

2013 CHAPBOOK

PUBLICATIONS

CEE

The Thing in the Lounge at Wagon Wheel
(I COME IN AVARICE)

**To my stepmother's 1976 Cadillac Sedan De Ville
(even though it was driven by my stepmother)**

BART: Dad, what's the point of this story?

HOMER (smiling): I like stories!
—from the Bart-is-forbidden-to-EVER-see-the-new-
Itchy-and-Scratchy-movie episode of *The Simpsons*

PONG

It's a real cacophony, out there. Out your window. Of voices. Hatefilled. It's a din. Shrieking at the Before picture, not the After. As if that were the problem, as though it were true, and granting that, as if it solves anything. "Everybody gotta have their 'peen-yun!'", spits a friend. Such hatred, at all the Beauty I knew. Such bile and screaming vitriol. You want some advice, nonfriend, instead of sitting there on Friday nights, cringing with every bite of the healthy snack you say you "love", cheering like a Packer fan watching the Bears get biker-stomped as you help Bill Maher redefine redefinitions, try the bathroom mirror, some time. For your own issues. Are you happy? Are you realized? Beatific? Or, just insane?

Someone in town called me "a hipster". Ah, how little you know me. I'm the Dennis the Menace Beta, nonfriend. Richie from *Happy Days* and post-Dealey Plaza, in a supercollider. I was progeny of Benny Goodman, borne of Andrews Sisters. Conceived in Allen's Alley, birthed in a Lustron hospital, into land of milk and Studebaker. Crew of cut, and happy about it. Peoria Valley Sunday. I was, as I grew, the living embodiment of the 1964 New York World's Fair: *an old kid in a new time*. And, I awakened to this grim knowledge, only in stages. One of these was in Rockton, IL, at what for me and mine amounted to a resort hotel: The Wagon Wheel. It was 1973.

Yuck it up, all you like. Those who get me don't agree with me and those who agree with me, don't get me. *Faux* Western is all I need. Oversized items for family photos. Candy in the gift shop that looked like plastic. Hotel disinfectant, that smelled of angel's wings. No supervision—if a kid got hurt, he was punished. Dad wanted me to learn to swim. The pool was a terrifying place. I had my own priorities. I was in the game room, as much as possible. Two plays for a quarter; One play, for a dime. You couldn't have found one thing digital, to save your jaded soul. Everything was pinball. Pinball and shuffleboard bowling and electro-mechanical baseball. Shooting games, with mounted wooden gunstocks. Spinning tin Martians whooping their cries, blasted by a pastel howitzer. And everywhere, the silver ball. Pinging and clanging, off rubber Baby Boomer buggy bumpers. Hoping the Church of Your Choice Lady, would put on the red light. "Special". Mecca for American boys, when "Mecca" could mean only "Rome".

My friend, whom I'll call Scott—as 'twas his name—was with me, that Watergate weekend. We had exhausted in nothing flat, our initial allotment of change, and from there of course, timing became everything. We repaired to where our moms had lighted, in the Wagon Wheel's open lounge. We approached the den of Bloody Marys, with practiced cool. Brokering for anything extra was quite naturally, a perfect art. We sauntered in, looked, stopped. Stared.

The thing was ugly. Wooden home stereo cabinet, around dull baby crap console. It looked boring. And a TV screen, black and white, no less, which to me said “down market”, even then. Mocked, poorly, to seem Space Age, but the name-font was already cliché by 1973—too “Tang”, too “the Eagle has landed”. The name, spoke of a crap sport of the Orient, the kind of thing *Wide World of Sports* shoved under your nose on some week Ali wasn't fighting. The sounds it made were, sorry, retarded. It was a dumb brute concept with nothing to recommend it.

Scott and I had walked perhaps 200 steps, yet from malt shop to Jupiter 2. We stared, at our alien future. The kitsch, '60's font, spelled out, “PONG”.

