

Truth Triage

Saoirse enters the Spaewoman Pursuit Chamber in an undisclosed bunker. Behind her, a guard unlocks handcuffs, removes blinders, pushes her forward. He vanishes into the ether. Her eyeballs adjust in a decayed colossal domed oracle deficient in light. The floor is an active sticky treacle she has to navigate to reach the far-flung centre. There is no Director of First Impressions. No welcome committee. No, how are you? Thirteen eyes ogle. Three airy people. One parading a 3-D evil-eye glaring maliciously pats a three-headed dog. A square stool sits between a thick roped pyramid and a bucket spilling perfect red circles of ionized plasma. Presiding over the judge's bench, an elevated panel of three gawk at Saoirse in a state of psychosis. She recognises two of them. The aroma of cigar smoke and rum percolates. A suffocating heaviness eclipses the air.

A petite feminine snake-skinned midget wearing Cuban heels, struts back and forth, clip-clopping anxiety. His malevolent evil-eye dissects Saoirse. She ponders his pigment. A splotchy oily sweat rattles across his top lip zig-zagging under twitchy whiskers. He strokes his scaly chin with thumb and index finger, mediating between sudden outbursts and long comatose silences. His arrogance talks at her, *Truth is the greatest...*, His narcissism caresses the three-headed dog shadowing him, *...enemy*, he roars. Saoirse ducks evading the electric shocks he emits. Carrying a polyester electricity cloaking inner darkness, he's dressed in a viscously-ironed synthetic suit. Embodying unethical style, over it he wears a white starched butchers' apron. A status symbol of heights reached. He is an Untouchable. A State of Matter. His gaseous substance is highly electrically conductive dominating long-range magnetic fields. Saoirse assumes he is the Ministerial Synthetic Mirror-Suited Quack at the zenith of Diversion Practices, doyen of the National Soothsayer Service

She was informed he would present evidence and oversee all final decisions relating to allegations against her. *The cartomancy charges, he informs her, were pre-meditated by Paddy Devil and Marlene de-Shade.* Saoirse listens to him drone on scrutinising squirts of shivelight squeezing through cracks in the ceiling above her. It was palpable, she thought, that the Ministerial Synthetic Mirror-Suited Quack as judge, and his jury, Paddy Devil and Marlene de-Shade, had decoded cowrie-shells before her arrival. No objective court transcriber, and no monitoring systems record the unseen people, the Ministerial Synthetic Mirror-Suited Quack reasons with in tongues. He introduces himself, *I'm Pseudo-Karree, Soothsayer extraordinaire,* he rotates, *and, I am Dr Feelin-Groovy.* Saoirse is bemused. *I am Dr Feelin-groovy, Pseudo-Karree said, would you like some tranquilisers?* Saoirse shakes her head from side to side. He proposes tranquilisers again. She nods, *again, no.* *To help you sleep,* he pushes. No, she nods. He picks up a telephone receiver. Dialling, he turns to her left, engages in questioning an invisible other. *Are you someone's daughter?* Saoirse deciphers from his susurrating probes. Saoirse asks, *Who are you speaking to?* *Your niece! Are you blind? Are you hearing impaired? Why she's sitting right next to you,* Pseudo-Karree gaslights nervously hanging up the telephone.

Saoirse counters, *There is no one there.*

Let me help you understand, I am Pseudo-Karree, he revolves, *I am Dr Feelin-Groovy.* *Your niece's responses to my questions are evidence against you.*

There is no one there. Saoirse is firm.

I am Dr Feelin-Groovy, Pseudo-Karree yields an outstretched arm. An unfolding middle finger points directly at her face within millimetres. Loose as a cloud he orders, *Sit.* Performing as a whole, huddling his alter-egos, he pirouettes his liquid other selves together. His arm aims accusations at Saoirse dowsing her in his verdict. *You are guilty as charged by Paddy Devil and his accomplice Marlene de-Shade. It must be true. They are necromancers for the Airtight Disorder of Golden Tales. You have an*

Anti-Social Behaviour Order. You worked with east end book groups. I have evidence, I read your file. I spoke to The Holder of the Keys to Untruths, and, I questioned your niece, he quarrels. Marlene de-Shade offers a come-hither wink at Paddy Devil.

