

## *Snotrag and Others*

### APHASIA

Sontag didn't respond. Maybe she is dead or dying.

We are the same age; maybe we were born on the same day. 1 of 365.

The word is free. Words are free. Everybody manipulates them as though they had little meaning or consequence. Sontag has made an effort to squeeze the gray pulp into MEANING. In NEW YAK.

She must know there are those of us who need encouragement. Surely she could recognize that I wasn't the kind you would find in the front stalls (pulp); that my noggin wandered and probed diversely; and not madly. I would even offer some wry humor for that old dry stuff.

Anyway she is or was not prepared to offer me any encouragement.

Nobody is. (Huh!?)

The word is free. I offer such encouragement to all of you. In addition, and more importantly, the feelings are free.

Its the connection between the feelings and the word. (And I do not infer Jasus). Its the sound of the Soul though. A guttural utterance; something in the throat, connected to the gray pulp in the cranium; connected to the amorphous being that emanates from within the corpus.

Deaf and dumb; blind; but the body alive; to something; inside; and outside; so-called Reality.

Sontag lives in New York; jaded; but not satiated.

I live here; apart; within; unable to spill my guts.

Even though the word is free, some claim there is such a thing as refinement. So that when you use the word; even when you 'tell it like it is', all still can come out pretty Raw. Raw Reality. (pulp)

In New York (CITY, which I have often referred as the Dusthole ('most concentrated at about the third floor level' I was told by a long time resident who sold Vespas); in New York the Clubb EELeet enthrone themselves, guardians of some peculiar reality that oozes from and clingers to the concrete and asphalt. Sitting in judgment upon the travail (perhaps Raw Reality); purveyors of Taste. In NEW YA(W)K; the Cornerstone.

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Now, there's a word: Taste.

Deaf and dumb; blind; the body sensing nonetheless; Tasting.

Tasting Reality; feeding little signals to the gray master; he that assesses; freely; unselfconsciously (nearly). Is he reacting, and assessing unto the word? Or does he merely send out the command to wiggle? When Sontag fails to respond - wiggle. Wiggle and ignore.

We were concerned with feelings as an emanation (projection) of the corpus; somehow trying to unleash them from the flesh, not just as guttural utterances, but as some kind of message; feedback; Substantiality. We are not just here to ignore, but to be a part of. We are not here to be ignored, but to be made a part of. (If you live apart, how is it possible to become a part of? Living apart is a reaction; not only to the Sontags. In some ways the right wingers and the Sontags have something in common [The Lockout].)

Implicitly there is such a thing as 'good' Taste and such a thing as 'bad' Taste; IS THERE? (in an errorless world - too?)

Ergo - watch styling and automobile styling; if I were blind!@

Everybody has a story to tell, notwithstanding Susie Sontag.

The others: : Cass Canfield Junior

Caroline Myss (t)eery

Susan P. Urstadt Ink.

Eric G. Indecipherable (W. W. Norton)

Ashbel Green A chip oof the ole Knopf

Carlotta Vance doth for Virginia Barber dance

Johnathan Eaton A V.P.

Kustansi Supileee (Sandra Dijkstra)

Michael Larsen Prefers Tight Prose (Pants)

Timothy Schaffner Keep Trying Best of Endeavor Luck

William LeBlond A chronickler and dimer

Marlene Blessing Gotta Meet Her.

The Editors No Class! Ioway.

Lothar Simon

Favorable Response; no follow up:

David Oppenheim

No Response: Walter Kendall

Susie

Whose Next?:

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DEAD ON TIME; Early Decision, Early Arrival, Early Entry. Early Pearly. Early Detection (p)Early Gates! Bryn Mahr, Brim Maw. Crap.

Don't tell me that this stuff aint relevant; I suspect its relevance.

Lost Innocence: Sontag; mired in the dusthole; in a particular THINK. Inescapable. One can only become further mired. Late Entry or NEVER; still DEAD ON TIME. Start anew; don't attempt to shine whereinof thine art art not part, How silly to send off The Heathen to one with fixations.

I know she has heard of Herman since she knows Elizabeth (a different Liz); Elizabeth had something to say regarding Bartelby; so its probably an inheritable family joke; Possession is nahne pints of de law. Sherman's Anti-inhirritable law ought apply. The New York Collusion. Wickhard aint the only interpreter of Bartelby (I am Bartelby - SO I know where its at; get it, Sonny and Liz.)

Pleased to make yer acquaintense!

(Pretty Cagey)

According to S.S. Johnny espoused errorlessness as a new nave of philosophical spectaculazization.

This communication is not a piece of JUNK Mail.

The previous communication to you on January 29,1990 to which you did not respond also was not a piece of Junk Mail.