**CEE, front row of The Mothers of Invention concert,
Montreux, Switzerland, December 4th, 1971**

Pinball Space Invaded (Hollywood, FL, ca. 1979)

...you know...these “video games”,
really suck, as a concept...
Honestly
I don't make myself out
Some blind, deaf, mute impossibility
Some Robbie the Robot as nerd from hippie rock
I realize pinball games can go quickly
Like any entertainment
Laughing at Melanie Chartoff on *Friday's*
Fantasizing about Melanie Chartoff from *Friday's*
Really good food at T.G.I.Friday's
Fun ends, and too soon
It's a little bit like Life, is what I'm saying,
There's a demarcation, a Scrubbing Bubbles drain
But, these video games, this shit is come on!
'Invaders' thing, here, with the
BEHMP BEHMP BEHMP BEHMP
Slowly off to the races, like proper sex
The games are all premature, though
Guys Me, even!
We're in, out, in what, a few minutes, tops?
What the Hell kind of
Do you have any notion,
How many quarters we're wasting in a

oh

CEE IN ARCADIA

Google Mappy

No policeman is a mouse
They don't let mice be policemen
Whateverwhatever in private, you know,
Marv Albert turned out freako
I heard about Larry King in buttless chaps
You can read Hunter Thompson-level shit about
Hitler,
But
Not when it comes
To a policeman finding you
If the policeman has to,
I've told you or alluded to
All kinds of shit I've said and done
And all you junior Bill Mahers snicker,
"Dudn' the fucker KNOW, they're WATCHING?"
Sure, I do
But, I'm sitting here, never having had to flee or
Bounce
or Be Bounced
Because some nonmouse showed up at the door
I do the "right" wrong things, children
In acceptable, false dichotomous quantities
Next time you get pulled over, remember that
And think of me and girls and Jimmy Kimmel
On trampolines
Laughing at you

Mewkie Roadkill

I always feel sorry
For the ones
Like my dear one
Who
God forbid they hit a creature with the car,
Those ones who go back, looking
Tooling, too linear, for wounded animal response
Searching for some feral (or not) something
To say tearful “I’m sorry”s and take it for coffee
If they could just see the creature
If they could make it better,
I did that, once, long ago
And found nothing
Didn’t even pass or get passed by another car,
Thus, I found my feral
And made it be quiet
There was no creature, it was nowhere around
No one knew about it
And, I could sleep

Karate Champ Chumbum (Gold Mine, ca. 1987)

I don't want company
You don't want to be bored
We Are Here
In the mall arcade, near You Are Here
Our repartee consists of
Move Move, Move Move, Move-Move-Move
Some weird dance of South American Orient
I, cockerel of the
Squatting Reverse Lunge Punch
You, the playful hen of simple
Foot Sweep
You stay there, fast on the ground, clown
Me, in mid-maneuver
We mock the murmuring screen judge
Who gives us whole points and half-points,
Ruining his serenity until the strange Asian game
Tells us our match is entirely over and
Stops even letting us play,
We find that odd, quirky A.I. bad manners
But, we leave
Me, I didn't want to come in
I don't want company
But if I'd told you that, you'd stay away,
And then,
I might want company

⊕ The ⊕ Trivial Pursuit of Happiness (Aladdin's Castle, Peoria, IL, 1985)

As Roy Innes said to the Nazi
Right before Geraldo's career
Became another kind,
"Lemme tellya...!"
I realize video games aren't your thang
And, God knows, Triv Pursuit would be
Deep, square in your social
Mein Kampf,
And, I realize the colors and a seeming "story"
As well as the goofyass characters
Make this
To you
A joke
As well as terribly aware
You're fallout-near something which might well
Not lead to pussy, but
Away From It,
I realize your gestalt, pal, I Know What Ya Are
And, I know I can make the goofyasses
Move their goofy asses faster
Using the controls, but
I'M PLAYING THE GODDAMMED GAME
The operative word being
"Controls"
Most people require them

Zoolie (took 'ee's crew)

Actual

Big, whacha-fuck monster
Heaving endless potatoes
At righteous Gumshoe detective
Who is aided and abetted by
Player One with a honkin' gun
Lightweight plastic, don't wet your pants
But, a *Gun*, nonetheless
And, aider and abettor pingping
Blapblaps, he pahrkpahrk crishcrish
Pewpew currcurrs, and
If he's good, he makes monster
Who brings endless supply of food
Go away

Abstract

The gumshoe
Is the interconnected intelligentsia of our
United States, God Save It
Do the rest in your head
Then wait for Godot,
Because no matter what you're feeling, inside
You'll be waiting for Godot, anyway

