



**The Celebrity.**

*The Celebrity*

The SELLebrity.

**Flayaway 's Trailer.**

Writing for Writing's Sake.

Palingenesis. Cenogenesis (*Caenogenesis*). Take your pick.

Metempsychosis.

Metamorphosis.

Celebrity Sex.

The Rhythm of Disintergration.

Spontaneous Generation.

Transmigration of Souls. Recommendation: At Death Only.

Transmorgification. Passing on a Goof Up. That's Me.

***Dementia Incoherentia.***

Repetition of Evolutionary History.

The Final Solution.

All Those Beautiful Parts.

Where Do We Go From Here, Pangloss?

All of a sudden a whole pile of junk gathers into one's consciousness; somebody tripped the bailer again. Free association ensues. Its nearest parallel resembles a question the author put himself not long ago as he blankly stared into his pile of junk steel, pondering: "How the hell am I gonna make a trailer out of that?" Well, this writing bears some resemblance; he calls it ***Flayaway's Trailer.*** It is one of several 'creative' writings of late, leading to a general state of ***dementia incoherentia.***

All in order to discover some other perception of his own predicament than what he could unenthusiastically extract from the confusion, deterioration and decadence of his own times.

***"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God".*** The author had been contemplating the notion of Palingenesis, not as applied by the Born Again, but as he might envision some grand metamorphosis, or spontaneous generation. Perhaps the ends might be perceived in a similar light, as Salvation, as Deliverance, or as the Final Solution.

He was inclined to tackle the seven volumes of the Decline and Fall, or the more tedious, and inconclusive, Study of History, or yet some other compendium that pretended to bare souls of states (rather than *vice versa*).

Rather amusingly he fastened upon some brief piece of writing he had fashioned as he had thought of Flayaway (one often



recalls, nostalgically, his bobby-soxing days), the tall blond untouchable enpedestalled milk-maid of a girl who sat behind him in his high school home room. He had envisioned her as its protagonist, a cheerleader. The writing had attempted to say something about youth and the objectivity and efficaciousness, or lack thereof, cheerleading, as well as superimpose other imagery to tease or stimulate one's thought processes; imagery whose relevance might be questioned. In his own mind little was of relevance, including cheerleading. One did, however, require some vehicle for discharging states of mind, or states of being, as well perhaps minds of states and beings of states. He had thought of retitling, or subtitling, or adding yet one more dimension, another irrelevant superimposition, as he would depict her spontaneously, madly, desperately leaping and shouting some foreign formula representative of a sputtering hominid self-annihilation: **Rout, Rally!, Rout, Rally!, Rout, Rally! ROUT!**; a voice crying loudly, deeply from within her **UROBORUS**, she would command center stage.

He tended to imagine things in such a manner, his associations becoming more and more madly ordained and incoherent as time passed; it was all part of some urgency to produce an **effect**, without ignoring the prospect of relevance. Then he recalled the Madison Avenue approach to everything, in this case the packaged palliative **EFFECTALL**, rearranging the **Fs** and the **Ls** in order to more readily adapt to the clipped jargon of the World Class, Fast Track, Global Culture.

The first of them had written "Some Good Writing and Interesting Perspectives" (but not good enough to get into heaven). Another had written: "Stilted Syntax; Tough to Penetrate." Most, publishers and agents alike, just stuff the SASE with an innocuously polite refusal. Those with a touch of the sadistic send a list of names to the Vanity Presses; the more indulgent will tell you they are becoming jaded with submissions; or to go through an agent. Extracting from the Bible that pertains to Scribbler's Markets, one of the Apostles argued that such complimentary rejections are the 'Name of the Game'; so don't try to slip past the gate with that kind of crap. Writing is a Business. Writing is Hot Property.

Following then, is what transpired on center stage:



## THE YELL

Or

### The Scarlet Sweater

Hester had worn a Red Sweater with a big thick 'A' sewn there upon. I wonder if she still has it buried somewhere amidst all the other memorabilia in memories. *"I was happy then"*.

She wore a cream-colored knee-length, pleated skirt with a *Megaphone* sewn thereupon. When she pirouetted, or kicked high, as a YELL reached a Crescendo, her Red Panty was momentarily revealed. She, a tall, blond, peach-blossom, who blushed when anything was revealed.

But it was all part of growing up, of initiation, of achievement. In some other age she might have taken up embroidery, being careful not to reveal as much as an ankle.

Every time our team scored she leaped on high; every time the other team flunked up, she leaped on high, flushed faced, dedicated, overcoming, fanatical, perfervid; someone to stir the laggard, the unenthusiastic, the lackluster, and the voyeur.