In your recent Critic At Large, you are concerned with the resurrection of an author whom you believe merits greater recognition. Ah Yes!, Forsooth: 'the filter of time is just, discarding the merely successful, rescuing the forgotten, promoting the underestimated'.

At least Machado was not ignored completely (in his own time). Susie had a motive, to futher her own cause, a Benefactor. Hornblower. Lots of those in New Yak.

Notwithstanding Silence as a poignant enough reply to my query statement, to date you are the only entity who has not responded to one of my queries in some manner within the conduit most prospective authors are obliged to follow. Whether you like it or not you are part of the conduit. When an SASE is enclosed an expectancy accompanies it even if the return is only an empty envelope (it means the GODS or their underlings have touched). Its only 25 cents worth (paid in advance).

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As knowledgeable and polished as you are, you cannot resist: the first person (autobiographical sketches), arpeggios (lots of parentheticals); wandering with irrelevancies (flashes of intellectuality [marginally restrained free-association]). I recognize these because I indulge in them. However I do not have the education (that vast compilation [storehouse] of literary, philosophical, and historical data floating freely in my cranium -waiting to be used) from which to draw without the tedium of outside research. Perhaps as compensation for certain lacks I offer variations on species of humor which your writing noticeably lacks (perhaps the more disciplined approach precludes humor) and perhaps to you humor is irrelevant, whereas to me it serves the greatest purpose - life 'knocked into a cocked hat'. (this despite what you seem to recognize and conjecture about Machado's humor).

I understand the Dead or Death talk; for I have thought and written in a similar vein (INDEPENDENTLY) titling one chapter the Conquest of Death.

The beauty of living in the provinces (and drawing from unframed references [one's own]); one does for the most part remain uninfluenced; the tendency to stu(oo)pidly create fresh insights in a fresh language (or metaphor, if you will). New York is a province unto itself. Given all its success with pretense (mastery of affected taste) it has no greater command of the truth or ability to reveal it.

You affect compassion, even seem to favor the notion that the female of the species is more prone to feel sympathy (I believe the correct interpretation finds the female more openly giving sympathy relevance in the greater scheme of things whereas the male tends to philosophize all indices of emotion. (Bullshit)

The Cownsellor of the Bereaved. He member-shipped in the Toastmaster's (Tossmasters) Club in order to gain better proficiency at cownselling. When you are bereft of hope, desolate; crying aloud for the departed let me metellyuh; Chrisat Allmighty; let metellyuh; Jasus letme! There but for Gracie go I. A truly compassionate nayture. MOO!

In Leweasyanna they staid Abortion stinks; expect if a woman has been insected, grapelled, and leaving the whole psychological bag open to the endangerment of her (mental) health. Its called 'courting bereavement. FundamentAlist bereavement. Fetal bereavement, cause once they are borned nobody gives a shit 'cause there are already 5 BILLION. Somebody is always interfering in private affairs between a woman and her conscience. Nobody really give a shit; even the bereaves unless'n thar's money in the bereft, soon to be departed like 'a fool and his easily berefted are soon parted'. Pretty good pay day when you gotter slobbering bereaved on your hands. Its also called the Fallwell of Man. He fellwell from Paradise as Lucifart had fallen from above; just not satisfied.

So the FundamentAlists are trying hard for Afterrapture, the porpoise of the Cowseller; yooove heard of the cow that jumped over the heavenly body, some body; any way that's why they have cowsellers; its a big jump which often you cant undertake all by yoresef; a booster rocket full of bullshit is the whey too goe.

When I said to her when I learned she was into making cradles "Silver Enterprises; From the Cradle to the Grave", she said "How Morbid!". Of course I thought it was funnier'n heck. I dont know whether she thought I was psychologically unhealthy or whether the whole notion just struck her as gruesome.

Well this FundamentAlist kick she has been on gives me a big pain, becuase its one of those obdurate things, nearly irreversible; sort of like a lobotomy; so when you put all you've got into wrestling that divil it gives you plenty of aches all over.

I might be blind, but my Antigone's gonna hafta come up with a better story than that'n. By the way, the cowseller was Antigone's former other half.