Marlene de-Shade's lineage is cows tail cross-bred with hysterics. A bulbous befuddled woman she shakes uncontrollably. Flip-flopping, she discloses to Saoirse, *I have evidence against you. I used recording equipment on July 5 2016.* She peeks at paperwork in front of her. After a long drawn out awkward silence, Paddy Devil asks if she needs help. She immediately back tracks, *I didn't use recording equipment on July 5 2016. I used equipment, I didn't say recording. I said equipment.* Saoirse focuses on Marlene de-Shade's inner tennis match to distract herself. de-Shade pivots, *I didn't say recording equipment.* Contesting herself, de-Shade attempts to convince, *I said, equipment,* she bickered. Her witlessness imagines the brains ability to spot imaginary whittles in everyone but herself. She salivates over Saoirse, *T-t-truth is p-p-personal and c-c-complicated.* Saoirse reaches into her pocket for anti-bacterial soap she carries lathering her hands and face.

Paddy Devil enlarges, *What comes first, revolutionary's or the people who believe in them?* Pseudo-Karree interrupts addressing the tricky-box ticking required for statistical purposes. *You have a mother? Tick. She was a daughter? Tick. You are your mother's daughter? Tick. Tickety-boo,* he tirades, *the other day I found myself reflecting on my status as an Untouchable. I understand your dilemma. I was a daughter in a past life. Today, I am gender fluid.*

Paddy Devil and Marlene de-Shade stare into each other's eyes trembling with desire. Pseudo-Karee, The Ministerial Synthetic Mirror-Suited Quack is father, son, and autocratic host of kangaroo courts globally. Havering and hovering above Saoirse alongside his two-faced jury, Pseudo Karree approaches Saoirse, hands her a

666-piece jigsaw puzzle, *to help you tally the reckonings against you*, he rustles. She has three seconds to complete it. Clock watching, he removes it unfinished. She observes them distract themselves in a game of musical chairs. They lift the chairs awkwardly lacking rhythm while *Suicide is Painless* bounces from obscure speakers wandering in a stupefied state. Pseudo-Karree hammers the gavel to navigate his confusion. *Shall we begin*, he bows, *Let's do away with formalities. I am Karree. I have a riddle for you. If you solve this riddle, we will set you free with no diagnostics*, he offers. *What exactly is a riddle?* Paddy Devil interjects. *We need to lock her up. She identifies as Truth. She discerns Untruth. She's a Truth seeking radical.*

Karree, eyes blazing neon-green pounds his throne, *Why, you are the riddle Paddy Devil. You are a conundrum. A puzzle. Your brain it teases, yes indeed, solving it pleases. ME!* He grabs a top hat and cane, bursts into song, high-kicking the Can-Can. *Riddle me this then, solve the riddle that is Paddy Devil:*

Hi-diddle-dee-dum

Hoodwinking is heaps of fun

A plumber and an HND

Ineptitude and absurdity

Hi-diddle-dee-dum

Deluding is so much fun

Illogical installations

Balls-ed up investigations

Hi-diddle-dee-dum

Finagling misinformation is fun

Frozen pipes and white coats

Dumber than billy goats

Hi-diddle-dee-dum

A charlatan's life is fun

If I may, your honour, rages Paddy Devil, Untruth can be maintained only for such times as I can shield the consequences of Truth being leaked publicly. Karee leans his chin on his fist. Stares absently into the distance. Two of his eyes are infernos while his evil-eye waltzes stereoscopic. Paddy Devil sneers, his chest puffing. He pops a few shirt buttons exposing betrayal blistering flaccid flesh. A queer hawk of treachery, Paddy Devil is an ex-apprentice plumber slash village idiot. His delirium keeps him grounded enough to install and repair pipes. He excretes buzzing blue-bottled Lies from his fly-trapped mouth. Over and over again. He believes Truth is the mortal enemy of Lies. He caged Saoirse in a slum infested shantytown he mis-managed while writing the manifesto for Locking up Daughters Pogrom. His mission statement read, "If you tell a Lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it." Marlene-de-Shade was his silent cohort. Her botched MK-Ultra education prevented her from writing a grammatically honest sentence. For more than six-years, Paddy Devil attempted to brain wash Saoirse with the statement, twenty years ago, I trained as an apprentice plumber. Paddy Devil's strength was Untruth. He unleashed fabrications. His falsehoods allowed him to climb the ladder of inhumanity. He made frequent sojourns down. Into the pits of hell. He enjoyed fraternising as the Devil. Engaged in after-hour lock-downs in shebeens drinking Buckfast Tonic Wine with Karee. Frolicked into the wee early hours. Rumours abounded about Paddy Devil and Karree being lovers. Karree tittle-tattled with Dr Feelin-Groovy and Marlene de-Shade about eradicating Paddy Devil's liberties. They discussed an emergency PR scandal saturated in gossip. Dr Feelin-Groovy brainwashed anyone who would listen, Paddy Devil is an overweight imbecile, he is weakening the rungs on the stepladder. His role as Keeper of the Keys to Untruth is currently under review.