That was a long time ago. It still persists today as part of a continuing tradition; however, with more athleticism, like jumping-jacks; the whole beat, whirl, and jiggle somewhat more provocative. It has eclipsed my life, this new SIS, BOOM, BAH!; 'rooting' when we succeed, 'rooting' tauntingly when they fail, each camp antipodes, pumping up the legions, to transform cathartic gesture into psychokinetic action - the vicarious effusion designed to unnerve the Enemy, to bring them down in a fever pitch. In the final downbeat, a cartwheel terminates as the Red Underwear anoints the floor in a rending **S P L I T ! ! ! !**.

They **RoARRRED!!** Surely the Enemy was vanquished.

When we lost, one questioned her efficaciousness; she wept.

It was hers to mourn as well.

*"I was happy then"*.

*"I haven't grown old gracefully; I have been out of the main-stream. I look on; I wonder why those yell-leaders are so fanatical."*

*Their youthful beauty belies their cry for blood".* **YOUTH! YOUTH! YOUTH!**

I leave her in her soliloquy, staring transfixed as the teams scamper up and down, back and forth, possessed of some ritual behavior. Her own son, Dimmwitt, was too ordinary to be one of them; he **ROARED** in the third row, a fan, a 'rooter', a vicarious appendage, undistinguished, even, in his rooting.



OH, if History dare miss a beat  
OH, if History dare get out of step  
OH, if Dotty should become inefficacious  
Screw all this BOOM BOOM for Decline  
Let's Hear it, Dotty, for the Status Quo Universalis!

More than anything he wanted to secure himself in meaningful detachment, what has been referred to as 'radical solitude'. He could not become a cheerleader in any positive sense; a yea-sayer. He could not accept this, as either the best, or the worst, of all possible worlds, but as an implausible world. Flayaway might shout some implausible, incomprehensible incantation from out her deepest darkest labyrinth, not as a conscious thing, but as palpitation invoked to act as a medium. He might, in a state of abject apprehension, wherein his intellect perceived the 'world' all too plainly, rage: "It just isn't so", "This is not the best of all possible worlds". His was an intellectual **outburst**. No gesticulating, no leaping, perhaps a Grunt!

Out of desperation one might seek to be born again, become transfigured, and transported to another Kingdom, or into another Utopian Etherealization.

To stand toe to toe on this terrestrial plane, redundant with ignorance, arrogance, pettiness, bigotry, prejudice, egocentricity, insolence, suffering along with a host of visceral dictates, was to become overwhelmed by some condition, some circumstance that would only encourage suicide. As much as he would shout, "This is not the best of all possible worlds", he would shout also, "I cannot relate to that"; whatever 'that' was, he knew he could not relate to it.

An 'outsider' would view him as a mad man or extremist; as one who shouted irrelevancies. If he should carry and beat the fervent, strident drum whilst hoisting the colors of the fatherland, marching about in Strum and Drang, they would also declare him mad; or if he had strapped to his back some huge amplifier, that would feed signals to a set of immense earphones, as he attempted to receive, amidst the dissonance, the cacophony, and the rout, rally, rout, rally, rout, rally, rout, the beat of the proverbial 'different drummer' - surely they would carry him off, as they would now carry off Diogenes in his staves and muddy shoes; and Thoreau, with his pencils. What drummer?

Bitterly did he resent the celebrity fixation of his times. Crudity elevated to the heights (and they dared mock the 'noble savage'). These ranks were filled with empty vessels, the majority extracted or chosen from the field of entertainment (and sports [all



the same)), with a minority of political figures, the whole entourage hardly worth being characterized in the most hackneyed of banal terms. (You are envious.) All to promote deodorants and antacids!!

What right did he have to be mad, or what right did he have to feign madness? What right did the species have to contravene its own thesis? Had it really formulated its own?

As Camus might have predicted, much of the media was rife with celebrity SEX. Celebrity SEX involved 'a' morality. When Romeo cavorted with Salami, or when Juliet cavorted with Fillini, a titting pervaded the airways encouraging promiscuity until it was learned Rock cavorted with Ron while Ron, for appearances sake, cavorted with Jane, until AIDS knelled loudly at cavorting. Fidelity had become an inconvenience to the Celebrity Barbarians. Morality, and ethics, in general, had become an inconvenience in Government as well as private life. For filler we got all the philanderings and fornications of the Presidential Candidates.

Surely, surely, the author conjectures, one ought look elsewhere if only as an intellectual exercise, hoping to arrive at what might appear as a smug self-complacency and lofty detachment. One is tempted to have recourse to a vague and tantalizing 'Stream of Consciousness' incoherence instead of always feeling the compulsion to rationally order the World with his friable intellect. Would one not be compelled to seek other means to account incoherence, where one might wish freely to associate, encompass, relate and ordinate the extremes he senses, or intuitions, in the human milieu?