In Orrreeegone the Anti-Aborts have gathered enough signatoores to force a referendumb. Dont be confused, often these good-dooers are misnomered right-to-lifers, but in fact most of them are right-wingers who advocate capital punishment. An' like I said afore, oncet these critters are borned, nobody reely gives a shit (to wit: Newt Gritchging (who is slow in supporting offspring [his] {A FAMILY\_VALUE MAN!} ; lahf goez on as useyull; lahf as useyull; git it; har har har!. Much Ado About Nothing. We are drawn into these idiotic controversies whether we like it or not; waylaid on one's own doorstep, like, by the Watch-Tower Franatics. Every Anti-abort I have ever met has proven to be a narrow-minded fanatic - or religious bigot (if there is a difference). You can see what the First Amendment gets you into when you got a truck-load of mentally deficient playing with the wheel of fortune. The Fall of Man was most likely engineered by a mentally deficient; Eve snatched at the fruit of freedom (in Paradise acoarse), succored her playmate into a bite; and that was it, that's all she wrote; we were doomed to arrive at this juncture from the very beginning with so Quucking many inhabitants on a planet headed straight for hell; the more the merrier for the big bang unto Afterrapture - Mentally deficient - that's too kind; more like possessing intelligence so low it is undetectable; imbeciles; physically lacking any cerebral capacity; short-circuited; Hitlerites; easily programmed with fixaays! Something for Phillip Wylie upon which to exhaust his vituperative lexicon. Who the HELL would wanta go to a Heaven whereinat resided so many feeble-minded specimens? Oh Give me a home where the biffylos roam, an' the little dears an' the interlopers display dis, an' where the skies remain uncluttered all day. Not a chance! 5 Billion; I am humbled! Camus didn't say enough about

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Fornication; there's more of it than we realize; at least there is lots of evidence. The Footfall. (footfall, my ass).

What more can you say. One does begin to wonder if we will gravitate to the beginning, with inquisitions, burnings at the stake; and so on; the lunatics triumphant once again; all under the aegis of the first amendment. Whereass burning the flag is denied as a means of demonstrating freedom of expression, burning at the stake will be acknowledged as a demonstration of religious freedom. Any ole bigot will be able tuh singe yore ass; whereass!??

He spread his legs wide apart; legs akimbo, stuffed into cowboy boots; tight pants; ostentatious belt buckle; a flashy ring, an immense macho watchband, almost like a wrist support, with the timepiece obscured on the inside of the wrist; actually he was sort of an awesome (his favorite word) squirt (Yep! its him again); somebody tole me he was a decent feller; meant well; wouldn't hurt a fly; that's what they tole me; asked me to take it on faith. Me!?!?!?

Well, there you have it, the first amendment. Someone has proprietary interest in my freedom. Or was that past tense - had - ? I suppose now its just a bad habit. Freedom, a bad habit? A had habit? A bah hadit? I've had it!

The customs agent (#10360 - get that: 2 zeroes) at the border decided to hassle me - all for 5.95 GST. He was getting 450.00 for lots of legitimate stuff. But for used building materials he told me I had not done my homework; which I had; more than he knows. Because he has the power to deny me, or cause my life to become suddenly MORE complicated I had to yield to his noise. The first amendment stops at the border, FOR SURE; even if it only seems to be operational at other times.

Put a uniform on a two-legged appurtenance; see what you get. It has been said that "Kindness is ever the begetter of kindness". Perhaps I ought shower the Customs agent with Kindness instead of homework and paperwork. Will Kindness obviate the declarations found in the first amendment. The first amendment is required because kindness is lacking. In CANADA (the border in question), since the first amendment is lacking entirely, explicitly that is, and may be lacking implicitly as well, one must avail something else which may also be lacking, namely, KINDNESS; especially toward someone who has been on the road all day, doubtlessly weary, etc. Out of the fog of existence, one is suddenly confronted with a bureaucratic imbecility, the power trip. I thought I had experienced the last idiot when I ceased my driving momentarily; but I was made to realize there is little difference in that which inhabits an automobile and that which inhabits a uniform. One hides behind something with his mean little self.

It annoyed me grossly because I have tried very hard to play by the rules; that's not a kindness; but something I thought might be useful. I

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had tried wisdom instead of kindness. Maybe the two together would do better. Wisdom came to me too late to save the situation; i.e. it was too late before I realized I had a tiger by the tail, from which kindness may have rescued me; but not in a charged atmosphere.

Another CROSS heaped upon one --- SHEEEEEIIITTT  
GEEEEEEZZZZZZUUUZZZZ KEEERICCCCEESTUHHH.

He was physically a large man, from whom one might have expected magnanimity; where in hulk did I come up with that notion? He was even taller than Geeeeezzzzuuzz Keericetuh was purported to be.

I need to be fair in my assessment of the Customs Agents. Some have been sticklers for detail whereas others have taken into account my efforts to play by the rules, and have also considered what are my objectives; one of which is not to defraud the Customs Service (i.e., to bring goods into Canada with the object of selling them [particularly without paying duty and taxes]). Nonetheless, it is all 'discretionary' which is another way of saying 'arbitrary'.

Charline saved me from too many utterances that might have resulted in our being told to 'go back to where you came from' It all worked out and I found those used b.ms. very useful.