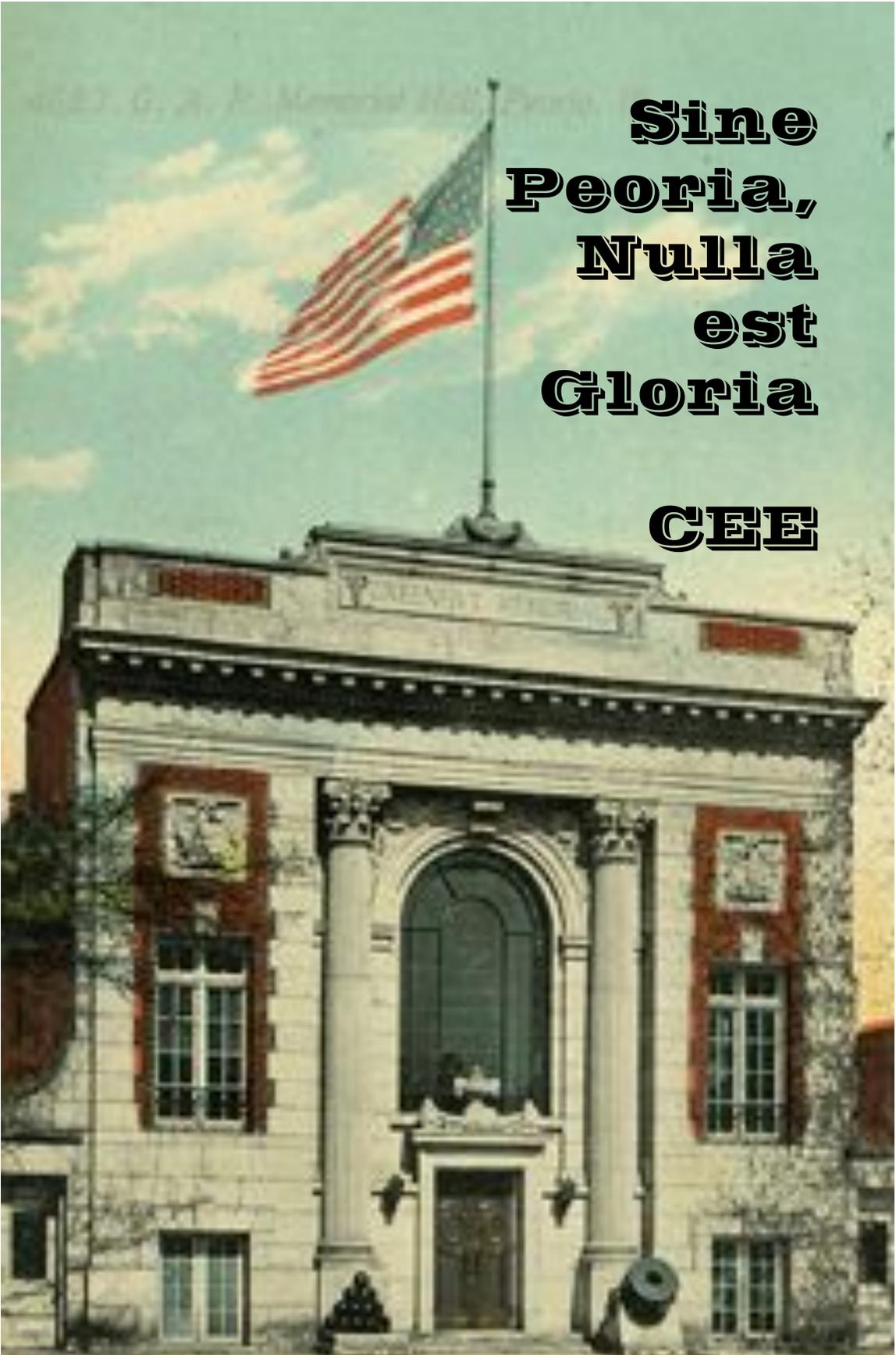


**Sine
Peoria,
Nulla
est
Gloria**

CEE



2014 ‘Goodbye’ Disclaimer

(edit)...and, I came to a river, or some long, wide body of water...the thing stank. It was rancid water like I’d never imagined, not that much, at least; like the entire Chicago city supply, gone bad. The grass near the banks, was just as dead, that “dead-living” I mentioned, and coated in it. The water. Coated like the water was the consistency of laquer.