We might dissect our civilization, or our 'society', or our loose arrangement of tenets, and behavioral patterns, relating those to avowed precepts and declarations, without discovering any 'human' glue, only some fortuitous momentum, some runaway roller coaster clinging to an outmoded and poorly maintained track - the thrill overwhelming any apprehension.

What holds us within bounds? that protects us from the alien, from the barbarian (savage?) that lives within us? LAW? Morality? Ethical Considerations? If it is only the ignorant, arrogant, petty, bigoted, egocentric, insolent, and viscerally engineered who form the ranks, carry the standard, how so preserve a society, a civilization; how so generate and foster some kind of upliftingness (Newness)?

The gravity yields easily to some claptrap "**Except a man (or woman) *be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God***", signifying the pulling of the rip-cord, or a pushing of the ejection button, to free fall from a vacant and loveless population.

Sensing some inevitability as Flayaway symbolically, madly,



dervishly, from out some premonition born suddenly of a 20th Century Human Consciousness, leaps into her **ROUT, RALLY!, ROUT, RALLY!, ROUT, RALLY!, ROUT, RALLY!, ROUT !!!!**, he sought to withdraw, to become detached, living a life unrelated to the 'humanity' we have come to suspect really exists in this - what we are, what we see every day - just so much NOISE. With a seeming fondness for an unending refrain.

Yes, one might muse on some little intellectual titillation like palingenesis, i.e., the silly trite notion of 'rebirth'; to become reborn as we are, and as we have been. What Ho! ingredients do we possess; what raw materials? One might answer, for the sake of argument, affirmatively: "We have what it takes!"; only to hopefully preclude some catastrophic revolution, some radicalizing Apocalypse, some vile necessity that clamors for a regeneration in substance - in tangibility. But suppose, in our 'latency', we do possess all the necessary ingredients, or raw materials, how thus proceed with them into the higher ordination of them - without revolution? Can one be (or become) rational, or avail himself of an unaccessed Rationality? Are you satisfied with NOW?

Flayaway arises as symbol, a mythological entity, a Uroborus, a Wretched Mother, a dim apprehension in the still emerging human consciousness, a projection of the author's into whose actions and mouth he has invested some nebulous transfiguration - Ah Ha! only for her to emerge as a dubious, smelly, rather awkwardly human shape. Flayaway's celebrity status, her cheerleading tenure, ended with graduation. Thereafter she joined the legions who marched hurriedly to the larger Sis Boom Bah, Who Are We Fah?. Yea-sayers for the most part, and Flayaway, Catholic, entombed, hardly questioning her bounded existence, as her eventual marriage disintegrated into a tacky ruin. Cunegonde in advanced years. Cinderella abandoned by her Biblical Prince.

From that elevated plain, The Kingdom, one needed to parachute to the safety of **terra firma**, that place upon which we have been engendered and deposited - not Paradise; not Utopia; very little more than something elemental, like dirt.

Strictly small town stuff, Flayaway; Irish Catholic dairy farmers, along with Jewish merchants, and an assortment of oddballs and 'Negroes', some deposited and arrayed on either side of the tracks. Flayaway, along with her twin brother, attended, as you might have guessed, St. Mary's Catholic Grade School, transferring to the only other nearby school in the ninth, where she became a Freshman in Public School. Her upbringing was reflected in her appearance, always a clean, combed, brushed, starched, creased, peach blossom, exemplary manners and behavior; moral, and reasonably righteous; no cheating,



tattling, pushing, provoking; mostly considerate, always civil, helpful, cheerful. Her brother was cast from the identical mould. On the surface they seemed to be the true exponents of the "Turning of the Other Cheek" of their Biblical Prince.

Outside of her twin brother, her most constant companion was Franny, another cheerleader, whose rear swayed a lot, whose father owned the local Tydol Station. Franny was also a Catholic. During that Freshman year, the class that had comprised the eighth, had been increased by five local Catholics, and three newly moved Catholics, composting almost half the class Catholic, as it became the ninth.

Flayaway and her brother seemed elevated, above me, of a different caste. They projected a picture of health, well-formed, strong bodies; tall, erect, immaculate complexions, full of milk, roast beef, corn and potatoes. Not something to mock; perhaps something to ponder and cherish as an image, mythological - Adonis and Venus; is such possible nowadays? (no incest suggested amongst these Gods).

Quite obviously, in my depiction of the cheerleader, its protagonist modeled after Flayaway, suffers tarnishment, becoming more earth-bound, involved in such mundane entrapments.