⊕ The Captain Fairness Doctrine (my two nights as an arcade floorwalker)

'Za good job for a sociopath
Being around people without contact
"With, but not Of", you know the sort of thing,
It kicks ass, that way
Dark room, bright screens
The brrppprreee, brrppprreee
Burpitychirpity of the infancy of the tech
Great to wander, haunting shade, in the sound,
The job fails, for a sociopath
When John Q. Fartypants has a Q
Most often, a complaint involving "his" money,
I remember one, my second night
He didn't like my attitude
Complained to the supervisor
She Q'd me, ten feet from the guy,
Invincible immortal @ 19, I said,
"Well, if the Customer is too Stupid to Know...!"
And ten feet away, the dude writhed
Chained demon
Teeth clenched
Wanting to smash puny human he hated
Supe said come in early, next day, for "retraining",
I returned, and returned their smock
You don't "train", much less "re-train" people
You fire them, you evict them,
You jail them, you execute them,
You Do NOT Say, "here's how to think"
I mean, Who was *She*? William Randolph Hearst?

ADULTARI

There was a novelty section
In the adult bookstore
Its dust grew its own veggies,
In a PC Richville that still fills its
Churches,
No one risks what friends will say
Over a can of joke freshener
That smells like feet
They had video games, too
2600-level-based
One, was
Custer-7th Cavalry-based,
Where you could have troopers
Rape Indian maidens
Fearful friends intone to such like,
“Aww, maaan, they’d never let ya buy that,
NOW!!”
True
Because of regional racism issues
Not any other issues,
Let your mind wander on that
Try googling

Galaga Gargle

Galaxian hit, when I was in college
At least, it hit my podunk college
When I was in college,
Galaxian was sharp-bright of color
Crayola, during their “fluorescent” phase
Its space hummed too fast, frenetic
The alien thingies sounded whistle-whine
Fire from trusty ship whisper-spat like even
Loogie-er doors on the Starship Enterprise
The screen shifted too fast
HAMM’s Beer scrollsign on the move,
And the eternal noise made by the
Final thingie-to-be-killed, each screen
Had you going postal, after one minute,
Galaxian, was truly alive
I’ve always thought of it
As the prototype for Galaga
Which is a perfectly arranged (if simple)
Machine Game Arcade Thing
Galaga, is the kids who were freshmen
Just after I graduated
Better made and far less flawed
Less real,
They walked, they talked, they said, “Mama”,
I’ve always hated Galaga
There’s None of God’s image
In its 2.0

Venturing a Guess (Davie, FL, ca. 1981)

You are a stupid little Smilie named "Winkie"
You carry a bow and arrow
Honorable enough, noble, except that
You are a stupid little Smilie named
"Winkie",
And You are the one armed with it,
There are rooms to enter, from the hallways
Make it fast, or
HALLMONSTER, and fuck you
Lam into each room
Sappy, doodly-doo tunes actually Frightening
As various thingies, some archetypal
Ricochet about
Kill 'em, grab treasure, get out, make it quick, or
HALLMONSTER, and fuck you
BUT!, the rooms are shaped smokum bad weed-weird
And when you kill the thingies
They have to sllllllowly evap away
Sometimes, In Your Way
And, if you so much as touch the dead remains
fuck you
Now, me, I'm a sickie, but I'm gonna say
This game is Gordian problematic warning, re:
The pitfalls of committing murder and
Stashing the corpse in your basement,
Why moron metaphors would stop anyone
But, it occurs to me that
Allegory doesn't work on me, either

⊕ This Sprach Balboa (Fun Factory, 1988)

Three things I recall about the day
Kageki debuted,
The game's tension—the term used in pinball—
Was turned up so high,
You could have punched through the glass,
Strangled the image of an opponent and
He'd've Still beaten the shit out of you...
Guys were crowded chockablock
Tokens reserving pecking order, all day
Each set to reign,
Go on to lead the Jets or the Sharks
The finest in stoic local toughs,
We were our grandfathers and greats
Gonna beat the shit out of a circus wrestler
Not understanding he was Hackenschmidt or
Frank Gotch...
And the sound,
Video is only memorable, John Williams, for its
sound
The sound of *Kageki*, when Reagan ruled the Earth
The sound of the 80's:
Gunshots, explosions, shattering wood, glass, metal
Car crackups, neutron bombs, sonic booms
Crunched SFX, into punches and kicks
Beautiful, killer over-the-top,
Ittabitty Japanese Hackenschmidts
Beating the shit out of two whole towns

