

Apropos Of Nothing

XII

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The Little Picture.

A Man's Home Is his Castle.

You work an honest day you get an honest deal.

The Daily Diary Of The American Dream.

The two upright wooden chairs, dolled in a hand-painted pink in an attempt to disguise their anonymity, were summarily tucked, as far as they would go, under the small round wooden table with folded ends, if you can imagine anything round being folded. If the table had not been round it might have suffered as much anonymity as the chairs; and in order to assure its place in the universe, it had been painted black, its top covered with what appeared to be hand-painted flowered decals of some innocuous design and color which, honestly, the author cannot recall.

These three objects typified the scene within the rather used and abused twelve-foot wide x forty foot long Tamarack house trailer, sort of permanently laid to rest some forty feet from, and paralleling, the road. One entered this aluminum and plastic, somewhat elevated den, after clambering a cursory set of rickety wooden stairs, its wooden rail about to yield to the force of gravity alone, to mount a wooden deck in the middle stages of ultimate decay, parts of which will soon yield to the unwary foot. The aluminum doorway to this boxy affair was located near the middle, in one of the long sides of the rectangle, its knob missing, the door subsequently unlatched, and not completely closed, as much from something askew causing a wedged closure, as from the missing hardware. The metal edge of the door provided sufficient leverage to pull the door open to gain access to the interior; it was easier to gain an exit than an entrance.

The chairs and table were placed against a plastic laminated wood-imitation wall, opposite the kitchen, which was located to the left, and adjacent to, the entry. These had become the dining ensemble for the couple who were now serving their third rental tenure in its environs. If that seems odd, it is because, to you and the author, it is odd, but when one knows all the circumstances it no longer seems odd. It simply transpired their needs had conspired with the availability of the place, coupled with the general laxity of the owner/landlord, as well as the owner/landlord's generally unaggressive nature in securing tenants, that the place remained available; available to those who knew of its availability. Perhaps it is noteworthy they themselves were the third consecutive renters of the Tamarack, having spent short tenures in other places in an effort to escape this meager, apparently less than desirable shelter.

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Even though barely worth describing, one cannot resist emphasizing the utter lack of tactileness of the interior reality, the better done to exhibit cause for escape. There it was, 'in all its splendor', the plastic wood-panel-emulating walls, the plastic wood-emulating cabinets, the contiguous linoleum, yes! of course, linoleum covering all the plywood flooring that led from the entry into the kitchen/dining area, then into the hallway washer/dryer area, past, and into, the bathroom area, finally into the baby's room with the aluminum backdoor, still equipped with functional hardware, located on the other side of the rectangle. The linoleum ceased at an angle to the right side of the entry as it met the metal edge framing the acrylic pile meant to designate the living area where one nominally would station his Television and couches. The pile continued on beyond into the **Master** (Mister?) bedroom behind the door located in the a wall in the corner of the living area.

At a right angle to the wall next to the pink chairs and black table extended a stubby bulkhead, breast height, which marginally delineated the dining area and separated it from the living area and from which extended the metal strip separating the linoleum from the pile. It was next to this bulkhead, in the living area, where they had enshrined the Pushbutton Color Television. Next to the T.V., propped upon some bricks and boards resting on the floor, was positioned the semblance of the dying library, comprised mostly of remains from their endeavors in Institutions of Higher Education, rather abruptly terminated for LOVE, and whatever else. Interspersed were various publications dealing with Jesus, The True Way, and a copy of the American Standard Revision of the Bible. A few nautical books rather benignly suggested some dormancy associated with him. A framed 'dime-store' shore-side seascape, depicting breaking waves, hung on the wall midway above the T.V. and the makeshift library.

In the opposite wall, on the right side of the entry, was situated the aluminum-framed 'picture' window, in front of which was stationed the homemade couch, one of the instances of incongruity to be found in those environs, a couch which might have been more appropriately accommodated in some remote lakeside cabin. The airtight stove located in the corner of the living room upon, a loose layment of firebrick next to the wall framing the bedroom, was another of those homemade contraptions, fashioned from steel tubing, forming yet another out-of-character creation that might have been more fitting in a rustic setting instead of this make-believe Americana. Situated on a board, supported by two Coast to Coast or True Value Hardware metal brackets attached to the living/bedroom wall next to the 'airtight', one found the only antique, a dysfunctional façaded and veneered mantle clock of an 1846 vintage, a relic handed down from the young man's grandfather to his mother who had developed no attachment to it, passing it on to him.

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The plastic wood-simulating walls, of a dark brown hue, were punctured here and there at random, the history of the ruptures unknown. The laminated doorway to the bedroom had sustained the largest puncture, perhaps rendered by a human fist in a rush of anger. Off-white beaverboard panels formed the ceiling which harbored its own peculiar history, exhibiting the stains from the remains of swatted flies which had not come away after a cursory rub and scrub which seemed more to spread and diffuse than to remove them.

