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THE UNCERTAINTY

PRINCIPLE

ISSUE 6

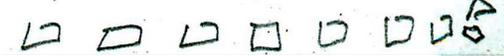
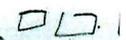
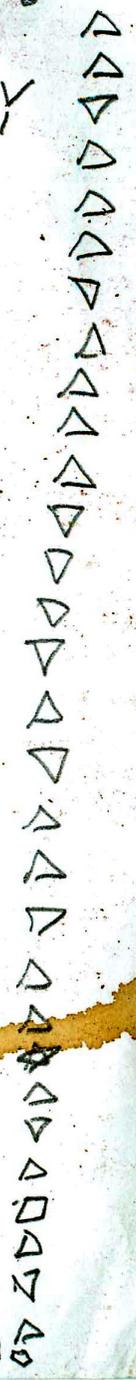
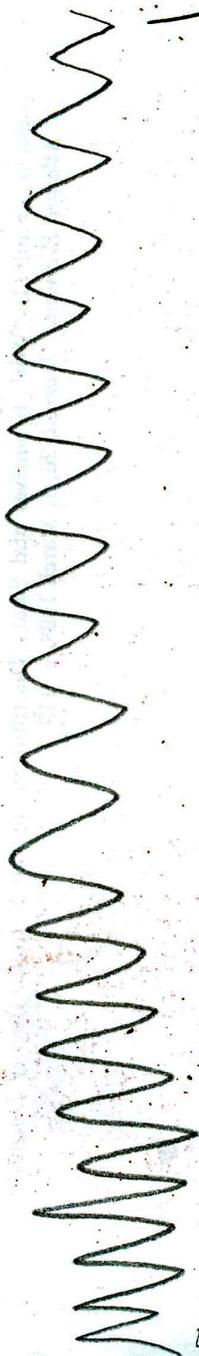
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Online Edition

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Cf. "TENNIS AND THE FERAL PRODIGY ..." & "SELECTED TRANSCRIPTS OF THE RESIDENT-INTERFACE ...". Pages 172 - 181 of "Infinte Jest" by, David Foster Wallace. Bay Back 10th Anniversary paperback edition, 2006. ISBN 978-0-316-06652-5.

uhah

by, Charles Jeffrey Danoff

A young man lays in bed. His mind flitters from building NBA dynasties to fornication in semi-public locations to how he will market the novel he has not finished to ... to ... TO ... TO-000 ... that spot.

You know those itches you get sometimes? Some series of rash, infection, cut, chicken pox or more combine and then there is a part of your body crying out like a Homeric siren for your attention. Sadly, as with Odysseus and the siren, you are not supposed to give in to the desire. A superior being should ignore the temptation pounding on their every neuron, and stay chaste. For whether on the path home, or to good health, keeping your fingers on course is the fastest route there. They are the uhs.

The spot begins by softly cooing to him, reminding him he has not been there in a while. Those early contacts are easily pushed aside. Gradually they increase in frequency and intensity. Soon his fingers move apart from his conscious awareness to it, just about touching, before he is able to remind himself, this is not what he wants. He has been down this road before and the next day he is confounded as to why he did it to himself again, so for now he withholds.

The ahs are those who cannot control themselves at all, who give in immediately and permanently damning their course and skin.

There were other, older nights. Years back, when the spot called, and he came. Oh he came, his fingers were there before he could even tell them this is a road to ruin. They were dancing, especially with long nails. Clawing, digging, scratching and destroying, flaking off layer after layer and soon enough they were red and he felt bad about himself.

But, what about items like myself and others like me? Those who uhah?

Lately he has resisted the call for minutes, hours even days at a time. He gets to points where he laughs at his former ah-self, clawing at the first opportunity. How could he be so naive? What a foolish young fellow he had been before. Now he was wise. But, the spot has

patience. The spot has no half-life, it stays, endures and waits. Waits for that one night. That time when he is tired, he is far beyond not sober, he is angry at himself for not doing something he intended; when the call returns, and not quietly, but louder than any lover's cry, and even then, if he still resists it waits for the next time, knowing he will give in, there will be that time and that one lost second where the nails touch the spot ... he wonders why he ever resisted.