Airhead Horse Hockey (Pilt, ca. 1992)

I don't want to be here
I don't want to be here
No one comes here
Which, I find odd
They must prefer home Mario shit over
\$1.00 a play
I'd prefer canned chilli & a battered PEANUTS, over
\$1.00 a play
But, I guess this is fun
I get to sweat
Then hover over airstream of the game,
Yucky-yuck slapstick energy
I even score a point for you
By absently dragging the puck
Into my own goal
Pretty fun
Yes, I'm smiling
But, you want to quit this one before I do
Soon, I'm staring at \$1.00 a play
Then staring into the middle distance, at home
Thinking how you laughed
When I scored the goal for you
I didn't want to be there
But, I could have been
But, once again
It wasn't allowed

A SIX PAC

Pac-Jerry

Listen to the thing
This Game of the Damned
To screaming internal dialog
Of a Forever Jerry Lewis
Y'see,
If Old Show Biz was true dark cabaret, was
A primal entity,
It could take us in its mouth
And all Eternity would be
1973, Gramma's place
Dull yellow windowsill
Nothing on but Jerry's telethon
Booth announcer voice, imbedded bullshit smile:
*"Stay up with Jerry,
And watch the stars come out."*
No wonder the yellow mouth screams, it's
DEAN!!
LADY!!
getmeoutofHellgetmeoutofsamenessgetmeoutof
(Test Pattern w/Indian)
No matter where you're mortal, buckeroo
You're mortal
Stay right there
And watch mortality come out
Like a zombie at the lunch whistle

Somewhere, at some point

Far along, the game fucks up,
Donkey Kong, does the same thing
These things weren't, in a better world
Supposed to be perpetual motion
Let's face it, no one was going to ace them
No one had that kind of time
No one had that kind of interest
No one had that kind of money
Not in America, during a "malaise"
Oh, maybe some drunk or fucked up weirdo
Would pour his paycheck down a hole
The whole time, needing to pee,
So to master a useless skill,
Who'd want that celebrity, who'd chase it or
Pay for it?
There is No Forever, early arcade tells us
But the greatgreatgreatgreatgreatgreats
Of men who fired muskets at Redcoats, and
Greatgreatgreatgreatgreatgreatgreatgreatgreats
Of those who froze dead, praying as they wished,
Whether Today anarchist or atheist,
Believe as they will
Do what they want

Super-Pac Jerry (K-Mart, Springfield, MO, 1983)

Same as before
Except, in French
Which makes it funny
In a time before almost every American
Approached Other-culture
Crosslegged, barefoot, sit on a rock and talk:
“Who are you, as a person?
Can you as god reduce Me to inferior?
I was born to silk of Washington,
I’ve never felt inferior—could you give me
Feelings?
May I hurt?”
This Was before that,
‘Cause Charlene had been to Paradise and
That’s where I was, too,
Half-popcorn, half-sweet cleanser K-Mart smell
Fucked up box with HIM TURN BIG mouth
“Keys? Whaaat? I don’t...Keys?”
Jerry Lewis in Hell, samey-same, but
Goof god Jerry, Euro, you know,
Where the 1-D of Puritan didn’t fly
“HUHuh huHUH!” game screams in my
Blue Light world of subtle whoring,
“We...we beez in ‘ELL, my FREN’...! HAWHUUUH!
Going to, izz all, we borning, we borning, we...
Izz Sartre, ‘ee tell you, izz all of-a dee PAIN,
UUUHHUUUHH...uuuuuhhhh...!!”