The whole interior, although in its brownishness, was meant to lend a deceptive warmth, transmitted instead a coldness, in its tactiless inorganic artificiality. Quite naturally the author is describing the interior of a 20th century living environment, that has yielded to expediency, mass production, and standardization, that one will find in all factory built homes, tract-housing, cheaply constructed apartments, much of the latter of which are government financed, get in/get out quick, 'profitable' housing, none of which are created with LOVE. We cannot afford LOVE, so we get SHIT instead.

Beyond, looking over the homemade couch, through the white gossamer polyester curtains, and the picture window, one could observe, across the fences and roadway between them, the fields of freshly cut and piled hay, and hills of juniper in the distance.

It was Sunday morning, approaching noontime; the young man was waiting for the Suma wrestlers to appear on the tube. He had been out early, changing the irrigation pipe at the farm, where he was temporarily employed. He had come 'home' soaking wet, leaving his jeans and boots upon the deck. His wife had been out when he returned; she was chauffeuring the in-laws about the countryside giving a running commentary as well as relating part of her family's past history. She had taken them to the now vacant house, where they had lived briefly, until her husband had quarreled with the farmer who was exploiting him, and who was also the lessee of the house. Their pile of wood and his ice boat were still there, as well as the piece of linoleum all cut out to fit the bathroom, abandoned on the carpeted floor of the empty bedroom. They had moved out in a fit of anger and pride from this place of which she had grown fond. A fifty year old single story farmhouse with sloping floors, old plumbing and wiring, and lots of rooms; perhaps it was marginally an improvement over the tacky trailer. Plastered, painted walls and ceilings, the floors covered with carpeting and linoleum, and the generally somber, poorly lighted interior seemed hardly inviting on the summer morning. However, the setting in the orchard, with big shade trees, and located in the vast expanse of land, a long way from the main road, would surely compensate for most of the shortcomings within the house. Here they had had a privacy, very much lacking in the environs of the Tamarack. The vining rosebush she had pruned while they were living there was now in full bloom. She had said they

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would eventually return for the firewood and the ice boat. She had said they were too tired to do any more that day, and it was only the next day she went to the hospital to have their child, their girl baby.

When they had returned to the trailer, the in-laws noticed the stoplights in the car had remained on, and that when the young woman fiddled with the brake pedal they would go off momentarily. Once inside the trailer they had informed the young man of the malfunction, who was now comfortably ensconced upon the couch in his short shorts, engrossed in the tube waiting for the Suma wrestlers. As they were revealing and discussing this malfunction to an obviously disbelieving and growingly irritated young man, the landlord's paramour had knocked on the door only to say she had heard part of the discussion as she was passing the picture window, so was there also to reinforce the tale being told. The young man had an intense dislike of this woman, in his mind an obnoxious slob of a hippie busybody. He stormed out, his wife in pursuit, with the hippie woman standing by. He yelled at his wife to get back inside, all the while really wanting to read the riot act to the other woman.

It had been a difficult week for him, with the uncommunicative farmer, and his bickering, argumentative and interfering family. The farmer was stalling on the paycheck; already more than two weeks had gone by. All he wanted to do was to forget it all, by watching the Suma wrestlers. And now this. He didn't want to fart around with the damned stop lights; permanently stopped until the batteries went dead. He had to do something, at least disconnect them.

"Damn!, an almost new car; yesterday the gear shift lever, today the lights, what's tomorrow - Quacking ripoff. Goddamned farmer didn't want to pay me today after waiting for more than two weeks - dirty bastard - fucking lowlife."

Earlier in the week a wind storm had blown some heavy branches loose from the trees surrounding the trailer, one of which had landed upon the roof of their car, denting the metal and vinyl. His insurance contained a \$500.00 deductible, so he had rather angrily and insistently hoped to persuade the landlord to seek coverage through his farm insurance policy. The young man was using the non-payment of his wages as an excuse for not paying the rent, not really wanting to give the landlord anything until something was settled regarding the damage to his car. The car was a moderately fancy thing, diesel powered. It was 'her' car, and the baby's car. Babbitt-fashion, it was their claim to respectability. His car was a resurrected wreck of a Rabbit with 170,000 miles, uninsured, for local use only.

After a while the young man cooled somewhat as he discovered the source of the problem, which he could repair only temporarily. Fortunately there would still be time for the wrestlers. He was able to return to the couch and the electronic marvel now rattling away in TVese.

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The wrestlers were to appear on one of those 'network' all sports programs that included triathlons of swimming, biking and running, then some time trials for the Indy, a thumb-twiddling contest, and the wrestlers. The program had not appeared yet, and without a TV schedule he did not know when to expect it. Without watching, one might miss the damned thing since the programmers were always jacking you around and stringing you along, making damned sure you got to see every sponsor ten times over while they fractionated and segmented the events. So, with the tube droning in the background, the in-laws were getting ready to leave, now that most of the smoke had cleared. One became aware of a more alarming and ominous sound:

ee
ee we interrupt
this test of the Emergency Broadcast System to bring you word from our
sponsor... No Sweat - Use DRY UP Under Arms. When you are pressed into
service, and begin to feel the pressure ... you can just forget about that
unpleasant reeking wetness ///// we interrupt this interruption of
the Emergency Broadcast System to bring you a News Brief: In the
New York Stock Exchange, The Dow Jones Industrials topped the 2000
mark for the second time in History ///// we now return you to our
sponsor ... Remember you can forget that embarrassing wetness ...
just a touch of DRY UP ... and to conclude this interruption of the
Emergency Broadcast System we wish to bring you a public service
announcement \\\生\ Coke is not it .. Coke is the Big Lie \\\生\
Remember You Too Can Be Safe; Just DRY UP eeeeeeeeeee
ee
ee
ee
ee This completes the test of the
Emergency Broadcast System. If there had been a real Emergency,
Government, State, and Local Officials would have Told You Where To
Go. (Once Again).