Others stood there, fifty, sixty, something like that. Just people, all ages, all shades, nationalities. I’m positive one of them was Joe Cocker, it had to be. I tried to catch his eye, to know better, but everyone was wooden in expression and manner. The way they moved. More robotic than even I made Others out to be.

There was a large floating craft, half gondola, half pontoon. The pilot of it, a long, single paddle in his right hand, was herding everyone on, one by one, slow motion. He spoke briefly with each in turn. I stood off, but nearby, ‘with, but not of’. Just like I’d been in Life.

As the last of the persons stepped onto the craft, the boatman began to step aboard, then looked back and up the hill, toward me.

“Will you join?” he asked, in a voice like the Grand Canyon was speaking.

“I don’t want to,” I said, scared, vulnerable-scared, like for my first bus ride every school year.

“You did before you got here,” he said. He was perfectly reasonable about it. “You’re here, now, and ‘want’ means nothing, ever again.”

And, I knew that as correct, and I knew it all through me, and I saw it as inescapable...and I moved like floating wood, down the hillside.

The boatman, it didn’t surprise me, was something more and something less, than human. Tall, as “Too Tall” Jones. Looked like a Longshoreman on a bender. But that unreal-real, like I said earlier. And he had that oar cocked, at an angle. I figured it was *Mortal Kombat*, the video game, if I so much as sidestepped. There wasn’t going to be any Chuck Norris-thing, or put a Walter Payton move on him and go home. Out of peripheral vision, I saw the faces of the Others. Their faces were oval, now, and with no features, but it might have been the dark light. This close, the stench of the river hurt my eyes.

I was dead, as I told you, and I was going to a holding place, like where the State stores old paperwork that Had To Be Filled Out, but then meant nothing, so had to go away. There's nothing as empty, as the last train to Clarksville. Sorrow and suffering, Here, are like a bad soap opera. Broad bullshit. I prefer them, because they're idiot. You don't understand "no option", until you're standing There. And, there's no option, right, so "getting it", is meaningless. Reality as dark and cold and silence without silence. Aloneness with no true solitude. An 'is', that doesn't give a shit about the 'I'. I nodded to the boatman-thing, and began to step aboard.

The creature caught my arm. I once heard an expression, "bands of steel". It doesn't come close. I was a feather, and this thing was a demigod.

"Your toll fee," he was stern, now, and direct.

The demand shook me.

"*Whaa—?*"

"You were given an *obolos* or coin, for after you passed through. The waterway toll. There is a fee for ferrying. You must pay for your journey."

The words floored me. I was struck, horrified, and beyond believing. Beyond any kind of fear.

"Pay? For *this*?"

"For your journey."

"...yeahyeahyeah, 'journey'. To eternal cold storage."

"Yes."

"I have to pay for this."

"It is The Way."

I said, "Yeah, well, my parents each owned their own storefronts. My allowance, was 50 cents a week. I lost my shirt betting jai alai, at 18. I never bought healthcare, because it was just another jai alai bet. And, if you want me silent sitting, until all the suns have burned away, either you're comping it, or I don't *care*. I don't give a *fuck* what your rules say. So, Fuck *You—WHORE!*"

It released me immediately. Its hungover visage was darker, far.

"You will pay," the boatman said, stepping aboard and single motion, pushing off land with his oar. "You cannot return; there is only Here. Stand and learn. When you tire of Self, accept, and pay me."

The boat, pontoon, gondola, barge, ferry, slipped into blacker shades, in just seconds, but I stood there by my guesstimate, nearly twenty minutes. Then, I snorted at what asses even demigods are, walked back uphill and reversed my way through what I told you. Pretty soon, I came awake, hearing the Town ambulance guys chuckle and tell my wife they couldn't actually *touch* me, because they weren't allowed. Indemnification. You know.