To uhah is to dance with the Devil and God in two syllables. The "uh" is the mindnumbing desire the itch engenders. That feeling of absolute agony, knowing whatever that itch is doing to your body to create that sensation is not going away, but you still do your best to endure.

Until it becomes too much and all the mental energy invested in resisting evaporates from overheating or distraction, and then comes the awe-inspiring "ah". There is no fruit as sweet as the taste in one's brain following the first scratch of the itch. Everything in the cosmos comes clear and no drug can match that high.

So, have you reader?
Have you uh-ed? Ah-ed? Heaven forbid uhah-ed?
Welcome.

Love Is Just a Four-Letter Word

from Wikipedia,
the free encyclopedia

"Love is Just a Four-Letter Word" is a song written by Bob Dylan, and long associated with Joan Baez, who has recorded it numerous times, and performed it throughout her career. Written by Dylan somewhere around 1965, Baez immediately took to the song, and began performing it, even before it was finished. (In the film *Dont Look Back*, a documentary of Dylan's 1965 tour of the UK, Baez is shown in one scene singing a fragment of the song in a hotel room late at night. She then tells Dylan, "If you finish it, I'll sing it on a record.") Baez first included the song on *Any Day Now*, her 1968 album of Dylan covers; she has since recorded it three additional times. Her 1968 recording was also released as a single. Dylan himself appears to have never recorded the song.

Trivia

In the 2005 PBS *American Masters* documentary on Dylan, *No Direction Home*, Baez told a story of

how she was with Dylan, when he first heard her recording of "Love is Just a Four-Letter Word" on the radio. He commented on it, "Hey, that's a great song!", apparently having forgotten that it was he who'd written it.

The title line "Love is just a four-letter word" derives from a line in the Tennessee Williams play Camino Real.



China
Work #1
by,
Marilee
Stang

Love Is Just a Four-Letter Word. (2010, October 9). In Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia. Retrieved 20:22, October 13, 2010, from http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Love_Is_Just_a_Four-Letter_Word&oldid=389753081

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The following is Scene Three of Three. Scene One was published in Issue 4 "Reality" and Scene Two was in Issue 5 "Popcorn".

Where's Waldman?

by, Dave Kilpatrick

Scene Three

(As DREW walks off stage with JAY in tow, JOYCE goes back to her paper. DREW and JAY appear back at the register.)

DREW:

(Looks and points at the shelves where they have been stocking water)

Re-face those for me, would ya, my man? You gotta remember, labels always face out. We're not running amateur hour here.

JAY:

(Moves toward the shelves and starts to adjust the bottles)

Labels out, got it.

DREW:

(Pauses for a while and looks off into the distance, while JAY fiddles with the bottles)

You know, JAY, I think I'm actually gonna miss this place. We all love to shit on it, sure. But... it's not all bad. A few years in, you kinda start to feel at home amongst the foot long subs and soggy, overpriced salad. It's like a family. A very large, very dysfunctional family.

JAY:

Yeah, I can imagine. Everyone seems nice so far.

DREW:

Yeah, well, most of them are. But, onward and upward, right? I've got plans... it's about time I do something about 'em. My time has come to a close. I think you'll like it here, though. And hey, here's our first customer, put your game face on.

(A girl circa 20 years old approaches, she is attractive, and seems to know so. She buys a diet soda and salad, dressing on the side)

DREW:

Hi, how are you today?

JENNY:

Good, how are you?

DREW:

Oh, I'm hanging in there. My lovely assistant and I were hoping you'd find your way over here, we'd rather stare at you up close than from all the way across the cafe.

JENNY:

Wow, that's original... are all the Waldman's minion's this quick, or did I just get lucky?

DREW:

Easy, now... no one's getting lucky quite yet. We just met; I wouldn't want you thinking I'm some kind of slut.

(DREW starts to cash JENNY out while JAY looks on in amazement/ horror)

And by the way, I'm no "minion." You happen to have caught me on my last day in this fat factory.