This was just the beginning. They moved again, this time as buyers, now, with two children into a double-wide, on their own hunk of ground. But something still was not right between them. They each messed around, and she became pregnant by another; they split; he was against her getting an abortion, so in a getting together again, he became its father, until they split yet again; she going to live with her parents, until the other parents persuaded her to try again; which lasted until he found yet another female of more interest; this time resulting in a permanent break, she finally living with her parents with all three children in tow.

Getting back to the screaming television. Just what is an official?
Is He someone with more than a large shoe?

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How do we get jockeyed around to do someone else's bidding; a total stranger, no less; he doesn't care how many movies he's appeared in?

They told the author elected him, or he elected the guy who appointed him.

Its a long story; and it began a long time ago. You wanta hear the whole damned thing? The author doesn't blame ya. (Read The Federalist Papers).

While attending a public hearing in the City Council chambers, William was very disturbed by a case of Eminent Domain that had appeared on the agenda. It had become particularly poignant to William since he knew the lady involved, and knew as well something had gone wrong somewhere. He bitterly reported the case in his own neighborhood newsletter:

A Lament for Stoical Genny who Lost Hers, or;

The Disfigurement of Genny

It is not the best of all possible worlds.

When you lose your ass (or any other part of your anatomy) your fitness (for ?) is impaired.

Well, take your ass (not your donkey), for example. It is uncomfortable enough to sit before the City Council down in the pit, so to speak, while 'they' are elevated above one, like Rembrandt's Syndics.

One goes before these August bureaucratic entities seldom by choice.

After all, who wants to be berated by a bureaucratic morality; that's all you get: beration; beration from above, in a bow tie.

Some of us believe our earnestness and power of persuasion and instinct to 'rightness' will prevail over some ignoble statute or ordinance, the crutches that support these indifferent scarecrows upon their perch.

Ah Well!; we never learn.

Instead we willingly stick our head into the public pillory; for as you know, the local manifestation of the Media, who, nominally, and through the force of habit, are aligned with these Augusts, fill the empty spaces in between their advertisements with mockery and vilification of those who dared to flaunt the Established Orthodoxy (in this case, it is more akin to tainting the sewage, the bread and butter of City Councils; that is, they exercise their Eminent Domain over that sort of stuff; and their staff purifies the stuff before releasing it to the public; and so it goes [thanks, Kurt]).

Now - just imagine you are already uncomfortable before these caricatures, these cartoons, petitioning them not run the Sewer through your vegetable garden and the corner of the house which you have lived in for twenty years, for which you entered into the record your last mortgage

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payment only last month; you are defending your turf before these scarecrows.

One hears the sound of deep breathing; some of the faces of the stiffened effigies are hidden behind the edge of the elevated rostrum (one wonders if they have a bar and beds up there). The ones who are listening dutifully, feigning interest, scan the audience, 'the people', the crowd - the crows - whom they regularly frighten, sitting upon the fence row; these manikins feel uncomfortable in what remains of their humanity, as the petitioner wails for mercy.

Well, if everyone is, by now, already uncomfortable, the synthetic fabric in the upholstery, and in one's clothing, sort of naturally produces sweat, giving one that cloying sensation and the irritating feeling one gets in a closed, unfamiliar, unfriendly, disconcerting atmosphere or circumstance, all illuminated in a cold fluorescent glow, one's being simultaneously subsumed or drowned in the flow of offal exuding from these elevated fellow-creature-citizens, as it courses through one's vegetable garden and the corner of one's home.

Well, if all that doesn't make you squirm and feel at a loss for a place to put your donkey, just imagine how horrible it would be if you didn't have one.

I maintain it is not the best of all possible worlds, at least as far as human relationships go. What is remarkable to me is the ability we have to tolerate and endure the severance of our rear ends even when there seems to be no purpose to such mutilation.

City Councils could decide not to allow their cities to grow any more when it comes to the displacement of some of its citizens; they could seek alternatives that would not violate this principle; failing to find alternatives, they could simply vote to disband, rather than take action against anyone's posterior, considering the discomfort it causes when one is obliged to sit around in public places under the cold lights attired in synthetics which chafe, rubbing one raw.

You laugh! ?; the little acquiescent row of crows, sitting on the fence row laughs - full of ironic and sardonic haw, haw, caw, caw, caw, and guffaws.

One does wonder what these bureaucratic dummies do with all the asses they get; there must be a trophy room somewhere or a dehydration and freezing plant. If one looked in the archives, the basements full of filing cabinets, one would find their skins stapled to a completed Council action. Just imagine how good you would feel having roused the Council to a tie vote requiring the Mayor to be singled out as the one to get your ass for posterity. How ignoble it would have been to have been skinned - everybody to zip - with maybe your own ward councilperson abstaining.

