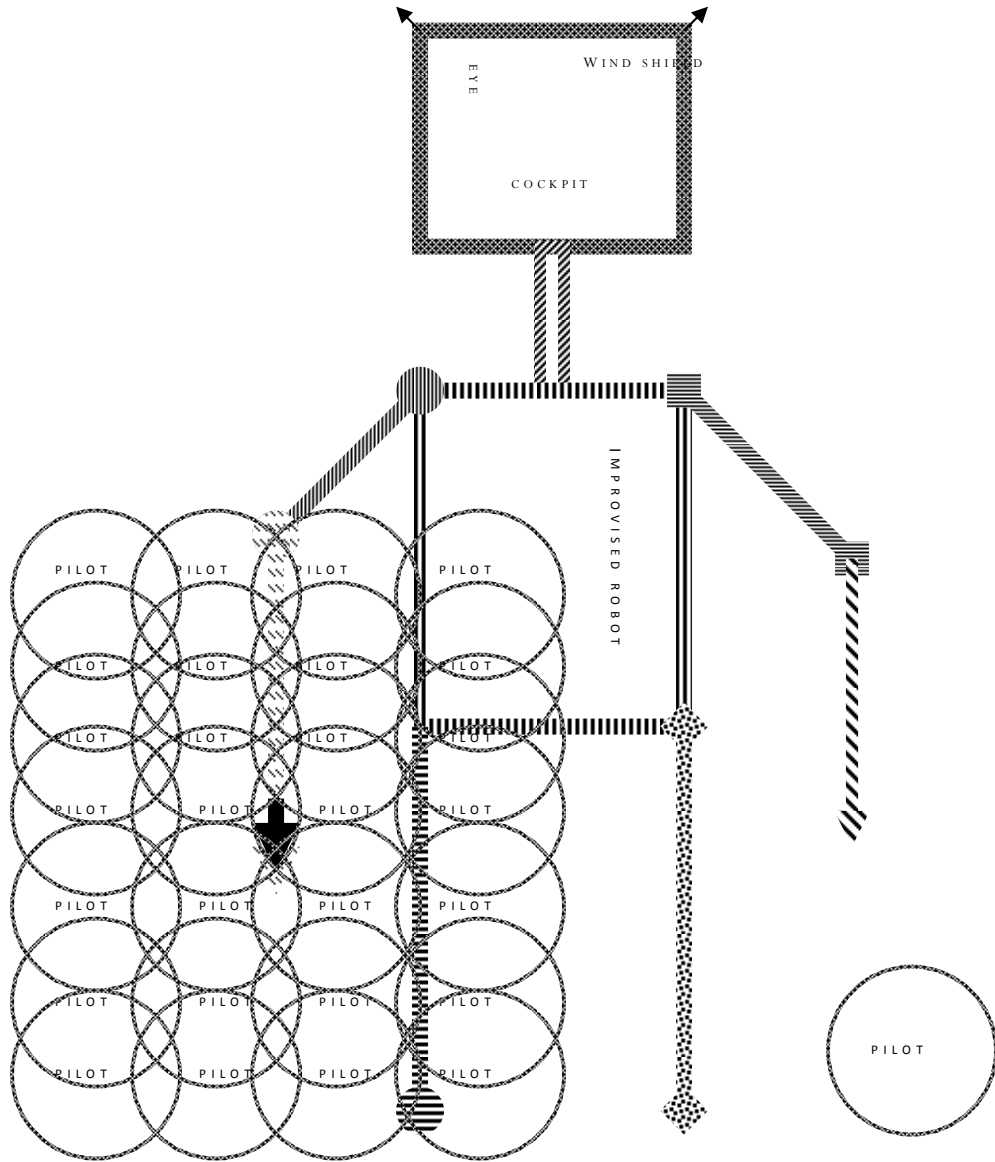
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BUSH HAS PRESIDENT-AND-STUTTER-BOT, MADONNA HAS CHAMELEON-BOT. DOCTOR HAS DOCTOR-BOT. JAMES HAS HUSBAND-FATHER-TEACHER-BOT. WIFE WITH SECOND-LANGUAGE-BOT.