It's Not a Good Song

To the Rock critic for the *New York Post*:
I have the *Pac-Man Fever* album
Every single note
As played by an arcade machine
This includes SFX is a joy,
Light-hearted even when dark
Chirpy, a strangely fun shrill
Love the vaguely fart parts, too
It's trippy tippy-toe fairie boogie stuff
It's child and it's youth and it's young
It's angel and doll and toy
And it's beautiful,
Every other note
Every note Not Played by an arcade machine
As well as every (sung?) word,
Is, I, well, I, um, that is, you know,
Let's just say that disc jockeys trying to
Have careers other than that of
"disc jockey"
Is an H. Ross Perot freak show
And, I don't know if these guys were
Disc jockeys or not,
Larry Lujack, was the greatest dj ever to broadcast
Larry Lujack never pretended to be a bar band
Backed up by Japan

Pac-Everything

No one will ever accuse me
Of being Green
Which, it used to be not easy to be
Now, it's incredibly easy
It's a bandwagon
The straw boaters and ribbons are made from
Organic materials
But, it's a bandwagon
Like being a Red Sox fan, after 2004, was
(for a little while)
Green parties exist, Thoreau Tupperware
You can bring up adrenaline in harmonydiscord
Angry-ing as biped Xerox with an Other,
But in a universe of Versus, as I like to say,
Who wins?
Green vs. Pop Culture
I Love the Earth vs. every Pac-Man item
You can think of (*en example*),
Yeah, uhuh, I know, yes, you're right
Green, like the Red Sox were (for a little while)
Is the might of the world
And "things" are no longer supposed to be
Cool
But, as I recall
Bruce Willis' character in *Pulp Fiction*
Was supposed to lose

THE "PUNCH OUT" PART

Piston Hurricane (It ain't 1966, Hondo)

You have to change that name
It's disrespectful
A man went to prison for a fuckuva long time
He suffered, died and was Rahway-buried
Like the career that was tanking
Long before they cuffed him
A career that would have ended
Pumpin' 'tane in New Or-leans
While Emile Griffith, then Nino Benvenuti said,
"Well, we're not takin' anyone lightly, Howard..."
But, Robert Zimmerman had lost his own career
And since Muhammad Ali had found his, again,
Convenience made us ballad-believe a man
Ripped from Life into Hell
Would have held a nod-able credit, had he
Not been railroaded to East Gehenna
(like just being ripped and railroaded
idn' enough for human hearts)
Tricky shit, that, but, seriously, hey
You have to change that name
It's disrespectful to Bob Dylan
And his sense of rhythm and pitch

Bald Bull

(half the population have double-digit IQ's)

What makes a pop icon?
What determines what Others like?
What sets that noticeable, that appreciated,
Apart?
Ohhhhhh!
Him big
Him have bald, pointy head
Him jerk crouch down, jerk crouch up
And he say
He say,
"C'mon! C'mon!"
In primitive even for the times
Audio
This, then, is the Prince Mister Symbol
For video arcade boxing
What is made beloved pop icon
In a world of UHUUH

Kid Quick

MST 3000

Did a host segment, re: “ipecac”
All concoctions save one
Sounded truly nauseating
Except the exception:
A glass of circus peanuts filled with
Strawberry Quik, and, as added,
“A punch in the stomach!”

I went right from my TV to the store, bought
Strawberry Quik, circus peanuts
Came right home
Stood there, alone
Mixed the Quik
Married the glass with the one with (okay, okay)
Drank it down, oh-so sweet
Liquid delishi-oso
Then stood there further, waiting, for
Truth in Advertising

Thank You
Thou answerer of unspoken prayers
For no socks in the breadbasket
It was close enough for scale to Spindletop
As it stood

Pizza Pasta (United States of Adam Smith)

The Italian Anti-Defamation League
Must've fallen asleep at the wheel
Unless it's just
You 86 this character, then
Mario is no longer safe
And, as an anarchist friend once said
Re: why We The People don't rise up versus
Nuclear Arms and Defense buildups
At least not in a
Police-have-to-beat-the-crowd-into-submission way,
"There's too much money at stake!"

Pizza Pasta
Mario
Organ grinder, heavy 'tache
Tony Sop-'F word'-rano

There's too much money at stake

Great Tiger (The Social Science of Charlie X)

Some weird world of Mother, May I?
Reeducation camp experiment
Here's Piston Hurricane (gotta change that name)
Here's a turban on his head
Here's Sikh Piston Hurricane
Fighting a boxing match with a turban
On his head
AS IF
He'll even say Bald Bull's baldly stupid
"C'mon! C'mon!"
A period racial construct so
This-is-Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson-in-1957, but
Nooooooooo
There's a turban!
He's Indian!
Speaking stupidly American
And, you know what else, citizens?
NO LAUGHING

NOT FITTING IN WITH NEW GENERATIONS (IFRUITY)

Minesweeper Roulette

You're kidding
What's the point of this?
There's actually strategy involved?
Seems to me, it's a *Tic-Tac-Dough*
Ya don't get paid for,
Inevitable "whammy"
Wink Martindale, smiling
At what an ass you are,
What's the point?
You lose even in winning
There's a way to figure it out?
A certain way?
What, like the Rubik's Cube?
Fuck that, the Rubik's Cube?
What was the point of that?
"Winning" means, "to be Captain America", bud
'This box take that away, too?