Her brother became a Heckofaway, a local hero of school athletics; quite naturally she cheered him on, reflected in his glory. Everything seemed to augment their outward appearances. Such sublime success. Scholastically they were not superior, but because schooling was regarded as important, like good citizenry, and good morals, they applied themselves, achieving better than average grades. It was the banker's daughter and the screwy looking kid from way out of town who were the natural scholars. Father would knowingly ask, "Why has one never heard of them again?"

The author disliked school; it was a social event in which he could not succeed; In its stratifications he was consigned to a lowly place, based on origins and appearances. He might have been better tolerated if he had had some excelling quality, either athletically, or scholastically, but neither were particularly encouraged or rewarded in me. Who knows what might have happened if Flayaway had taken an interest in him (cheering him on, so to speak). He put forth only the marginal effort, being cheered on by a mocking father. He did not hit home runs, or receive 100s. Everything he did was average, innocuously average. There it is again, did he lack the Right Stuff; is that the Question? (if you tire of this, as pertains to him, cast it upon yourself as a 'bad dream'. To the author, it unfolded as a reality, that, with hindsight, might be perceived as 'bad reality'.) The exigencies of the Moral exist in being Left Behind, or more



acutely - Left Out. Blunt and Real - a Vicarious Appendage to the Human Race. Bullshit - "Those who Stand and Wait, Also Serve." Hah!, but the finish line recedes, finally disappearing from sight, an impossible goal. Of course there are those who will argue "If you believe you cannot hit home runs, you will not hit them". Conversely, its opposite is supposedly true. Arguments are one thing, reality another. The author supposes it is possible to improve one's performance, given the 'Right' incentive. Well, so be it; all beside the point, for you must understand the whole edifying and civilizing experience of the school is an investment in a kind of conjuration involving the rarely examined assumptions that study, student, curricula, interest, need, etc., being externals to what it is that is happening to the individual who sits in the chair to be instructed, having his head filled with a pile of knowings, may or may not, mostly not, be relevant to him or her, now, or at any time in (their) life. **I am** what is relevant - !

The whole setting, the small town, the circumscribed reality, became transcended, or merely vaporized with time. Flayaway, on her own, altered the scale of her personage by forming a marital union with someone from another TOWN, moving therefore away from her Circle, to be with a someone who abused or ignored her, or so it was assumed since those who reported her circumstance claimed her unhappy, anemic, and disturbed; a life consigned to live outside the Circle. She had fallen from Grace; something wasted, the author feels; stopped in her tracks. (Actually, she had never been on her tracks - thus her cessation [before her advent].)

For me there were other circles, other situations that offered different possibilities, that altered the scale of both the town and the Flayaway's. More so even now, the whole world of man appears upon an altered scale Zooming in upon 1990, or 2000; 2001 (all rather stupid since it is year 86 Anno Durchanek). There still exists some kind of race to the finish line, that line facilely appearing and disappearing, testing my perception of relevance; the finish line variously appears as a glut of satiety, only because it has been left abandoned unchallenged, merely to exist as a cheap little scratch upon the ground, soon to be eradicated through forfeiture, a caricature of itself. There can be no finish line; once finished; it is finished forever.

Appropriateness is the key, and yes, relevance; but explicit relevance annoys, challenges, affronts. One must elicit responses by proposing appropriate relevancies. One must be understandable to the milieu, or his milieu.

The small town had engendered and nurtured its own system of appropriatenesses and relevancies, these having been extracted





from some larger pattern outside, but circumscribed within the social milieu of its confining personalities.

In the classroom, one often enough heard some doctrinaire references to freedoms, liberties, equalities, happinesses, rights, words mostly, as we sat in neat circumspect rows facing all in one direction, our seats bolted rigidly to the floor. The reference point (of departure) had become the TEXT, almost to the exclusion of one's personal experience. As one's ears awaited some dim evocation, he might as easily have heard delivered some sermon upon socialism, communism, or buncoism.

An Appropriate TEXT:

Maxim #1:

Every celebrity is bound to engage in some form of SEXism.

The weekly tabloid would not have printed anything scandalous concerning, especially, Flayaway, even if it proved to be of the most prurient and salient nature, and even if it was True. Freedom of the press had not yet attained such biogossippy lasciviousness, or such a righteous attitude with regard to the people's 'right to know'; and gained the presumed right to smear and censure public figures with more than the people's 'right to know'. Freedoms, like freedom of the press, like all conceptions of its kind, perhaps gain more meaning and significance the more one feels the lack of them. It has become a truism that some regard 'smearing' as a cheap avenue of public exposure, a way of generating name familiarity amongst the gullible and confused masses. Nonetheless, All are not the same.