<sup>13</sup> MAN, I DON'T KNOW HOW POETS AND OTHER PROGRESSIVE STEREOTYPES ARE SO SURE OF THEMSELVES IN THEIR PEACE-LOVING BOTS. THEY HARM ME LIKE A RELIGION. THEY'VE AN ASSURANCE THAT PEACE IS THE ANSWER AND, BECAUSE OF THEIR LICENSURE, I BELIEVE/FEEL THREATENED. DO THEY REALLY BELIEVE IT? OR DO THEY SIMPLY WANT A REGIME THAT WILL STRIP AWAY THEIR VOICE AND EXPRESSION, GRANTING THEM THE VICTIM-ROLE WHICH MAKES "GOOD" ART POSSIBLE/PRACTICAL/POLITICAL? AFTER ALL, THAT HAS ITS VALUE TOO. JEEZ, EVEN THE STUPID POST-AMERICAN AMERICAN POET CAN WIN A NOBEL WHEN WRITING FROM THAT POLITICAL SITUATION. THAT IS TO SAY, IF AND WHEN SHE IS WRITING IN CODE, SHE DODGES THE REGIME IN A SUB-MOVEMENT. YES, CODE IS BEAUTY. BUT HER CODE IS MORE BEAUTY. WHO KNOWS WHAT RUSSIAN POETRY WOULD BE LIKE IF THEY COULD'VE BEEN FRANK AND HONEST IN THE RED-DAYS. MAYBE DEATH-THREATS DO MAKE GOOD ART. MAYBE IT IS FEAR THAT KEEPS THE ATTENTION STRAIGHT AND THE LANGUAGE AMBIGUOUS, AS IN JC'S UNDERGROUND PARABLES OR SLAVETALK. SUB-CULTURE/ SUB-LANGUAGE IS AN EGG SACK IN THE INSECT'S LIFE CYCLE, THE VERBS BULGE AND PULSE UNDER THE MEMBRANE, READY TO HATCH AS AN ARMY OF HEROES AND CASUALTIES. BOOKS, FOR INSTANCE.



<sup>15</sup> **NOTE:** W/ SO MANY PILOTS, THE ABOVE IS A DIAGRAM OF WHAT CONGRESS-BOT, COMMUNITY-BOT, & REPRESENTATIVE-OF-THE-PEOPLE-BOT MUST LOOK LIKE. I WONDER HOW THE SEPARATE PILOTS WORK TO MOTIVATE A SINGLE ENTITY TO PROPER ACTION. IS IT ABSTRACT BLOOD? YOU DON'T KNOW, OF COURSE, BUT AN ACT OF THINKING MAY LOOK THIS WAY AS WELL. THE BEST/STRONGEST THOUGHTS FIGHT INFERIOR PILOTS/INFERIOR THOUGHTS TO GAIN CONTROL, ALTHOUGH, FOR SAKE OF TIME, SOMETHING AUTHORITARIAN MAY BE THE BEST OPTION IN ALL THIS. CALL IT AN A) VISION A) TRUST A) DELUSION A) VIOLENCE JUSTIFIED.

NOTE: My pocketbook opens to the uniform of a pretty, young doctor... My doctor's beauty is board certified by her uniform and her various associations in the field corner. But when I feign illness, she says, "Look Norman, I do this role-playing shit for a little extra cash, know whud I'm sayin'?" And the gas ain't exactly cheap these days, know whud I'm sayin', and, what's worse, I gotta lower my prices for guys like you."