DOCTOR's Voice: If I take you literally and take this all as true, you were physically dead, and in what used to be called "the underworld". Yet, upon a kind of denial through noncooperation and left to yourself, you simply came back to the land of the living—so to speak. Bing, Bang, Boom.

CEE: ...that's right.

DOCTOR: How were you able to accomplish this? Sounds like a metaphysical dilemma.

CEE: Because After Death operates according to the same, baby poop principles. Like the times I was told to stay after class, but then whatever teacher had to go to the office before my detention began and I was alone in the classroom. I just left, that's all. If The Honor System is the only thing holding me in check, lotsa luck! "When you tire of Self"? What monastery is *he* from? And, I'm not paying money, for going to Hell! That's fiscally unsound. (edit)

—from the printed transcript of a recorded interview
with a convalescing patient; followup for Mayo Clinic
Psychiatric Division, New Years Day, 2015

“Agnostics are just atheists without guts,
because they are afraid to speak up.”

—Madalyn Murray (O’Hair), quoted in
the *Saturday Evening Post*, July 11th, 1964

Floor Manager's Cue

“Knowledge is not wisdom!”, Buscaglia tells us. “Learning alone, is not wisdom!”

No. And, it doesn't make for helping old ladies across the street, either. This is an edgy Time. It's a Bill Hicks world. Humans believe in entitlement. Especially the ones who claim they don't. They require a reason to give a shit, beyond some wheeze of “be nice to others”. If you give this one an “ism” to nod to or another a hero to admire or pay that one off really well, maybe you've snack machined yourself “compassion” or other secondary-emotional goodies. The difference between a narcissist like me and card-carrying humanists being, my sort are able, Arthur Dent to the ground, to believe our needs exclusive of convention. High-minded Others (Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., comes to mind) sit and stew, preach and snipe, wringing hands, jigging about, puzzling why human persons don't “do the right thing”.

Duh. They're human persons. Scratch at one with a Jefferson nickel, sometime. In less than a minute, you'll have gotten down to stygian, obsidian black. Man is not born good, Kilgore, so “good”, he never becomes—but, Man is awfully good at claiming goodness, the trouble with this line being, Truth is true because it's TRUE, not because you can pass a polygraph to that effect.

To this end, Man cannot create goodness, nor can he build goodness, nor extract it nor shape it nor legislate it. At most, Man can, via his punitive nature, establish penalties. So, we can throw out Eden, Shangri-La and Plato's *Republic*, because they're only going to be as Utopian as Sheriff Joe can make them. Globalize that, underscored by wars going back to Isaac vs. Ishmael, then throw in a random Marx or Nietzsche. Now, sit there with your constipated expression, because, hey!, you're genteel, dammitt, and Humans just aren't “doing the right thing”!

Now, see yourself as no longer young, that never will you be, not ever, ever again...and a lot of the other genteel people are dead, dying or asking, "Time for my cookie?"...and the ones they—and you—taught compassion, are coming off strongly as the boys who didn't vote for Ralph in *Lord of the Flies*. As you're able to see, no one gives a shit about "right" or "compassion" or "love" or "giving", not their fellowmen nor their basic needs, nor their crops on FaceSpace, either. They SAY it if cornered, or mantra-it all day long...but, Life's really a big trough, where the meal prayer is, "I got mine, to Hell with you!" Only you and those with the most constipated expressions, are offended by this, for more than a moment.

Your youth, is gone; that beautiful flesh against flesh, like the beginning of *For Keeps*, has turned into Forrest Gump sitting silent, just before he goes on his running spree. Your world is gone; at best Others humor you, because, well... your youth is gone. And your youth and your world, captured in photos, captured in books, may as well be a weird tale about the oceans freezing solid.

You've lived the only decent part of human existence away into the mists of Time. And...OMG. *No one cares*. Though, everyone insists they care. Many, try to force everyone else to care about what they themselves claim to care about. And everyone's claiming a different lie. And everyone's hitting everyone else across the face with it. *Hard*. Know why? This Just In: "Human", is precisely the opposite of what you always wished to believe.

