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CBE CHAPBOOK

**SUTURE FEATURE**



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**To Bonnie Parker  
To Ma Barker**

**And to the dear thimble token, now gone from Monopoly...  
why don't you bloodsuckers make nothing but money-symbol tokens?**

“He was not a madman at all... He simply represents a different stratum of life and of temperament.”

—Theodore Roosevelt in 1912,  
commenting on his failed  
assassin, John Schrank

“{He} is really the living proof that the insane, the drunk and the childish, are always protected by God.”

—Walther Funk, in Spandau Prison,  
on the subject of Rudolf Hess

## **Old Lion Go #ROAR#!, or A Century it Hasn't Been for Decades, or Eastern Hemispheric Lower Caste Archetype Bangs a Gong**

Deepak Chopra said, "The things we fear the most, have already happened to us."

And Maestro Salieri said, "All I ever wanted, was to sing to God..."

And Lee Stringer wrote (in *Grand Central Winter*), "But all I keep thinking...is how very, very hard a lonely person will try."

And CEE (in an unfinished story), wrote:

"GUY...!"

*Whirl, vision focused. A dream, the overdone 60's and 70's "running through a meadow at one another". Just Lorna was running, though, down the empty sidewalk, a wide one from another era. As was Lorna. He saw feathered hair, he saw baby fat, he saw milk and ivory and warm water and gold. Until she got to him, Guy was in shellshock. Largely, it was that his life hadn't amounted to much thus far, that he required a reason outside himself. For the space it took a woman young and fit, to run half a block and hug him tight, all that went through Guy Teague's mind was, "The miracle happened."*

*And after she'd laughed into his ear, in close, and he'd wanted to cry in return, after what he still believed genuine got used up in one big bear's squeeze... hearing his name once, along with "I'm so glad!", the miracle pulled herself back, a tad breathless.*

*And stopped being a miracle.*

Please form an orderly procession, staying between the blue velvet ropes. Make your way as silently as possible past writers hanged, authors garrotted and scribes rocked to sleep with real rocks. You'll see a green light, but ignore it; it's just the lost dream of an alcoholic, drug addicted, *bon vivant* of a wastrel. Just move as a commuter would, straight ahead, unlooking at broken promises, shattered lives or hollow emptiness. Keep on walking, straight ahead, straight ahead, now! Nothing around you, is anything to do with you. You didn't cause it and you can't cure it, and, hey, Jack, you were always a good person, right? I hope that helps, because you are alone. There is nothing else...maybe anOther's nothing else, rolling your way on a Greyhound...

Keep going. All the way, full weight. End of the dead end, on the right. Room 101.

**CEE, staring out at the rain, Johnstown, PA, May 31<sup>st</sup>, 1889**

# Coming Attractions

## “The Constable”

Sen. Dole (KS): I personally, and I’m speaking as one of your mere human beings, I personally find this very line of postulating, offensive. Whether you wish to worship God in your own way, young man, don’t then come here and tell us, that by chance...

T. C. Darke: Senator...

Dole: No, *by chance*, your government left top secret material around on the floor like yesterday’s newspaper, anyone just walks in, “Oh! Is this from the government?”

Darke: Senator, you know very well what became of the file. The whole of Montpelier, and all the ancient papyri. I’m saying this particular hollow oak was squirreled open and you’ve got a...

Dole: I’m done with you, I’m done.

Darke: ...situation on your hands. And you know that! I’m just admitting it without...

Sen. Hatch (UT): Why don’t we, for the sake of...

Darke...without niceties. You know it’s lost!



Sen. Inouye (HI): Do you understand, Mr. Darke, how irresponsible your answers? James Bond meets Dr. Mengele meets The Wolfman? If your government can summon demons, invoke God's thunderbolts, melt bodies with a word, create...I won't even, this is...Man, making super things out of other men! Immortal, impervious godthings! If we're that powerful, and you're just saying this aloud, now, well, we're so damned malevolent, why didn't we have you killed six years ago?

Darke: I don't know, Senator Inouye, why didn't you have me killed?

Dole: Because there's a lot of light on you.