(DREW finishes cashing her out and gives her some change)

JENNY:

Well, this has been fun. I'd love to stay and chat but, unfortunately, I have to go take a shower after that dirtball line you just dropped on me.

(JENNY starts to walk away)

DREW:

Call me if you need any help!

JENNY:

(As she exits)

I can't believe they let such losers work in this place.

DREW:

Ah, it's just as well. I'm not sure Danny'd like to see what I was gonna do to her if she stuck around anyway.

(The two stand around and stock a few water bottles for a bit until JEFF enters, with MR. WALDMAN a few steps behind)

JEFF:

And here we have the café, sir... where lower-middle class families flock from miles around to get their grub on for an inflated price.

WALDMAN:

Our economy's failing, my boy... if we have to tack a few extra dollars onto a package of egg rolls to stay afloat, so be it.

JEFF:

(Motioning and walking towards DREW and JAY)

Oh... and here's DREW Henderson. Looks like today we have him training one of our newest errand boys.

WALDMAN:

(Shakes DREW's hand vigorously)

Henderson... (pondering the name) aren't you under consideration for an upper management position?

DREW:

(Surprised)

Ah... I don't know, sir.

WALDMAN:

Yes... yes you are. There's been some talk about you... I've heard good—

(JENNY comes storming in from the direction in which she left and approaches WALDMAN)

JENNY:

Daddy, I need to talk to you.

WALDMAN:

Okay, honey... hold on. *(to JAY, JEFF and DREW)* Gentleman, have you met my lovely daughter, Jenny?

DREW:

(Nervous/ surprised)

Ummm... Yeah, she just bought—

JENNY:

DADDY!!

WALDMAN:

Excuse me.

(WALDMAN and JENNY walk a few steps away, leaving JEFF, JAY, and DREW. She whispers into his ear and he reacts angrily while the others continue to talk)

JAY:

Jesus! That was...

DREW:

I know man.

You're gonna be in ...

I KNOW, MAN!

What?

Why'd you have to bring him here, Jeff? Since when are you a tour guide anyway!?

Dude hasn't been here in like ten years... he said I was the only one he recognized.

(DREW makes a frustrated noise as WALDMAN storms toward them angrily)

Henderson, your fired. Get out of my sight.

You can't fire me, it's my last day.

I just did, you're fired. I'm going to go tell security to have you arrested if you and your perverted mind ever trespass on my property again. Don't be here when I come back.

It's my last day!

(In a pleading tone)

(WALDMAN exits with JENNY behind him. She has a satisfied look on her face.)

Wow... I mean... I've seen a few people get fired, but...

Don't worry about it, Drew. You were outta here, anyway. Good riddance, right? Just concentrate on... where is it you're working now?

Price King...

(Nearly under his breath)





by,
Afia
VanHorne

KNOW, K.N.O.W., / no: / abbr. & imag. • abbr. [*Kirei na Nihon no Omoide o Wasurenai.*] aesthetic pleasing of the senses resulting from a stay (of an indefinite length) on the rising sun that is recalled or kept in the mind; awareness or familiarity gained from bittersweet nostalgia. • *imag.* a moment in a past imperial capital where the first season wraps the streets in a blanket of stunning cherry blossoms; a tranquil moment captured among a sea of excitement; one of those wickedly astonishing experiences, simultaneously simple and perplexing, not easy to let go of, but even harder forget. [Japanese]