Marlene de-Shade idolised Paddy Devil. She was his wildcard living in his back pocket. In their frequent copulations she smothered his Lies in adornment.

Hijacked his slanders. Blew him every day smearing and spawning fabricated arms and legs pregnant with Lies. Birthing his vilifications she actively and intentionally gave life to his Lies perpetuating them agency wide. Her goat-mouthing cloaked-and-daggered Truth in Lies while engaging in clandestine third-party encounters with Karree. Double agents and significant others, Marlene de-Shade and Karree screwed around logging deceptions as Truth on paper. They cautioned Saoirse about secret files stored all over the city. Used a trumped up ASBO to lock her up. Marlene de-Shade's inner perversions engaged in free-wheeling between them. She crushed on Paddy Devil's inhumanity. Strove to outdo Karree in immoral practices of humiliation. Both outranked her. Paddy Devil's ex-plumbing apprenticeship gave him seniority over her un-Hinged & Neurosis Diploma with a minor in hearsay, a requirement of her role. Karree was an Untouchable. Job-titles cultured a trifling resentment in Marlene de-Shade. Buds of bitterness streamed from her, allowing her to overlook her ease in marginalising women and girls. She'd forgotten she was one. She was also someone's daughter.

The panel absorbed in daily hallucinations disregard a roof tile crashing. Atmospheric optical shards form columns of light pillars jetting Saoirse sitting in hush-hush wink-wink interagency real time hell. Marlene de-Shade's jowly plump face is distorted as she tussles with Paddy Devil over Karree's Faustus-ear. Like high school gossip girls, they spar in scheming whispers, their clownish amateur dramatics adulterating theatre of the absurd antics. Paddy Devil pushes a button. *The Stripper* by David Rose blares. Karree kicks off his shoes, begins stripping. He's holding his own, tearing off clothing in a seductive belly dance. The Ministerial Synthetic Mirror-Suited Quack wears no clothes. Naked, horns, tail, and hooves whirling dervish, he parodies paranoia at Saoirse, *are you recording this? It is against the rules to record me. Do you have a mobile phone? I am an Untouchable. Are you recording this? Are you recording me? 'I'm too sexy for my shirt...So sexy it hurts...I'm too sexy for your party. No way I'm disco dancing. And I do my little turn on the catwalk.*

Yeah, on the catwalk. On the catwalk, yeah. I shake my little tush on the catwalk.' Your recording me...I know it...Your recording me...I know it. He was malfunctioning. Your recording me...I know it. His batteries needed recharging. Spent, Karree mimics a wolf in no clothing at the Gates of Hell in his stationary state. Patrick Devil and Marlene de-Shade cavort in a game of footsie under the table.