**—taken from the Senate Probe into Parapsychological Increase, recorded 6/29/1982 (exchange expunged from the Congressional Record/publicly unavailable)**

## “Every Living Thing”

Cavett: This final thesis...and I know criticism is a kind of prerequisite....it hasn't been without controversy, of course you're no stranger to it. The study of Akhenaten's mask, to cite an example, even I was taken aback...well, I can't begin...elves?

Kacar: Man's ego...to say we are our own beginning....quite the boast. At best, we hide in Darwin. And human society...the ultimate group mentality, cannot conscient even to probe this. Here before us, fine, but “better” than us, a random value judgment. And worse, are they us, partly us? What race are the elves?

Cavett: In the mind of Man, though, not just of a common sort, the question would appear to be, “But, surely, aren't elves a creation of thought? Fantasy beings? Myth, imagination in whole?”

Kacar: No. I date almost to the Pyramids, myself...

(Audience laughter)

Kacar: ...and this I know, at this end of my days: Elves Are Real.

Cavett: Oh, I know, I don't disagree...I myself first learned the fact, from a leprechaun....

(Audience laughter)

—from **The Dick Cavett Show**

guest: **centenarian mythologist A.J. Kacar**

airdate: **October 29<sup>th</sup>, 1972**

## **“The Lorna-Guy Eternity”**

The tomb of what distant papyri referenced as “the forever womb of the J.C.”, would never be seen or known about, by his mother; the first secret, hence, the first lie. Guy did what he did, for he knew what was spilling out of them both, and what that left, as Hacom had told them. Guy buried not only a firstborn son, but the humanness and love they had always desired.

At end, he said he was sorry to J.C., not to God, and crept up the hill toward the new things he and she as Him and Her, would be. Guy had no tears left, as he walked away.

Lorna, ever seeing only the 5x5 plaque of burnished brass, showed real vehemence when she read its simple inscription. Guy, cold again and commanding, dared Her to remove it. She rained hells of words on his silent face, but would not erase the epitaph, and fled the scene.

The plaque of burnished brass, until lost to a global upheaval in their thirtieth century, was found by early devotees, who built battlements to protect the physical link to the gods. Even after many centuries, indeed, until the waters and earth covered it over, the simple words were visible, and spoke inside a viewer’s mind:

**“J.C. We give you back. We are not sorry. You were all we really wanted.**

**(Your Loving Parents)”**

# Cartoon

## **Fool of the Year, 832**

His most popular act was

“Shaking hands”

During which

The crowd would throw food at him

# Newsreel

## Webb 3:16

What is the noble path of my socio?  
I wish you to receive a Hell  
Alone with Joe Friday,  
Where all he ever says  
Is a flatfoot  
“Yeah”,  
Until all the suns have burned away

## **“pure water”**

Ideals are great  
Johnny Unitas was great  
He had to retire  
He grew old and eventually died;  
Comic book peoples  
Laugh their garlic lunch in your face  
At the word, “Mint”,  
Hold a comic, just printed  
Breathe in, breathe out  
It’s no longer “Mint”;  
Johnny Unitas  
Made footballs burn up in the  
Atmosphere  
There’s always just a moment in Time,  
So, say “pure”, then accept  
A little arsenic  
A little antimony  
A little bismuth  
All of which, are deadly poisons  
Then, say, “pure”, again  
See how easy?

Oh, and the chloride content

## **Labor is a joiner**

I would join a union  
If it meant I could just stay home  
But, how'm I protected  
By this glorious waste of time  
Called "arbitration"?  
If I have rights, if You have them,  
Then, aren't anarchists correct?  
And sure, anarchy's kind of like  
Drunken ex-drunken rockers  
Hoping songs fall together at random  
But, just because Occupiers  
With No government left to burn  
Would burn one another  
Until there were eighteen people left  
Every 100 square miles  
Dressed in rags, gnawing on bones,  
That doesn't mean Human Persons  
Should be satisfied with anything less  
Than Freedom as absolute  
Rolling about as our lil'est kitty,  
Snitfit happy as sin

## **1979 in a 21st Century body**

I identify  
As myself  
As I looked/appeared/was  
At age 17  
And if any of you at all/ever  
See me, let alone Say you see me  
As anything else, well  
You're full of Hate,  
And I'll say that, out loud  
So Others will know  
And Others will then Hate You for it  
And we'll have a kindergarten-level  
Paradox