Oxyd-en Tank, Please!

(friend's house, Urbana, IL, 1996)

AhuhuhuhAAAAAAAAA!!

I caa-Haaaaaaa...!!

Mother...motherfugizz duhhahahuhHAA...!!

OhAhhhGaahhd!...I—(pant) Hoo, AHAAHAH!!

'Dongleware!'

It's tuh God named duhnggahahahahahaaa...!!

Donguh—and it has BALLzzzzzzinit...!!

Oh, Jesus GAHD!!

huhuhuheeeehuehahahuhaha...

“Um serious and European!”

HaaaaaaaPaHahaha! Huhuh! Huh!

European on What?

Mother of Beeebhechecheeaaaaahhhh...

Oh, Ha! Oh, Jesus God! LIFE!!

A to Quake A to Q

Anyone can *say* they don't worship Satan
I can say I've never stalked anyone
I still stalked them
Hell, I knew a girl, many rains ago
Who by her own admission, uhhh
"Got around", we'll be polite
But, a friend was dumb enough to ask her
Dumbly
If she was a virgin,
Then was dumb enough to believe, all his days
She'd told him true,
When I'd gotten the Unexpurgated
Years before his dumb question and dumb belief
Anyone can say anything
Republicans can *say* it's the economy,
Not Race
Hell, let's all say we live in Heaven on Earth
Wigglin' our asses to the buzzin' of the bees
'Mid the cigarette trees we don't outlaw,
Shit, yeah! Ahhh, so beautiful!
All people are ice cream!
And you don't worship Satan
And the game is about sharing and candy
Cherubic moppets, cooing sweetly
Laying down a spread with the nail gun

BONUS PAPER TRAY: (IN SUMMING UP I AND IT)

As Dead as Lyndon Johnson

Darker skies, whiter snow
Stalwart parents composed of German beer
Sledding ice slides back onto the thoroughfare
If you die, that's Life,
Dirt was blacker, too
Trees in winter, *really* dead,
This friend's getting shaken
As that one gets yelled at
As it is as it was always
Shall be?
There is no civil realization
In an excited, feral head
Only the sled, and at hand
Bellying uncared down a cold more cold
Into a wet more wet
Black brackish darks stark-staring in
White
For one afternoon, swallowed
In all needed understood
Wearing the right suit,
A boy child's snowsuit
Rocketing the right angle Abyss
Of Change

Killer Drone

The rest of the weekend, my last visit to Wagon Wheel, wasn't my happiest hour. It was next to impossible, to get Scott back to the game room. He was fascinated by the crappy machine and its dull, 2-D tennis. My hand-eye coordination has been terrible, since utero. And, you don't master skills you don't want to learn. We played all weekend. Me, barely scoring a point. Our mothers, drunk and cheering. Scott, never tiring of cheap victories over an opponent who hated the game. Visions of silver antiquity dancing in my head, as I continued to quietly retreat, shown once more it was foolish to trust. For those hard, whom among you are many, I realize Life is a motherfucker. That doesn't mean I have to live it. The phrase "opt out" has an origin. I am Bartleby the Scrivener. I would prefer not to know any of You, if the Above encapsulates what you think of, as "fun".

Of course, E Pluribus got in on the "vuh-dee-oh" act. How could they not, there were Soviets to kill and Red Chinese to kill, Arabs to kill and little wars unlisted. Yet, it's impossible to accept anything deadly, the way it's posited by Others. Do I think there are people who can kill you with two fingers? Of course, but if *you* think it's by way of doing some corny, Uma Thurman jabbity-jabjab, you're a sap and I have a bridge to sell you. Do I believe skilled martial artists are FAR quicker on the draw, than you or me? Yes, but they aren't faster than a speeding bullet, they don't look like The Comedian or Ozymandias murdering someone, and they don't fly-fight, dragon-ing and tiger-ing and monkeying around. You don't understand SFX. Camera technology, evolved in reverse. If you think Bruce Lee could *really* move like that, come over and watch my discs of Lillian Gish.