Flayaway believed the American Indians were savages. She was told by her teachers, by Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Randolph Scott, Henry Fonda, John Wayne, that the American Indian was a savage. If she had wanted to learn the meaning of Savage, all she need do is consult the O.E.D. for its devastating definition of the term. When John Wayne shot 'em up, i.e. he rid the savage from the face of the earth, or rid the face of the earth of the savage, Flayaway leaped on high, Sis Boom Bah!, even though, in his private life, he was a right wing rednecked badass who swaggered. That is, he lacked class. Did she cheer swaggering Right Wing Rednecked Heroes?. Alas!, it was inevitable (or was it inevitable?). Her brother secretly emulated the tough-talking 'manly swagger'.

One is born part of the Mass. The Mass dictates, like a wave, for its own extraneous reasons, a conformity to some kind of standard, Look-A-Like proposition. It takes a while before one becomes aware of a Self, then even longer to discover the meaning of Self. Then, Zooming In upon 2000 what to do with Self as a unique occurrence, being possessed by or of the courage and will to become what one is sensually, intellectually, spiritually?



One more conforming entity means very little, very little more than an obstacle for the collisions amongst members of the mass. Conformity does not obviate collisions, simply because there are groups of conformities that collide, attempting to eliminate one another, for those extraneous reasons.

The author had recalled Farah the Kurd - Moslem - perhaps Sunni, who wanted blood. A beautiful (young) woman, whose surface belied 'her cry for blood' (a savage beauty!). the author had counterpoised her to Cassandra, his Fundamentalist daughter, who pretends to turn the other cheek. It would be beautiful Farah who would spill Cassandra's blood. Farah was an anarchist who believed the ruler (Shah) of her country had usurped the Rights of the People. What a cheerleader, Farah; the perfervidity of her fanatical belief was honed to sever life; startlingly beautiful; what a way to die. Flayaway, of little presence, more like a wind-up toy, paled before the Kurd.

Catholic Flayaway would cheer John Wayne as he engaged and slayed the savage anarchist. Then the inevitable collision with the RED, instead of the REDMAN. 'One more or less conforming entity means very little'; Life loses consequentiality with a little 'riding roughshod' in the inevitable.

Each individual must become a state unto himself. He must not be drawn into inevitable collisions. He must be sufficiently aware to declare his apartness. As an apartness he cannot be conscripted as a pawn or legion in the belligerencies of inevitable set-pieces.

Flayaway is a wind-up creature that dons her raiment; her body fibered of corn, potatoes, milk and beef, yearns to leap, and leap and leap; Rah, Rah, Rah; Rout Rally, Rout, Rally, Rout, Rally, Rout. John Wayne will 'shipwreck in her thighs'. That's a metaphor; first he will be required to woo, propose and wed, all according to the TEXT; then he can do what he pleases with her, which he most likely will; John is the Noble Savage, (a coarse).

The author does not know what sort of Hero Flayaway wedded. He knows not whether she was subjected to sordid, rotten sex life, whether she was truly loved, or whether she was merely Quicked and left to her own devices.

What is the author attempting to say? One writes what he writes. He had begun with Palingenesis, perhaps attempting to avoid an initial parry from the defenders of the True Way, the Established Orthodoxy, to which Flayaway beat and leaped. Parry one - "Utopian Nonsense!" Hopefully he would find it easier to respond to such a positive rejoinder, else discover myself embattled as an extremist. One must trust his motives; He does not desire bloodshed. He may discover cenogenesis, the more



hopeful prospect.

He proclaims, 'There is something missing!'; it is missing in him also; he may be able to offer some excuse for his lacks, over which pure rationality will not prevail. He may need to go to a well which as yet, he has not discovered - within. Not **dementia incoherencia**.

The missingness is something he has desired and which he believes he will be able to recognize, and to which he will respond when it appears; it has to do with a 'genuine humanity'; i.e. he is, you are, recognized, at given moments, as very special entities - felt entities - who occupy a very special place as lives, veritably rare mines of individuality, and prized for that. Not tolerated, or swooned over, as Christians might do with their brethren, but in another way that touches yet another chord in the sapient labyrinth; prized for one's individuality, that something - a freshness emerging from the self-aware heartmind-soul-spirit altogether - without any assignation to deities, flags, or other TEXTUAL (IN)SIGNIFICANCES.

Therein lies the source of our Genesis - not in the Doctrine, or Dogma; or other Pretense.

We are placed in the position of having to obey and trust in the Doctrine, or Dogma more than in ourselves.

The Doctrine or Dogma within all nations, under the 'persuasion' and 'protection' of all governments, regardless of its declarations, its intent, can hardly refuse to lobotomize its constituents (can hardly resist lobotomizing its constituents) as a matter of practicality.