## **Webb 3:17 (Keep Your Hand on the Remote)**

Hell with Joe Friday wouldn't be so bad  
You could watch whatever you wanted  
On cable, cablelu or satellu dish...lu,  
And all he could ever say was  
"Yeah",  
He couldn't read you your rights  
Couldn't even draw his ordnance  
Unless you made a  
Furtive move

# Short (spoiler: it got nobody)

## Of Loving

Of Love and Loving  
 I can only say it works  
 If the Other is not an ant  
 An android  
 An agenda-ite  
 A Point A to Point B zombie  
 A trickster, a huckster  
 A bad movie actress or evil soap twin,  
 If the Other is not cold  
 If they are not “mature” as Cold  
 If they are not “normal” as Cold  
 If they are not “a realist” as Cold  
 If they are not “grounded” as Cold  
 If they are not “grown up”, “an adult”  
 (and more convenient code words for Cold)  
 If They are not a supermarket display figure  
 Something off an assembly line  
 Reared by workaholics and don't get it  
 Reared by alcoholics and don't get it  
 Reared by control freaks and  
 REALLY DON'T GET IT  
 If The Other is Not a refugee from  
 Thomas Tryon's *The Other*  
 If they are as Human as You,  
 Love and Loving, are ultimate rest,  
 There are of course, no such persons  
 But, if there were, Boy!  
*Would I get behind Love and Loving!*

## Human “Chopsticks” Harmony

The idea behind  
*The Boys From Brazil*,  
That you can take a warehouse full of  
The very same person  
And artificially recreate  
In our rotating Heinz 57 phaser of a world  
The close enough for scale  
Near-beer  
Simulated knockoff of  
The original, cloned individual,  
Is exciting  
It can't be done outside a lab, though  
The world, even given governments  
Is too much the loose howitzer  
But, solely, wholly laboratory,  
There's a wonderful potential  
Realized angelic, IMHO,  
In the notion of  
In just this way  
Creating the perfect marriage  
An arranged marriage, yes, a  
Perfect marriage  
Down to mutually shining eyes

**We are alone, Rorschach...**  
**Here's cawffee....**

Upon our planet of “dealbreakers”,  
Perhaps person trying to be a  
Person to another person, is best  
Except  
If you're with some Maybe  
And you're watching a flick  
And you see something that warms  
Because it reminds you of something,  
Something Not A to B and mud,  
And you smile, and turn to the Maybe  
To share  
But it hits you, as you know  
Their reaction  
What it won't be

## **This is Where I Live**

Hell

I've known forever

As, brace for cliche

"Below"

It's why basements always terrified me

Not quite the classic standup joke

About hands burned on Earth's core,

Assuming Hell is my portion,

I assume forever dwelling in a basement

Postwar, Outside of Time

Dante, fused with Dagwood

Marinated in party jokes and

Capricious characterization

I assume a succubus taskmistress

Eternally screaming, wielding

Cut—through—shoe knives

That, or oversize accusing Noh masque of

Perpetual tears

Of the innocent and most beautiful

These are, in effect, the same Hell

I assume you know that

## **Boring Planet**

We as I  
Individual on barren plain of  
Buildings, foodstuffs and assholes  
All alone,  
Solely as our I  
Cannot recover nor realize nor claim  
Oneness  
Other than in a  
“Boycott Nestle’!” sense  
Or an Eastern sense  
Which makes way more sense  
On Nepalese Temple Balls and Darvon  
Together

# Intermission

## Vampire Snow Cone Cart

Okay, thanks...have you decided, yet?

*I'm always so bad at this*

Don't you usually get maroon?

*Mmyeah, but I don't like to keep*

They have carmine

*Getting the same old thing*

What about magenta?

*Uh, oh...I dunno*

Crimson, brick? Just pick something

*I wonder about the fire engine*

Just PICK something

*Burgundy...that sounds nasty...cherry!*

BOR-ing! Look, I'd like to sit down

*Indian Red?*

No don't ask

I think they took that off the market

*Rose...mmm...maybe*

Enough, GOD! Can we sit down?