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Issue Six

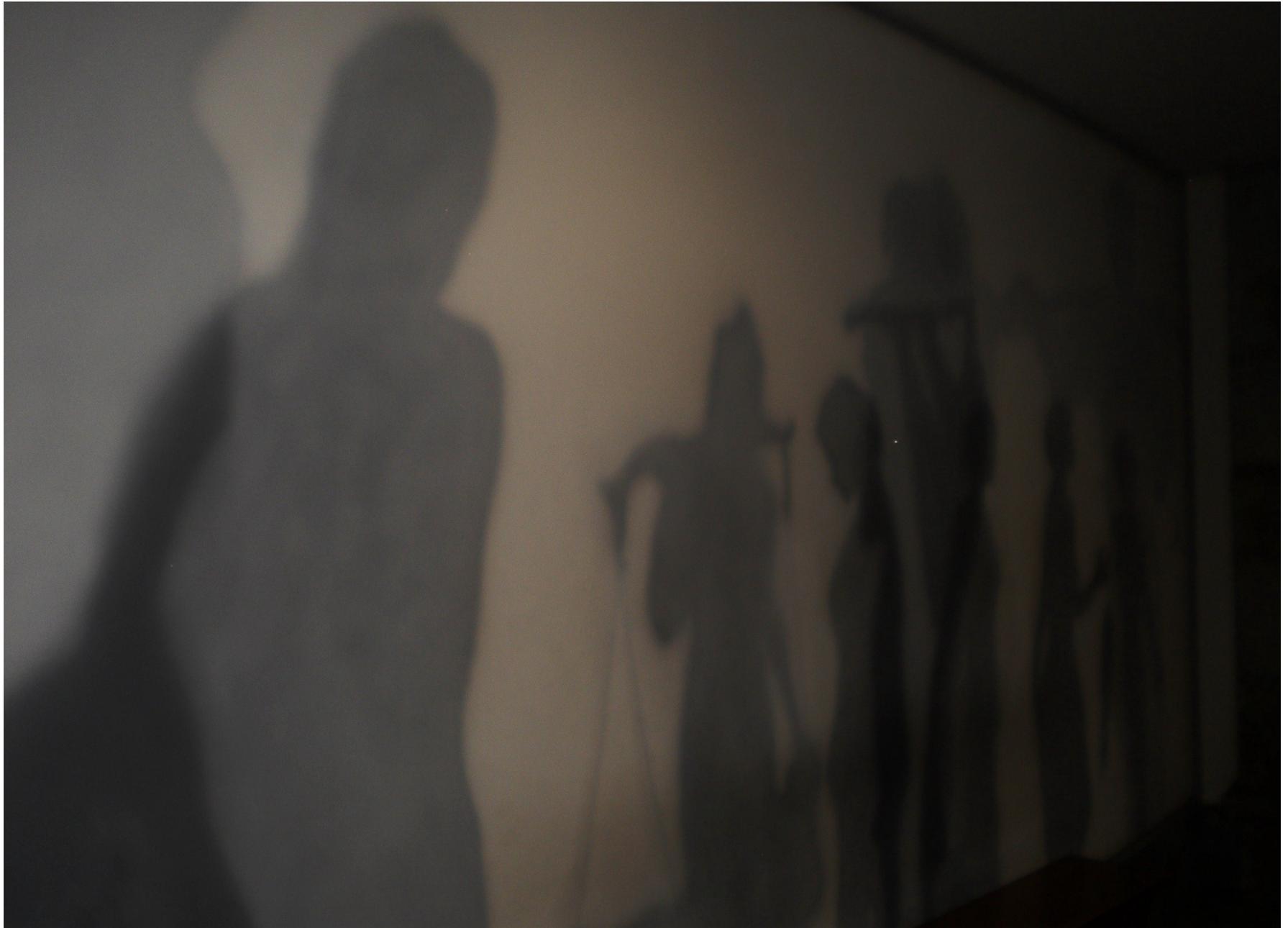
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|-------------|--|
| pages two | uhah |
| to three | Charles Jeffrey Danoff, Editor |
| pages three | Love Is Just a Four-Letter Word |
| to four | Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, CCASA 3.0 |
| page four | China Work #1 Marilee Stang, Staff Photographer |
| pages five | Where's Waldman Scene Three |
| to eight | Dave Kilpatrick, Staff Playwright |
| page nine | China Work #2 Marilee Stang, Staff Photographer |
| page ten | KNOW Afia VanHorne, Staff Writer |
| back cover | China Work #3 Marilee Stang, Staff Photographer |

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China Work #3
by, Marilee Stang