John Wayne taking on the REDMEN projects a clear enough image. John Wayne taking on the NAZI or the JAP pretends to take on a stereotypic view of the Barbarian, alas, to be distinguished from a Savage, to wit, a highly cultured Barbarian, one with whom it would not be dishonorable to commingle, Sayonara Fraulein, has a more urban civilized ring than the Pocahontas of the Frontier. We struggle with miscegenation; the black male and the white female. Raisins in the sun. John Wayne was not cast as the resolver of a white male and the black female dilemma. Our chauvanistic, racist society ascribes no drama in the latter casting; rather an easy conquest as a matter of fact; a somewhat Southern mor(t)ality (tenet) of yielding to what is destined. No room for Celebrity Miscegenation? No Room At The Top (period). The two readily apparent juxtapositions ought earn the Established Orthodoxy early retirement to the booby hatch - diagnosis: mentally deficient. How about thrown over a cliff!?

One further note on negative miscegenation; new theory has it that the modern primogenitor was a Black Eve from out the heart



of Apartheidland. Don't choke on it.

The author will provoke thee yet. Others will follow.

Provocation is not my game however; stimulation is more to the encounter. Provocation through a righteous wrench earns one nothing; no thought, merely reaction. Inescapable stimulation is that for which I aim.

Right Stuff or Wrong Stuff! (Is this copyrighted material?)

Left Behind!

Which?

Is there a Left Stuff?

Stand in Line!

Right Behind!



Flayaway was possessed of a right behind and a left behind, unlike the daughter of Pope Urban and the Princess of Palestrina, who lost half a backside on the Islands of Palus-Maestis. Flayaway had the Right Stuff O.K., O.K.? , in the worst of all possible worlds? Alas! Cunegonde lived on and on; and on; a perfect rear permitted to age.

Plato had proposed it was all recollection, i.e. we played out our lives according to some program already imprinted before birth (One would assume we would all come out the same if such were the case; well, approximately the same). I'm guessing we are the same in many areas of morality, bigotry, ignorance, arrogance, prejudice, pettiness, intolerance, egocentricity, et al. Where else, fellah?

In perspective there exists truth in this imagery; we are destined to live within the limits of our genetic material; we are destined to move as we move, see as we see (sense as we sense), we are destined to live within our environment (milieu), but not so destined that if we had been an aborigine at birth and removed to the most developed and intricate culture we should have remained an aborigine. A Nobler Savage a Noble Savage he be. As were once we.

Though not emerging as an aborigine, but as a 'cultured' product, we are given to look back upon the aborigine, as the 'cultured' are wont to do, in an attempt to understand human evolution and behavior. The truly cultured being does not conform to a model; he seems at variance with it, always moving away as though destined to search beyond, to seek something that could be there -yet another ***raison d'être*** than conforming to what was chosen in the moment.

Why focus on Plato? Why not focus on oneself, on one's imaginings, given some import through speculations involving



'truth', or 'honesty' as we might view what we really are, as recollected excrescences of being, as something that takes on the appearance of crudity within a barbarity of notions, emanating from matter, blood, chitterlings, protoplasm; not the more removed, elevated refinements of the cultured and civilized being - the former, which (and whom) often betray the latter (as sham - as false).

It would be too easy to view the whole prospect of civilization emerging as Gasset proposes, with aborigine male youth cults, organized to war upon other aborigine groups, in order to obtain the female of the other; even in the form of rape, which he extrapolated to the Rape of the Sabine women, Sparta's Rape of Helen, and the carrying, today, all symbolically of course, of the female across the proverbial threshold (Good way to get a hernia). As much as the author enjoys reading and surmising with Ortega, and as much as he might succumb to the clinical persuasions of psychoanalytical evidence invested in (Freudian) interpretations, it does seem too easy to reduce civilization to this basic formulation, to the more blunt characterization of SEX (of genital origin) (which might assume a variety of worded constructions such as, Anatomic Destiny, Inevitable Conjugation, Reproductive Imperative, Incorporated Genesis, Procreative Exegesis, Fornication, maybe even LOVE [?Recollection?]). The author would hope to evade this fatal pronouncement and Judgment - Final Assessment. (He would at the same time not diminish the vital part played by our concupiscent behavior toward the mere exigency contained in a dubious repletion and redundancy of two-leggedness). Are The Bomb and SEX related?