You know already, just because there's hope, it doesn't necessarily follow that it is the best of all possible worlds. The hope, what there is of it, has a lot of claimants. The employment of Hope's frail personage in

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arbitration with the bureaucracy's stoniness is a most unrealistic and unrewarding endeavor.

I don't know why as yet - I haven't found the words; I'm still trying to find the words - if, even I could describe the deadly coldness, the distinct chill that permeates the atmosphere in their presence, I feel I would have gained on the bastards; well, you can't even call them bastards; bastards are constructed of flesh and blood.

One way to lick the problem is not to become a bureaucrat.... If no one became a bureaucrat.....

They are called representatives, nominally, implying that somehow they are your advocate somewhere in the mad human arena, in the place where the Great White Father resides; but in fact they are traitors, absconders, usurpers; instead of being advocates, they succumb to the vampires of bureaucracy. Every doorway that opens to them produces a nibbler at the flesh, "this is the way we do things around here".

"Oh Yeah!, well I'll see about that". "You play ball with us, and..... He'll learn".

And before you know it these representatives are after your ass.... Don't blame the bureaucracy....those guys were after your gluteus maximus from the very beginning.

Just because we shouldn't say 'worst' (don't know why not) doesn't allow the void to be filled with the 'best'. 'Best' is a euphemism for 'fix', or a 'shot'...propaganda; a confidence game - this Best of all possible worlds.

Jesus Christ, Wonder Woman and Communism can't save our asses; you wanna save your ass, get away from yore look-a-likes, especially the ones who work for your interest (in the government).

Government of, by, for, through, into, unto, up (yours). We are being prepositioned to death.

Protect your rear at all times.

They took a big bite out of Genny's ass. They condemned her home of twenty years, and replaced it with an 80 inch diameter sewer line for packing it off.

You get the Picture.

Sanitation Heals!

Tough Shit! Genny.

*Speaking of honest deals, we very often get less, or even lesser, than that for which we bargain. *Caveat Emptor!**

When the author mentions that he is engaged in the occupation of writing, invariably someone from out the masses will inquire after my involvement with SEX. They inquire indulgently, for, in their hearts they wish for him to succeed, success being measured in terms of Sales; and SEX sells.

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The author is not uninterested in the subject; as a matter of fact, his whole preoccupation with SEX, and his perception of the Social Mores involving SEX, somehow centers and focuses on a Heroine of our times, Leggy Phlemming, the Olympic Sold Metalist in Skigure Fating. While she may be the subject worthy of Peephole or Fad Magazine, he treats of her for his own reasons.

Writing about SEX comes as a relief after ferreting around in the language in hopes of finding the right combinations of Runes and Morphemes to solve all the world's problems in the fashion of Socrates, Jesus Christ, Cervantes, Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, Charlie Darwin, et al. SEX is a less grandiose involvement.

Why Leggy; why not one of a couple dozen other luscious flesh-pots? Well, until she sold out to Texagold, she wasn't blatant. She still may not be blatant, (blatancy being a relative thing); but even so, she did run off with some of the marbles, not by skill alone. The author does not suppose she was ever a real hunk, but she was not unappealing. Obviously this is all comprised of hindsight; she may still be fairer than Cunegonde.

We aspire to the many and the diverse. The author is not exactly sure what Olympia, Olympus, or Olympics really signify, whether something ancient (time-tested), something anachronistic (time wasted), enduring, traditional; something pure, refined, special; something excellent; or something entertaining. Skigure Fating is hardly a useful skill that one would associate with the Mediterranean, or Mount Olympus, (discounting an Ice Age) but something of a later time and place, involving a good deal of esoteric training, coordination, coupled with a natural grace (perfect skigure), in order to achieve some standard of excellence and/or performance). Being possessed of an exterior grace and beauty is doubtlessly to be considered an asset in attaining to a perfection, and in befuddling the judges during competition.

While the whole inutility of Skigure Fating the more qualifies as poetry, the more we perceive it as such. Leggy, pretty, trim, shapely, linear, aesthetic, seemed to transcend her own substantiality. To assist her in this glorious transport, the loudspeakers filled the air with Tchaikovsky and Ravel, carrying us away as it would during an evening at the ballet.

Surely, there is the slightest hint of her sexuality, her femininity; the loose ruffle about her hips, that flutters and scintillates with her gliding motion; something liquid, soft and inviting; nothing tart, however; mostly circumspection. All else is BEAUTY, GRACE, ART, FINESSE, her form, her motion, her synchrony: Perfection. Charming. They placed her upon the highest pedestal; we worshipped her; there were tears; an Anthem sounded - oh, how can you stand it?

Well, when you get right down to the knitty-gritty; to earth (terra firma) away from the starry firmament; to procreation, let's say, in the barnyard, or wherever else, the act, while utterly tempestuous and

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glandular towards the procreative objective, hardly envisioned in the Romance - well, what can you say? Its all kind of sweaty and smelly. If we make it with Leggy, it wouldn't be any different.