*I hate going out with you*

*Fine. Maroon, please.*

## **The Spaniel and Deviled Webster**

MMmm

Awwwhuhuh

CHEWING

The cursed lawyer tastes *so good*

I wish more people fought damnation



# Human Creature Feature Presentation

## Woman as Ghost

We all of us  
Love what's gone  
Even iron ass "matures"  
Who spit bastardized Eastern philo  
Expressed as iron ass teacher  
You recall from school  
When there existed real schools  
Not babysitting buildings  
With picture-larnin' and  
"Mom might have to call;  
'Gotta take this",  
We All love what's gone  
The Gone, can't love back  
Which is why we love it so  
Its return, is Us as I  
Goddam, things dead and gone  
Are beatific  
They got totally, The Beat  
They're a oracle!  
THEY'RE GOD!!

## **Man as Ghost**

The 78 shellac I heard  
Wurlitzer, Mom's pal's basement,  
As a boy  
Boy mourning  
The daddy dead and gone  
You figure the mommy  
Mourned him, too  
Maybe she did,  
Lotsa war widows, etc.  
Say Screw It, per Act Two  
"I was right to start with", y'know  
I know  
I know the feeling  
Probably, once upon a  
Caterers packing up-Earth  
Daddy  
Or BF  
Let alone FWB or NSA or ONS  
Or premise in early, dumb porn  
Is not dead  
You just wish he was  
Instead of parked outside  
Two houses down

## **Woman as Vampire**

This has been done to death  
To the point I must DeLorean back  
To the summer of '83,  
My nympho-chick Brethren fantasy  
Very tricky, getting rid of her  
My fantasies, require such closure  
But  
And will say it like this:  
In a card game which now owns  
The US Patent Office,  
I once shot down a honking  
Freaky-screaming grossass scary  
The Ultimate (alpha) Demon  
With a rocket launcher  
DEAD  
*Daily News*, Ruth Snyder, man  
“**DEAD!**”

This, solves problems, any  
And creates them

## **Man as Vampire (Bleeah! Bleeah!)**

Hickies?  
Silliness  
You'll have to do better than that  
I have cool-to-look-at paper ephemera  
Still unsold  
And I haven't watched Glen sing  
"Rhinestone Cowboy" on Johnny  
In months  
Been meaning to finish that book  
On Spandau Prison...

Who cares what YOU think of as  
"normal"?  
Some things are, now it's not 1958,  
Stupid  
We all have our turnons  
Here, hold this wire

## **World as Vampire (a Halloween jack)**

Cancel your app, punkin'  
Your phone is a blanket  
And you are Linus,  
Delete Search for  
Rent a Vindictive CorpSuit dottie commie  
I'm tryin' to make a point, here  
Point:  
We're really All Vampires  
The world sucks our blood, because  
Read a book about the journey of  
Lewis and Clark,  
It would suck our blood, anyway  
The fucking-ground and rosebushes  
Don't have a choice                      You Do  
I Hate Butterflies  
I Love Bullets  
I'm not alone (you Wish I was alone)  
And I guarantee random Other  
Never leveled up to Cro-Magnon

## **Woman as Werewolf**

This doesn't work  
Hairy, is ick  
Not me, You  
Though  
The "shaving" shit in *Deep Throat*  
Is the sickest, most boring bit in it,  
Face only, I use electric  
Santa rode in a shaver, when I was small  
Sure, it burns,  
I slop my way through life  
But it don't hurt  
'N I don't feel wigglebutt stupid

Oh, blades don't hurt ya, huh?  
Here  
Hold this scabbard

## **Man as Werewolf**

This ick is sick, too  
I'm the guy with a buckle on my hat  
Buckles on my shoes  
And a musket filled with  
"The first shot better work"

XX, werewolf, NO  
Get da fuck away  
XY, werewolf, NO  
I don't know ya, bro  
I'm the guy singing  
"We Gather Together"  
Giving Thanks 24/7/366 in Leap Year  
I ain't gathered with none a' y'all