It has gotten us into trouble; we have suffered with the worm in the bud, as did Flayaway and the author when they were joining the fray innocently. Nowadays, sexing indiscriminately (a sort of tabooless evolution) has exposed one, besides to the classic V.D. Syndrome, to Herpes, and Alas!, to the newest **bête noire**, AIDS; whereas in Flayaway's and his youth, while vile V.D. was hardly mentioned in polite company, 'knocking-up', that quaint euphemism, became a real concern (too often incurring the puzzling revelation "Is that all there is to it?"). One's virginity, something 'precious', something 'wonderful'; chastity, purity, whiteness (symbolized by the gown), the 'best part' of the animal. One 'saved' one's virginity for the 'special'. One's special offertory to a process, to a possibility of something wonderful; often not wonderful; often sordid. Thus to what had one offered 'her' virginity? A Sacred Tradition - Utopian! Alas! Out of wedlock liaisons were for the chaff, the uncultured, the uncivilized. Needless to say there were some formidable barriers to young men





and young women getting together for the purposes of exploring their sexual urges, and no socially acceptable alternatives (excluding marriage). Houses of ill-repute existed illegally; perhaps harboring uncleanness (of mind, soul and body). One thought little of himself if he poked the loose fish of the neighborhood, ('hardly a conquest' Ortega); and no feelings of 'love'; not even a thought given to procreation. One thought little of himself through the socially applied stigma attached to such persons, and such acts.

If one had gathered with his friends to drive across the river in the dead of night to raid and rape the women of the river people - What Ho!!? Just across the tracks will do. Or next door. Nowadays we are all a privatized genesis, our own tribe; our next-door neighbor, a stranger.

We didn't do it, we didn't discuss such things (individually we might have imagined such things). We might have played at 'Post Office' or 'Doctor', spin-the-bottle, variants of pin the tail on the donkey (gee I wonder who that could be), 'pass the orange', even played strip poker, all to excite, but not to relieve; these were perhaps more freeing, more challenging, than studying together, holding hands, prom nights, even necking and petting which tended to be stilted and rife with taboos and **NOs** (well, most of life seems to consist of a plethora of **NOs**), unless one ignored the **NOs**, persuading, forcing, essentially raping through persistency (this latter does not exclude mutuality; it is understood while one or both desired, desire was something that must not violate preconceived notions of behavior - certain social constructs (mores) - whether one raped in fact, or two raped in fact, the social construct became molested (violated) - out of wedlock the essential construct. (Specious and tenuous the author realizes; he must be nearing the end.)

With such privation it might be easy to visualize one imagining rape as a solution to concupiscence; and doubtlessly such occurred. We know that such negative stigma was (is) attached to rape that the act was (is) seldom reported or spoken. Only recently has it been publicized into our social consciousness that rape occurs within marriage, not only between the partners, but with other family members, not as an infrequent happening.

A lot of the privation eventually resulted in Rotten Sex, hence such an abundance of strange psychological manifestations (long before the author was born, I notes). The question arises, what if all barriers were removed, Whoops? Moving too fast; (reserve one for Incest, and one for overt rape [What to do about them.]). Some will argue our current 'permissive' society is essentially an exponent of such thinking. Maybe Yes, maybe No; 'permissiveness' is not a condoned social practice - and is



'suddenly' becoming less so, once again, i.e., until they find a vaccine for AIDS. Hurry Up!, Damn It!

There we were, on the threshold of something, which NOW calls the whole into question, not a question of a 'scientific' adjustment (adaptation) but the resurrected and reinforced question of morality - and LAW?!

'What happens between two consenting adults' ain't no good no more. NOW - without consent i.e., RAPE, the question of Murder is raised; i.e., AIDS induced through RAPE. If you are a consenting adult you gotta inform your partner(S); SUPER-EGO Time, Adults!!

Yes, we were on the threshold of something; how important? HAH! If SEX is all that it is purported to be, and if we have needed a certain freeing from certain social conventions (releasing the worm from the bud), a more enlightened, less moralistic outlook; we are soon about to be plunged into the Dark Ages (Gloom) through a stepped-up morality, and eventually a rigid legality (and boring monogamy). GAYS and DRUGGIES are 100% suspect. Roving sexuality (promiscuous sexual types) is suspect regardless of its sexual preference. Monogamy receives new impetus when loose arrangements were becoming fashionable amongst the Fast Tracker appearing in PEEPHOLE Magazine "Whose her beau now?", "Whose he with now?"; not just holding hands, or making public appearances in Glitter and Gold.

Back to square one with baggy pants and long skirts, with something (SEX) that assumed enough importance to have been chained in until it attempted to break its bonds thereby reducing it to less importance once it had had its fill, until it had almost begun to run its course, NOW resuming that strange preoccupation once again. We say, in Africa (Zaire, Uganda), amongst the 'primitives' (those aborigines, we might say), the high incidence of 'slims disease' is traced to a many-partnered promiscuous sexuality. This places a lota pressure on the flatulent scientist (our self-proclaimed 20th century deities) to get their act together to produce a vaccine; just so we will be able to exact our genesis within its intended form.