So, what is this preoccupation? Some Victorianism? Some Scruple? Some wish to transcend our genesis? Albert Camus wondered if our principle occupation (albeit, passing fancy) was not to read the newspapers and to fornicate.

Perhaps it is not so simple to reconcile these extremities: guts and poetry.

Desmond Morris (that Biological Jester) speculated that our mammary fascination has some distant relationship to the aura of rear-entry. YOICKS!, and what of this new biology with 'jumping genes' and DNA cassettes and G-Spots? Quarks?: Z - Zero subatomics anybody?

The author was alluding to and inclined towards poetry. Who hasn't felt this mooning sickness; AW Gosh, aint she beautiful! Of course we hide these feelings in public; one only moons in the movies. Men, in general, do not make a public display of their emotions (so we are told) as some useless manifestation of MACHO, MANLY behavior; a self-consciousness; projecting self-control. Reliable under stress (somehow different than at Chappaquiddick). What a PILE.

To be serious; well, the author is serious; to be even more serious and self-revelatory. A beautiful girl (in the distance, anyway) a lovely presence shrouded in mystery (he still feels this way), an insubstantiality, untouchable; not defiled by Man or Beast. There you have it.

He proclaims his feelings mysterious as well. His nature tends to be poetical (perhaps my vision is (s)tilted thereby); while the animal exists within him, in his parts; and as he relates to her, he relate to her parts; but not without the AURA. The AURA must exist; a luscious flesh-pot existing only as part of the whole gives him a back-ache.

When Texago seduced Leggy to Endorse their Product, he became bitter and disillusioned; but if he had been wiser, less naive, less smitten, he would have realized and predicted her RUIN. Well, she is not ruined, really; she is after all a mother now; but, even as a mother, they go on seducing her. Well, not really; she's a harlot who likes her silks. Oddly, suggestively, poignantly apropos, she had a liaison with SATAN in a gum-wrapper, or Neptune (in this case), since natch, she had appeared casually next to the pool in appropriate attire (both a fater and a fish I be), to push rubbery chews - good for your teeth, and halitosis. Her husband resorts to the Links when she does a take on - imagine being cuckolded by - Madison Avenue.

We searched high, we searched low; we grew weary, ours hopes diminishing as each day drew nigh; the ephemeral spirits would us deny.

Our daily lives had grown mundane, so inane, so colorless, so purposeless, so meaningless, in our Free Enterprise Consumer World.

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Our houses and our lands were stacked and strewn with every conceivable configuration of matter homo sapiens could create (and sell); yet we were not happy; every materiality we possessed became outmoded and depreciated the moment in which it had been acquired; the latest and the best yielded an unrequited promise. We were unable to find happiness in annihilating yesterday. We tried.

Our Souls, Our Hearts sagged miserably until, in our earnest desire, in our longing and yearning to become what we were instead of slaves to the market place, we would need implore the Guds to show us The Way. We would need pilgrimage to the Sacred Mount, there to beseech the Guds of Life, begging Their indulgence, pleading with Them to send us a Sign.

SUDDENLY, there occurred much lightening in the heavens; o'er the distant horizon a bolt rived the air, striking our humble dwelling place, She whom we would call Mother, Mother Earth.

Then, 'pon the next dawn, a fair lithe form did glide into our midst. The Loreds had delivered the Muse of Poetry. It was too good to be true. (As always).

Did we deserve such loveliness, such grace, such wonder? Poetry; the Lored has delivered us Poetry, poetry in motion. Our Muse became the lovely Skigure Fater, who glided about with such FINESSE, and such GRACE, to enthrall us all. We were so impressed, so charmed, so grateful, we awarded her the token of our highest esteem, the Olympic Solid Metal.

She bowed, she smiled, and waved at us. We cast flowers at her feet. Alas, the Guds are looking favorably upon us; there is hope after all. This was the beginning of a new hope - this was the Sign.

Are we Holy? Or is Nothing Sacred? Of course Nothing is Sacred, you dumbox. Perhaps Something is Sacred? Must it all go? Must we each of us, become tantalized; must we give in, and lie with another? Must we complete the act, as a testimonial to our times, the times of our total abasement? Will we be able to become purified in our ethos and sanctified thereby? Once it is over and done with, will we be able to continue living, or do we now challenge Don Juan as we challenged the heavens and everything else?

"Who said anything about lying with any body; our objective is to promote and SELL lubricants and rubbery chews. You just happen to have a filthy mind".

What can you say?

All Sweet Things Come To Their Natural End.

The Settling Of The Finings.

Texago For Desert.

R-Rated.

Crude OIL.

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The Transformation of Leggy.
Product Endorsement.

The old man was probably right in some ways (dig the modifiers). He was gross though (no more than Texago). His sexual hangups (Ithe author doesn't know what they were) effected in him an imbalance – he's not sure what this condition should be properly called. (Oedipal?) (His father's mother died when he was nine.)(He loved his mother.)