*No, I don't think I'm 'better'*  
I tried all this GF and BFF stuff  
Ick

## **Woman as Zombie (Soulessmate)**

There's a definite brain-eating involved  
86 the "kids"-part, though, and I'm game

...being kind past your robotic rebut, re:  
I WAS A KID ONCE, TOO  
(how do you humans keep living?  
don't your batteries ever run down?)  
The reason I can't deal with children?  
If I can't relate to someone  
Exactly like I would relate to You  
I'm lost,  
I say this, because this applies to  
Relationships, too  
Fighting, OtherAnger, is kid shit  
Sanctioned, no less, as  
In The Beginning  
God created Earl Warren

My brain, is an holy relic  
(wait for it)  
Here  
Hold this shotgun sleeve



## **Man as Zombie**

Duh!  
But more so in that  
Put grunts in a room with grunts  
And they grunt,  
I wouldn't be female if you paid me, but  
Barring the other 85 bathrooms  
(please the missiles, PLEASE the missiles)  
I'm left with "Male",  
If I was the only example  
Heaven!, but  
Male is asshole, like being Orson  
Or Olivier or one of the generals on  
Stone Mountain  
Forced into prison with  
Lil' Abner  
Urkel  
and Axl Rose on a bender,  
"Man as zombie"  
Duh!  
...although, not being the only example,  
I don't have to kill myself

## **Woman as The Thing Without a Name**

‘Never happen  
They made a bullshit movie  
(made for TV, auto-bullshit)  
About that  
Doesn’t work,  
Frankie-makes, always go off on their own  
Another reason I never wanted kids  
If I make something  
The world doesn’t get to have it  
Excepting this stuff, of course  
My writing  
I mean  
You’ve heard of a convenience bag?

# **Man as The Thing Without a Name (precisely)**

There's no point writing a poem on this  
It'd be like writing a poem saying,  
"Rocks exist"

## **Disinterred Track**

### **Human as Frazetta Drawing**

I imagine standing in a kitchen  
Which isn't mine  
And I imagine a person  
Who isn't Mine  
I imagine them entering the room  
I imagine their overwhelming shock  
Me, there  
Their zipperbreath, quick  
And I imagine us standing there  
Not ten feet apart  
Not eight  
Not barely six  
And, they see what's in my eyes  
What isn't, sorry...what isn't,  
And what comes into their eyes  
And into their mind, their heart  
Gut  
As we stand the length of a body  
Apart  
Is something I think about a lot, lately  
It really troubles me a lot but  
That's the mineshaft I have to descend  
For compassion

Doc, Doc  
The windmill

# Waiting to See Who the Gaffer Was

And Deepak Chopra said, “The things we fear the most, have already happened to us.”

And the Sunshine, in the Long Ago, wrote me, “Be happy, I beg you!”

And Forrest began to cry, and said, “I miss you, Jenny.”

And Tom Cruise, in *Vanilla Sky*, said, “Somebody died...it was *me...*”

And in 2009, CEE wrote:

*there is only a beginning*

*and then*

*the tale is ended*

*no middle, no story*

*there is only the beginning*

*nothing more.*

My mother was an Old German Catholic, and she taught me very well, to fear Hell. And my mother could never find happiness, and through role modeling, she taught me the worst horror of all, was to be alone. And as a great spiritual teacher of mine said of our universal fear of Death, “it’s because Death is strange to us, as we’ve never known anything but ‘this’.”

So, yes, Mr. Six-Pack, how very deep of you. And spot on. I can imagine nothing more terrifying, than being dead and in Hell, all alone. And, guess what? Now tell me more of attitude and Beatitudes, and the power of making choices.

And my wife asked me, 11 years ago, “*Is this gonna be the rest of your life?!*”

And more than a few, online, have responded, “You frighten me.”

And Rorschach said, “*Not even in the face of Armageddon.*”

And Jonah replied to YHWH, “I do well to be angry, even unto death.”

Thanks for your patronage, Chief. Drive ‘um home safely. G’night. Sleep tight. Don’t let the bedbugs bite.

Sweet dreams, nonfriends. You know, they’re made of these. *That’s why they’re called “dreams”.*—CEE, 7/11/18

# SUTURE FEATURE

BY  
C E E

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