Saoirse observes their multiple-personalities mushroom into schizophrenic silhouettes stalking the walls. Marlene de-Shade evidences recording equipment by screaming a high-pitched static sound she claims is Saoirse banging and shouting. Three more loose tiles thunder downward from above. Ignoring them smash, Marlene de-Shade boasts of selling multiple online copies of a forged ABSO to the highest bidders benefitting financially from Saoirse's unlawful interment. Two lawyers bought one, a social worker simulating a deer in headlights, a dubious doctor or three. She excels in substantiating methodological dishonesty between agencies. Locked Saoirse in a framework to demonstrate persecution practice outcomes and successes of The Locking Up Daughters Pogrom. Marlene de-Shade and Paddy Devil are deconstructing daughters to understand why they cannot shake off old fallacies and folk-lore in their heads. *The lack of objectivity and non-transparency disclosure is a new approach, Paddy Devil informs Saoirse. I know I told you it was mediation. We've decided an unscrupulous investigation will yield the outcomes we desire. Marlene de-Shade sullies, We're exploiters of dodgy data, we Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dumb-down investigation systems. I have an HND in...Paddy Devil intrudes, twenty years ago, I was an apprentice plumber. We're qualified professionals. Do you understand? Twenty years ago I was an apprentice plumber. We're qualified professionals. I will say it again, twenty years ago, I was an apprentice plumber. We're qualified professionals. We begin drilling tomorrow.*

Paddy Devil's application for drilling was pending. He wanted to bore out intentional blunders and poltergeists he'd invented. He argued those thoughts were in Saoirse's head. He was naturally inclined to see shrouded patterns in someone hammering three times on the ceiling. Harbours fanciful beliefs of conspiracy theories about Truth based on a new washing machine he recently installed. He blamed his inability to supply and connect water systems on Saoirse. A dodgy minion ploughing power and entitlement from burst pipe dreams, Paddy Devil's deviousness sowed seeds of disbelief, *I visited the flat below you on Tuesday at 11:00 am, I heard you hammer down three times. I know it was a hammer. I know, because twenty years ago, I trained as an apprentice plumber. It was intentional. I know it was intentional. A quisling witnessed it...*, It took every ounce of control Saoirse had not to laugh in his face. Karree slunk slowly into Paddy Devils back pocket followed by the three-headed dog, both giggling hysterically for her. ...*And, Paddy Devil dawdled, Didn't the evaporating woman, Old Nick Cardigan diagnose you with tetanus? You hear only ringing in your ears, your head is filled with glockenspiels.* He refused to listen to or acknowledge his contrary delusional behaviour. He had corroboration. Interagency corroborators he conspired with. They enjoyed wallowing in the mire of his Lies. His psychic, hot-air-blower, Racy Munblow spent her evenings drinking nightcaps floating in his quagmire. Their callous snake in the grass lifestyle and tête-à-têtes were funded through corruption. They skimmed-off and cashed-in on private retirement pensions. Through The Locking Up Daughters Pogrom detainees, they deceitfully defrauded Mothers of detained Daughters. Bullied Mothers into paying by direct debit full monthly rent and utilities for unlocatable dustbins. Paddy Devil not only was an ex-apprentice plumber, he reinvented himself as Magisterial Authority. Paddy Devil, The Holder of the Keys to Untruth was knave of all dealings as master of the underworld.

Marlene de-Shade mumbling to herself, head lolling like a broken dolls neck is drooling a steady inarticulate dribble, *I hold the rational card here.* She gyrates

hands on hips then folds catatonic. Paddy Devil is furious, twists on her like curdled butter. His dramaturgical approach is crowned with goat horns. Picking up a pitchfork, he tasers Marlene de-Shade. She is unresponsive. Measuring her, he orders a straight-jacket, shelters her in his back pocket with Karee and the three-headed dog. Patting his pocket, Paddy Devil sniggers, *she is someone's daughter*. Marlene de-Shade and Karee spoon together, fermenting foetal. Karee whispers sweet nothings in Marlene de-Shade's ear, *I return to India next week, come with me*. Deranged with glee, Paddy Devil threatens Saoirse, *I will silence your Truth*. Saoirse looks at him light dancing around her. Paddy Devil turns his back to her, lifts the lid on a round coil basket. Altering, he sheds arms and legs. His body elongates, skin moulting into a coat of overlapping scales in complex geometric patterns. Slithering Gangnam style he circles Saoirse and strikes. Too late. Saoirse is airborne in light touching earth reflecting millions of tiny ice crystals. She's uprising. Ascending atmosphere. A buoyant ancestral light force carries her. Paddy Devil watches her dumbfounded, mid-air, up, up, up, and away. His pericardium rumbles. He is ravenous. Pulling a mobile from his pocket, he taps, *Hi Racy. Fancy dinner, my treat?* *Later*, he hisses, recoiling into the basket.