He viewed his fellow creatures as involved in one tumultuous sex-oriented madness, and quite devoid of poetry. Whether observed, felt or extracted from the great writings involving the psyche, it was his conclusion that man was 'cunt' oriented, and woman was 'prick' oriented, and the world was composed of cunts and pricks. There should have existed few problems, on the face of it; what more could you ask - so conveniently polar?

Well, it didn't work out that way. The old man, in his own sexual frustration, projected the great cunt-prick truth as though it was the one single psychic break-through; the catharsis for all mankind. He tore through his own enmeshed, chained, and riveted psyche, all the way to his naked desires, finally projecting them upon society, saying: "You goddamned phony, funny, absurd, filthy creatures. Oh, I'm that way too, but I am a poet; do it my way" ..er.. what was that old man..? He could not answer; his actions spoke clearly enough. But this does not concern us here now. The author thinks on things similarly; not so much projected, but from a similar basis; a presumption to poetry. Could that be it, poetry?

There is little poetry in exploitation. There exists a smell though, a psychic smell. The old man sniffed it in his own way. The author sniffs it.

They cannot be too blatant about it because of the children. (Parental Discretion Advised) You know that children are different. They learn as we did; from each other, behind cupped hands, in corners, and in little boys and girls rooms.

But there is poetry, a bungled blatant poetry, (and curiosity) however exploited or oiled.

Let's put it all together ..er.. Exploitation, poetry, blatancy, oil. The author didn't ask the children what they thought; they didn't count anyway (they wouldn't understand); they are just an excuse for other child-like or unformed things within us.

O.K., all together then - sit back - Oil is your objective. It is whatever you make it. Only a few weeks earlier she had received a golden medal to suspend heavily, yet correctly, between those proud founts, signifying her youth, grace and beauty, as she appeared upon the Fating Rink as a Skigure Fater, and the youth, grace and beauty of her young

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womanhood. .. We were all charmed, and for a while the boob-tube did not exist. We were transported, as one of our own 'charmed the pants off the metal awarders. ... Now only a few weeks later, they hung a can of oil there in the middle of the tube. Yes! in the middle, right where we had seen her earlier. Well!!! MY GOSH!, there she was again behind the can, those graceful enchanting lines. Wait!, she turns, she is gliding towards us - if only they would get rid of the Texago can - she glides steadily until the can is right between you boobs!!!

To further elaborate on this desultory, yet poignant theme, the author includes another of William's bitter variations. (Not published in the neighborhood newsletter.)

'Shall Loveliness Not Always Be Loved?'

*Pretty face, pretty face
You seem so out of place.
I do not have time
To compose a pretty rhyme;
So instead
I'll forge ahead.*

*Pretty face, pretty face
There you appear all in place.
About the tenderest place
Trails a bit of lace.
'Tis so much a part of the lore
Who would ever think you a whore.*

Say it anew, say it afresh: "Shall loveliness not always be loved?"

Pretty face, pretty face; time passes. Come into my arms; let me peer long toward your magic charms, moment after moment, day after day. Perhaps I shall go blind; the light will grow dim; all that is worldly will fade before thy pretty face turns to leather.

They placed the pretty face before us; we lived by the seashore in the bright sunshine; we lived on the prairie, upon the desert, in the jungle; we lived in the mountains where the big trees did grow; we lived in the metropolis beneath tons of concrete. We stirred in our waiting, waiting for time to pass. Time had stolen upon us; we stared at his sinister appearance; he began to dance around us; we were frightened, some of us; others giving forth a blank perplexedness. As the dance continued we tired of his antics.

All about us in the air, from the seashore, to the plains, the desert, the jungle, the mountains, and the metropolis, she was there - pulsing, pulsing from another planet. She lived in a box; she was possessed of such

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beauty, with her long full reddish-blond filaments flowing sinusoidally about her exquisite visage, and tumbling from her shoulder - Alas!; unspeakable loveliness! She was placed upon this Earth to abscond with Time. By a mere touch, by the seashore, on the plains, the desert, the jungle, mountain or in an urban hovel, she would appear.

She would not sit smiling like the Mona Lisa; she would be animated, talking; smiling, Yes!, and mostly. But mainly her beauteous visage would move from side to side, up and down, exposing every angle, cooing musical sounds; always expressive, like a fresh ripened peach, appetizing. We reach for the fruit, turning it about in our hands; it seems a shame to eat such perfection.

Alas! - she is in a box; unlike a peach, she is flat; so many lines per inch, so many dots per line. Pixelated!

She is indiscriminate - she is everywhere, everywhere for sale; she is sent into your space to annihilate Time; she cares not that another larger unredeemable digit accrues to your account; she does not enchant you with tangibility. She speaks not of poetry. Her's are not aspiring chantings.

Ah Yes, "shall loveliness not always be loved?" A means to an end. If there was no end, there would be no call for a means. If they had not loveliness to profane, to inveigle us, to persuade us; if we did not so readily attune to the line of her countenance, their shabby affair with us would cease - for whatever else they have to offer can be found in the rummage/rubbish pile.

None of the foregoing detracts from the loveliness, or our desire, or fascination. We may even capture her and play her over and over again, hour after hour, by the seashore, upon the plains, the desert, in the jungle, in the mountains, or in the urban hovel. Our whole life away, hour after hour she appears, the same unchanging, forever alluring, while we turn to leather, to a hideous piece of hide.