Likewise, the military. Do they have 3422 ways to grease individuals, most of which don't involve a dark, "farewell" speech? Absolutely, but it's not *X-Files*-ish, not remotely. I know about drones, but there's a way to describe the process, and when Dennis Miller blurbblurb-blurbburps, behb, about "...blew his HEAD off, with a DRONE, from SPACE...!", the oversimplified, inaccuracy of the description, has me wanting to say to him, Principal Skinner, "Oh, of *course*, it's the *reed*." This ain't a key Mulder contact on the lam, targeted to her shoes by Smoking Man with a proto of the Enterprise phaserbanks! Yet, that's how it's posited, and that's how people understand it and parrot it and live with it, day to day. This country is, now, a crummy Bond film full of soap stars. We're so goddammed saturated, it's 21st Century Fox! Every goddammed-one of you, "knows" a ninja, a Mafioso or a Man in Black...or, you know someone who "knows" one. Because of a social contract no longer fit to wipe our asses with. Yeah, sure, okay, I know. Someone "told" you. Really? No kiddin'! Are they a virgin, *too*?

Nonfriend, I'm no hipster. I'm someone who could and would have lived, quite contentedly and most happily, the life described as warning to Gordie, in *The Body*...because to me, That Is Life. That, is the mother-fucker meant as cross to bear. Bryan's America. Shelter, Food, Warmth. Yes, it's primitive. But, It Is All We Are. Your little wiggle-ass party of Urban Dictionary garble doesn't move us one inch beyond it, Darwin. Any more than there's a Gorfian Empire, or a living creature called a Pooka. We live without pixels, in a real world of Not Fun, but so few want to know that, so you smear it whore-y like Ms. PacMan, dance as fast as you can, put a feather in your caps and call yourselves rockstars. And, if anyone ain't in lockstep, here's a smartass bomb, courtesy of the Defender.

WOW! What a great movie! That tech really made Us grow up! I banna be inna moobie, tew! I be...I be 'Lectric Car Guy, go beep-beep, bad peopleses! Gonna run you alls ober! I gonna...gonna-gitch ye! I got my *'peen-yun!*

—CEE, 6/13/13

The Thing in the Lounge at Wagon Wheel (I COME IN A VARICE)

CEE

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Magazines: Children, Churches and Daddies (z&d magazine), founded June 1993; Down in the Dirt, conceived 1994, founded 2000

