

JAZZ AT THE INTERGALACTIC NIGHTCLUB

The management is pleased to announce:

That as a result of the recent elections to the Universal

Congress of Transmogrification,

There will be revelations. . .visions. . .charismatic hors-

d'beuvres. . .mana. . .divine grace. . .

Exactly at midnight;

And is further pleased to advise you

That every instant of time this bright dark long,

No matter what the time-belt of your home province

Shall be that true and enduring midnight,

This eternal heaven in which we dream of hell.

Look at the clock, ladies and gentlemen:

It is three seconds until that ultimate midnight,

That Universal Prime, moment of Grace, final rent payment,

Revelation, Satori,

Three. . .

Two. . .

One. . .

There.

It has happened.

Now you may all go home.

A SEASON

Rain.

Gunfire.

Crows.

Mist; far; woods.