I have more to say. Her countenance serves as one of the milder forms of deceit; its when they fail to entrance you with her face, they begin to exhibit other parts; 'about the tenderest place trailed a bit of lace'. She becomes a catalogue of parts; the threshold becomes lower and lower; soon its not subliminal any more; one's hand begins to roam - for his wallet.

Time dances about us all the same; this interminable waiting for Heaven; this transformation to leather. In between glimpses of her, the shoddy rubbish of our lives; the shoddy rummage, the shabby bilking; Alas!, the utter perversion of our lives unfolds before us. We are captured by the filthy pimps of Wall Street and Madison Avenue, through the issuance of the harlot. In between her lovely, charming grimaces we are wholly raped and starved.

I thought I had more to say.

Yes, I am critical; if only I could be really vicious, and effective, like some critics are; literary critics especially; you know, the ones whose originality was abandoned in the placenta.

Apropos Of Nothing

Father always broached the Theme, the one about itches. Our gift from nature.

Gud knows we do have itches; perhaps these little titillations will always remain ignoble and plain, like the soil or dirt from which we obtain our vegetables, no matter how well tilled, cultivated and fertilized.

Surely we may need to couch our itches, upholster them; that is part of our morality, anyway. But there are those who slash at the coverings to get at your stuffings, in order to filch your wealth; they parade pretty faces and bodily parts; they grope inside your underwear, hoping to turn a trick at the cash register.

Can we not destroy them, those behind the box; can we not rise above them? Is that preaching Revolution? Would they dare bring out the Army if we chose to drive the Philistines away?

Suppose we just ignored it all; suppose we found our pretty faces somewhere else; perhaps in our dreams. Suppose we just did not participate; just suppose. What would our children do; we know, do we not, what they would do; helplessly they would succumb; so it is our duty to destroy the Philistines - to save the children.

*Alluring, alluring, my dear
Tura lura lura alluring
The skirt burst thereopen
To reveal a thigh outspoken.*

*Keep your heart gay and pure
Tura lura lura purer
When hearts are young and gay
That's all I have to say.*

*'Curly locks, Curly locks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.'*

*Why, oh why, sew a fine seam?
Just so's you canna rhyme with cream?*

You silly old Goose.

He made it to the front door with his timeless self. he needed to remember to take the key in order to lock the door of the timeless world behind him (to tacitly keep the other world from contaminating what was contained within the lair). He need not remember the key to the horseless carriage for it was most generally attached to the key ring in his pocket.

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The key to the door of the timeless world was not included thereupon, because it was attached to a cumbersome rape whistle.

If a man or woman cannot defend itself, it has no right to existence. Just ask Casper W.. Before one has acquired their right to existence (on this planet, anyway) he must engage in M.A.D. Casper W. commissions Genrul Dynamite to build Rape Whistles (and toilet seats for the quick exit).

Of course, in Heaven its different. Buuulllsshittt!! Thatsa nicea!

To continue thus; necessarily the author had engaged the key to the door of the four-wheeled contraption, reengaging it to unlock its steering wheel; followed by the Twist of life - Varrrooommm! The story of his life.

After dispensing with this continuum of preliminaries with keys, she who had broken her leg, thus encumbered to crutching, hobbled her way to the other door, awkwardly falling, sliding into a seated position, dragging the pieces after her. Such was our fate each morning and each evening during this broken-limb phase of our life.

In his better moments he might become overwhelmed by some timeless perception of a new-born day, but once he had entered your damned world of locks and keys, vehicles, asphalt, and SMELLS, along with your UGLY banners and pennants, appendaged to some equally UGLY structure housing your shoddy merchandise, announcing to the world the simplest of obversions - 'Ugliness is in the eyes of the detractor', it was all over.

The hordes of horseless carriages accrued enormously behind the Red Light which had been triggered by a lone vehicle, just arriving. One hundred exhausts at the intersection idling away instead of one. Ungentlemanly enough, he was persuaded, 'fairness must allow for all; any system which cannot account the least number (one), necessarily must fail'. The same held true for the next traffic light, and the next, ad infinitum. Very democratic, very uncoordinated (thus small factions are permitted to survive). There are good arguments for limited access and express ways - but - Holy Oh Shit!, more emmy domain condemnations (not very democratic), and even more asphalt, and more noise!!

Anyway, its somehow reassuring to know we have taught our mechanical contraptions something we have been unable to teach ourselves, that is, with any consistency; the Art of Democracy. There are so many in our G.D. country who will never get a Green Light. All they get is BUUULLLSSHITTT on their windshield.

The author got sidetracked; that's the whole problem with him, being sidetracked - the absence of cause, the absence of purpose! Gotta tell ya about that. In English Comp., when he wrote about Juvenile Delinquency [selected from amongst four worthy topics: 1.) Why I went to college.; 2.) Who was the most unforgettable character I ever met.; 3.) The meaning of the right to vote.; 4.) Juvenile Delinquency in our time.], he

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got an F because he tried too hard (he really tried to solve the problem of J.D. in 1000 words); when he wrote about a topic so innocuous he cannot remember it, he got an A without even trying (He's very good at solving non-existent problems.). Back to cases.