Books: Hope Chest in the Attic, the Window, Close Cover Before Striking, (Woman.), Autumn Reason, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism), Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Etic., Oeuvre, Exora Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorials (regular and 2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life at Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop, Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, c&d v1&v2 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Blister & Bura (the Kuyppers edition), S&M, c&d v170.5 Distinguished Writings editor edition, Living in Chaos, Silent Screams, Taking it All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 38 (v1, v2 & v3), **Finally, Literature for the Sanity and Elio (v1, v2 & part 1), a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuyppers, Evolution, (tweet), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Jean Together, po-em, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Cano-Dixie Chi-town Union, the Written Word, Duol, Prepare Her for This, Uncorrect, Living in a Big World, Pulled the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Kuyppers: Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Sexism and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Prominent Pen (Kuyppers edition), Element, the 2012 Outbook, Prominent Tongues, Chaotic Elements, Fusion, Stability Stability Slnk Slnk Slnk, a Picture's Worth 1,000 words (color art book and s&w art book), Life in Color, Post-Apocalyptic, Burn Through Me, Solphur & Sowerd, Skate & Marrow, Blister & Bura, Rinse & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Texture & Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A, Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing to Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silence, Unleashing the Mysteries, the Book of Sins, We the Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets; Disrupt! Remains, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bowling the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, who, lock in my blood, (bount) (4 editions), Enriched Poetry, c&d Enriched Press, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Literary Town Hall (2 editions), Prominent Pen (2 editions), 100 Words, 1,000 Words, the 2012 Literary Data Book, It Was All Preordained, Cultural Touchstone, the Mission (issue edition and chapbooks edition), Porpoise, Falling, Cheap Thrills, After the Apocalypse 2013 data book, After the Apocalypse (poetry edition), Entanglement, Guilt by Association, don't forget it don't listen - read., Poet as Sociopath, Bare Minimum, Memento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas at Tea, Crushing Down Nineteenth, Blue Callor Ballet, nappan, In Your Heart the Apostrophe's Teardrops of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bee, Anis Nin: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), **Duchard Zilver / Charis Newman, 1/2 Times 1/2 Equals Gross, a Marble Nude Pauline Borchese with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Night and Day and Chicago Poems, Lighten Up, Not Far From Here, Watershed, You Have Finally Won, Avenue C, Suburban Rhythms, Dewa Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, The pill is a man's best friend, Angel's Syllable is Good Boss of Devil's Spine, Poems and Stories from The Blue Callor Book of the Dead, Get People, Death of an Angel, Ghost, Science: A Carmageddon's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping from a Tome, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Interstice, Gunner, Cats, Scream Cloud Island, When the World was Black and White, a Petal Under Pavement, the Holy See of CEE, Book 15 - Thailand to Volcanoes, Lost in an Echo, I Was Charles Bronson's Secret Hostage, Erasable Bond, Royal Dana's Death Scene 'tis of Thee, Understood, Akasick Shotgun, Champagne - Hot Water, Give What You Can, Down in the Dirt v084, Come Fly With Me, Clearing the Debris, Sectioned & Sequestered, Six Six Six, Skeletal Remains, Out of the Web, Don't Tread on Me, Lines of Intensity, Entering the Ice Age, When the World Settles, Into the White, Along the Surface, Life... from Nothing, the Line to Power, Fear the Forsaken, Down in It, Falling Into Place, Wake Up and Smell the Flowers, Unknown, Looking Beyond, Forever Bound, See the World Burn, Exploding on the Scene, America the Lost, Moving the Earth, Catch Fire in the Treetops, Wisdom in Broken Hands, Autumn Again, Up in Smoke, Symbols Manifest, No Return, Grounded, Perfectly Imperfect, Wrapping It Up****

Compact Discs: *Men's Favorite Voice* the demo tapes, *Kuyppers the Band [MP3 Inclusive], Weeds and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Acting* Something is Sweetening, *The Second Acting* Live in Alaska, *Pattes & Kuyppers* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Paintless* Orchestra Rough Mixes, *Kuyppers* Seeing Things Differently, *SD/SD Tink Tack*, *Kuyppers* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kuyppers* Six One One, *Kuyppers* Stay, *Kuyppers* Masterful Performances mp3 CD, *Kuyppers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kuyppers* Changing Gears, *Kuyppers* Dreams, *Kuyppers* How Do I Get There?, *Kuyppers* Content Camille Cantrell, *the DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art Connection, *Kuyppers* Questions in a World Without Answers, *Kuyppers* SN, *Kuyppers* WXYZ Radio (2 CD set), *Men's Favorite Voice* and *The Second Acting* These Truths, *assorted artist* Staying True, Oh (audio CD), *Life At The Cafe* (3 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* Indian Flute, *the DMJ Art Connection* Manic Depression or Something, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #1, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #2, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #3, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #4, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #5, *Chaotic Radio* the Chaotic Collection Collection #01-05 (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (6 CD set), *SD/SD* Something to a Halt (EP), *P&K* Two for the Price of One (EP), *Kiki, Jake and Haystack* An American Patriot, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #5, *Chaotic Radio* the Chaotic Collection Collection #01-05 (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (14 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), *Kuyppers* Seeing a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), *Kuyppers* St. Paul's (3 CD set), *Kuyppers* the 2009 Poetry Game Show (2 CD set), *Kuyppers* and the *Blkman of South Africa* Born Through Me (2 CD set), *Kuyppers* "40", *Kuyppers* Sexism and Other Stories, *Kuyppers* the Stories of Women (amazon.com release), *Kuyppers* "Dobro VeCe" (4 CD set) *Kuyppers* "Anima" (4 CD set), *Kuyppers* "Letting it All Out", *Kuyppers* "What We Need in Life" (CD single), *Kuyppers* "Made Any Difference" (CD single), *Kuyppers* "Hardwick" "Across the Pond" (3 CD set).