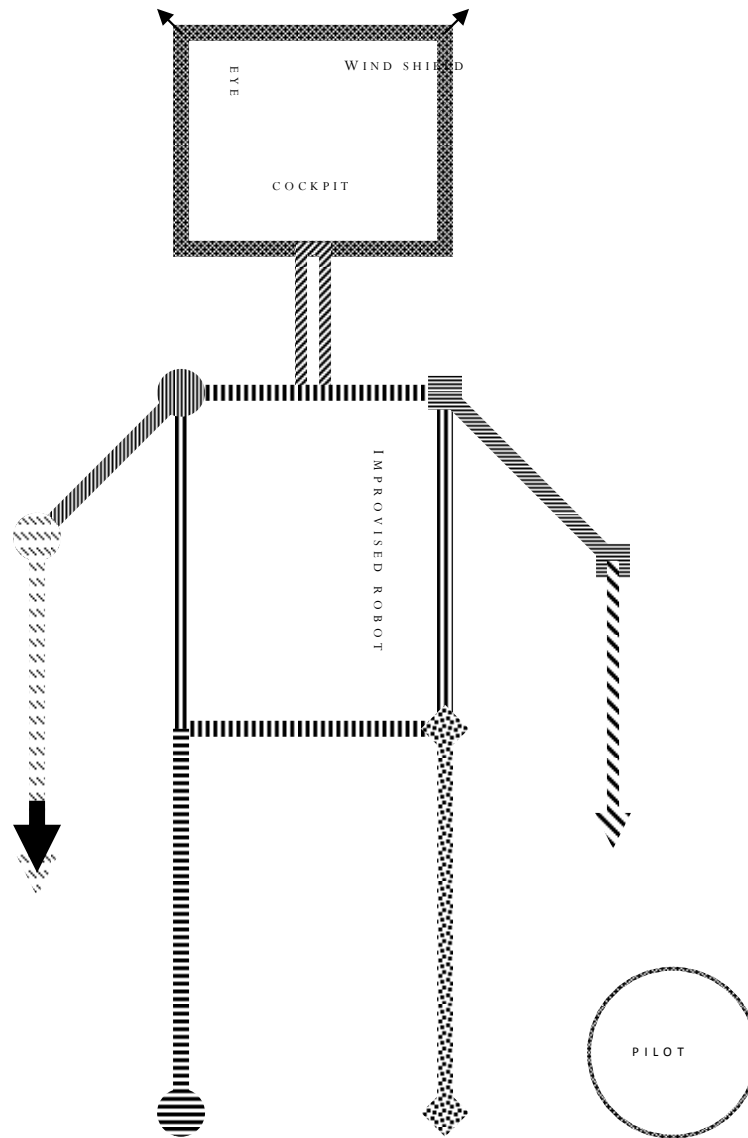
"Sorry, Dr. Will you take..." (he pulls out a credit card) The doctor interrupts, abruptly.

"No! And No'man, yo sorry ass ain't sorry 'nough mutha fucka. Yo sorry ain't mean shit to me, b. Yo, I can't buy me no mutha fuckin prada with that shit! You kiddin' me, b....."

"No, I'm....(pause)(The Doctor puts her stethoscope away, she'd been listening for demons, moving her instrument around the body as if a metal detector on some random beach in retirementville.)She pulls up her panties, tilts her head slow to the right, tucks her hair behind her left ear, takes off the fake glasses) (She continues with her destructive surgery)

"Yo, like, if you want the real mutha fuckin' thing, and if you don't wannuh keep this mutha fuckin' shit fo' real anymo', then you betta mutha' fuckin' call 911 or some shit like that 'cause bitch, I don't even know what part of the mutha fuckin body you talking bout."

<sup>16</sup> I like reading Pensees by Pascal – especially when I perceive him to be discussing robots. “What but this faculty of imagination dispenses reputation, awards respect and veneration to persons, works, laws and the great? How insufficient are all the riches of the earth without her (imagination’s) consent?”—Blaise Pascal, Pensees, 3. *Imagination* .




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<sup>17</sup>**NOTES TO THE WIRE TRIBE:** Brethren Wires, When they say the word “robot” in their conversations, beware: they are speaking of an image not yet realized. Thus, being made of imagination, their robot is more indestructible to them than titanium or diamonds. Regarding the robot, they ask “Is it Nothing but a role? Or is it an abstract service industry in its most precious form?”. You should reply that the robot is both. According to law, all robots are happy to receive new pilots as needed. I tell you the truth, this fact alone assures them, and you, that one can die safely, knowing that the father and husband-bots (or whatever robots you have) can be piloted by substitute pilots! Truth be told! Pilots are 100% replaceable by younger operators, or by ones who are better suited for the tasks of operation. This activates questions regarding Calvinism, the Christian calling and free will when one is looking towards licensure of a particular robot?  
 > > Now ain’t that a happy note to begin with...