Do I buy the argument? Of Importance? The importance of controlling the impulse to civilization - SEX? If SEX aint to be no more, let's disband!! HAH!? Let's to the hills and Boccacio - oops -Boccacio had more on his mind than escaping the plague; he wanted 'business as usual, and an excuse to indulge before he was swept away - away - titillation anyway! So let us pure ones away to Boccacio - Rapture. Ortega freely associates the etymology of Rape in Rapture. How amusing, then, are these Fundamentalists (The Bible Thumpers) who speak of Armageddon, and After Rapture. The Mushroom Cloud is pretty sexy. (Just an



afterthought - like our genesis.)

Herein relates the:

**Ode of Al.**

The Als came unto Him  
Despairing of their  
Butts and Azzes.

"Alists", he said unto them  
"Come ye unto me,  
For I am the Sun Of Fundament."

Whereof they became FundamentAlists.

What do Alists do with their *gluteus maximi* and azzes; they become the Fundament-alists? I realize the horse is quite dead. The author had wanted to ask pointedly: Does After Rapture have anything to do with SEX? If it does, it is cause for Celebration. Bring on the END.

He does not really take issue with Ortega or Sigmund; he has the greatest respect for their learning and intellect; he supposes he takes issue with his father, who fell upon the revelation of the 'psyche', the hidden, the unconscious, the 'uroborus'; as being almost exclusively absorbed in SEX - and as Daemonic! Are we daemonic, re: SEX?

In this brief, The author fears he has not achieved any objective. He had wanted to imagine a denial of societal restraint (mores) in order to see what would remain. Does freedom remain, if so, whenever and wherever he or she chose, to just simply fornicate until one flopped over - then what - whaddawedowith all the bawling? Jump over the precipice, having done our part; or just keep on doin' it?; flopping over until we are knee deep in bawling, waist deep, over our heads?

Can't leap then; How much for a LEAP? Springoff! Springoff!. Holy Crap, what about civilization? Offspring! Offspring!!

We'll work something out.

Stop Writing, and return to Flayaway, Damn it!

Which is worse, Pangloss, to be divested of one buttock, or to have it all - plus AIDS?

One wonders now, when a Celebrity is drawn to his attention, whether or not he or she has AIDS, and whether or not all those good looks and wonderful parts are lost to our genesis?

What's there to cheer about Flayaway?

Where do we go from here, Pangloss?

Lotta baggage in Flayaway's Trailer.

## *The Celebrity*



BUT!, like Chatty Cathy, you pull her chain, and she'll give you ONE LAST RALLY from deep within the Sapien Labyrinth:

THREE CHEERS for our performance **So Far! SO FAR! SO FAR!**

**SIS!**

**B O O M !!**

**B A H ! ! ! ! !**



SELLebrity.

There is something inevitable about human nature; something that triumphs over all the good intentions and the personal integrity. In many cases its the price. One comes to the conclusion that her (his) public image is worth the medium of exchange; something to be traded. All those not in the public eye witness their heroine (hero) become another fallen idol; they also feel their own worship turn to envy and disgust; from the sacred to the profaned. As well, there are few loyalties, once one has sought out the highest bidder. Without question, riches corrupt. Excellence in one field masks the atrophy of the remainder. Once exposed, easily degraded. Virtue and Vice are close cousins. The Angel's accouterments fell heir to the Harpy.

There is little worth in promoting the public good; there is more worth in promoting shoddy merchandise; cynically. (In 'Sex Sells', 'Olympic Gold', and 'Variations on a Theme', this notion is given a bit of a run).

THEN, when one imagines she (he) has everything, satiation and boredom find their way into one's existence. MORE - seems the only remedy; MORE of the same.

The author must take note of our less than illustrious and sensational milkmaid heroine. What she might have deserved in life remains unknown. At some point her innocence had become transformed into a 'responsibility for herself', duly noted as appreciating such distinctions as 'right' from 'wrong'. It was right to salute the flag, and wrong to be foment sedition. Less importantly, it was right to clothe oneself modestly, and wrong to take a leak in public. It was right to say one's prayers, and wrong to take the name of the lord in vain.

Whatever The Market Will Bare.

PS The author has spoken to Heckofaway fifty years later to learn that it was his feeling it all happened only yesterday. He had never moved. He remained on the dairy farm where he had been engendered, until he had aged in harness (recalling Dave) Either he didn't want to search for more, or didn't need to search.

Heckofaway was childless; no one to take over the farm it seems; so it is for

## ***The Celebrity***



sale.

In the life of a man **it is** only yesterday.

And imagine milking cows everyday of one's life. And imagine your high school sweetheart taking her life after twenty years of marriage. Followed by another failed union. With the decrepitudes creeping around in search of another victim.

A sad resignation in Heckofaway's voice. No protest. It was God's Will.



## **Sis! Boom! Bah!**