He really doesn't give a god damn for your locks and keys, your rape whistles, still more locks and keys, your asphalt, your signs, your traffic, or your mores. He knows what most of you are doing out there. Frankly it turns his stomach. You allow the purveyors of BUUULLSSHIITTT to structure your lives - without protest. Instead you attach your feeble little stars and stripes decal, with its little message, Love it or Leave it. Maybe beneath that wondrous departure into TAO you will apply a frosting of JESUS in a piscatorial scabbard, N.R.A. all the way, Stay the Course; more advertising for an abject emptiness; and I mean so hollow as to echo the sound of your respiration. "Darling, an amoeba, or slime mould, can do as much - without any Buulllsshiittt!!"

Casper will defend you and your right to remain in the traces, staying the course straight to Hell or Armageddon. Arm - Arm and Hammer; Arm and Geddon; Geddon wid it. Arm and Sickle Hammers; and Arms and Sickles; an' doan fergit them other azzoles, the Stars and Stripes. Acquiescence. 'A Man Or Woman Who Cannot Defend Itself Does Not Deserve To Live'.

Just the short drive from the timeless existence to her place of employment is enough to resurrect the whole disenchantment. If he could close his eyes he would nonetheless be caught in the whirlwind of noise (clamor, cacophony and dissonance) and smell (stink, reeking stench) of the animal most familiar to him, most mundane and empty; defending, defending, defending itself Righteously atop its dungheap and all over its Bumper Extension as though every other man or woman was an enemy.

Bumper Defense. The Best Offense is a Good Defense. The Best Defense is a Good Offense. A Bad Offense is the Worst Defense. A Bad Defense is the Worst Offense. A Better Offense is A Better Defense. A Better Defense is a Better Offense. A Worse Defense is a Worse Offense. A Worse Offense is a Worse Defense. Mutually Assured Destruction. Comparitives, Superlatives, Obversions. For Cripes Sake (this is 1953 AC [after Cripes] {he was crossed at 33}), Adam lived to be 930, Noah 950, Moses 120. We are on a sliding scale;` simplify!! Where have we gone rong?

Casper Whinebugger is employed.

Homo Sapiens is a Marvel; He simply has not lived up to his full potential. Chimpanzees are able to crap in their nest just as easily. Homo Sapiens will atrophy - let's hope! OR, Revert to some more primitive type wherein his mentality will become more commensurate with his behavior. Then By Chimp!, we'll be Saved! Reversion is the WORD.

Suppose we are all wrong.

Might makes Right, eh what, Gorilla?

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We could do without Rinaldo Reginald as President, simply because he is too quantum a throwback. He lacks imagination, and is not a Statesgorilla. He is strictly a Verities Gorilla. Rock Solid (between the ears), Hide Bound. He's dependable (as a real gorillazzele). Bunch of Stargazers; as in AssTrology, and Srategic Defnse Initiative (SDI).

But when you view the whole system, you begin to realize its not Ronnie, its the system. The Equation is already determined and FIXED - not unalterably - but fixed as long as we adopt the attitude that Stars and Stripes mean more than intelligence, fair play and love (is this last the loquacious rune I seek?). Yeah Man, Love it or leave it!

Put somebody else in Ronnie's place. What illusion could possibly be fostered to contravene the basic formula? Our hopes tend to rise and fall with the intervention of a new figurehead. Our hopes should arise independently of such externals. Basic precepts ought prevail over dubious personalities. These words are wasted in a corrupt system.

One does wonder how much more advanced than Bonzo is his mentor. Bonzo got his start in a state that also elected a Bozo. We know he is straightforward in his prejudices, in his likes and dislikes. Totally unintellectual. He cannot distinguish right from wrong; its all achieved by association; anything with red, white, and blue is right; anything with red is wrong. In Gud (the Bible and other Sundries) We Tryst. Whatever the Bible says has gotta be it (overlooking certain obscure moralities). "Gotta admit, my fella Americans (grimace) its been around for a while (a folksy entreaty to follow and stay the course)". Rich is Right, Poor is Wrong (one more obscure moral). White is Right (pure). Black is Wrong (evil). In a Democracy you cannot say this aloud, although the policy is allowed. A stone wall around the castle is right; fences are right; defending yourself is right; competition is right (cooperation is even righter [between corporations that is]). Prayer, Abortion, Poverty, Drugs (exclusive of nicotine and alcohol [the government's friends]) are the great causes for the Statesgorilla. And Last But Not Least, Hypocrisy is Right because it Works. And Democracy is a Controlled Substance.

Somebody said he was a fair man, or was it a decent man. I think it was Jayne Fondoo; with her Teddy Bear ;she's all over the block.

Sellibrity Fixation: How did we get sucked into this?

Caveat: This writing is part of a more ambitious endeavor that only marginally came to pass. Some of the endeavor is fleshed out by extracting some excerpts, in this episode, from Notes, Olympic Gold, and Sex Sells.