This chapbook, is one filled with consumed knowledge from those eager. It is a jesting about intellectual jousting, brought to us each week in a Once Upon a Time, by a once upon a company named General Electric. My hometown's college, was on this program for five consecutive weeks, October/November of 1969. They were never defeated. Reason #3422, Why I'm Smug.

**CEE, on assignment with the Light Brigade at
Balaclava, Sevastopol, Russia, October 25th, 1854**

Last Appearance, Final Segment

Wrong Answer: “Surrealism!” (Twiddle My Lips)

What Is Surrealism?
Because if it's takes on Thomas Hart Benton,
With shit slapped together
That doesn't, *Sesame Street*, belong,
Well, whatever, said the kitty,
Because it's just a Benton
Benton didn't paint;
And, if Surrealism is Heironymous Bosch
And HELL!! HELL!! HELL!!, then, good,
As I sincerely Hope That's not Real;
If it's Magritte, Beatle-apples in place a' faces,
Well, that's just creepy
Unless you put the apple in front of faces
Of the wounded at Walter Reed,
Then, Thank You
As I'd like to remain a hawk;
I think, though, Surrealism is Brautigan
When he wrote *In Watermelon Sugar*
Which is dreamy, dreary, dope-smoky
And makes no fuckin' sense at all
What a certain editor, I think, wanted
Instead of the word salads I submitted,
To me, see, Surrealism is word salads
Unreality, babble-madness, manic panic
A-blebelahh, a-blebelahh, a-blebelahh —

Right Answer: “the Bauhaus!”
(Walter Gropius
& The Bauhaus School of Design)

How many of Goth culture
Subculture
How many Gothique`-ses
Would stand with the man
Who invented the modern door handle
Making gone a world where one's aura
Opened Sesame like a door on the
Starship Enterprise,
Door handles in our mundane modern
Are replete with locks to lock,
Does one actually thank a man who invented
“Keep Away”?
True, some Goths would champion that
Some Goths,
The rest would frown and ask,
“What does The Bauhaus School
Have to do with Bauhaus?”

Izaak Walton (The Incredible Mr. Newton Minow)

As the shadow deepens over me
I find myself flipping in Time
To the same place, every week
A place where I lived different lives
As son and man and fish
A warm, good starvation,
Where all was dirt and sharing
Living my many Lives
Surrounded by a family large enough
To hold me as I held them
As we kept ourselves from falling,
Existing as Breatharians
‘Though once I was a fish,
Because I wished I was a fish
‘Cause fishes have a better Life than people
In the Great Depression,
“Great” because we found that love in family
A family who loved each other greatly,
And as the shadow deepens over me,
It is my wont to dream,
Flipped back at an angle to times renamed,
All “Spencer” rooted from the Earth
With sly icepick of the corporate,
All grisly deaths in Hooverilles given
Childlike “goodnights”
Dirges of the dear, a-giggle in the dark
There, on Walton’s Mountain

Wrong Answer: “Tom Jones!”
(“KYIIISS!”)

KYIIISS

No

Not Ace Frehley KISS

No, it’s

Shirtless-with-a-shirt-on

You Too Can Have An Orgasm, Ladies

197venty fondue pot and Bloody Marys

Gogo boots for everyone

Please liberate me from

What I learned at Hunter College under Ike,

As used by The Art of Noise

Which,

It’s distressing

To think even The Art of Noise

Used someone

Used them for purposes

For we fans, that’s antithetical

That’s just gross

Right Answer: Voltaire (The Ballad of Comes Back and Bites You on the Ass, or Original Sin at the Bat)

Oh! Somewhere in this favored land,
Good children make good grades
And some possess an intellect
Which won't protect against mistakes,
And somewhere, smiling straight-'A' students
Of a simpler time, in a better world
Are what they are
Because there does not exist Essential Change
And what they are
And I include all They, the "They"
Those Troubled are troubled about,
What They are, essentially, intrinsically
Is the Human, Human boiled to its brass tacks
Is:
Rotten, raunchy, selfish, coal-soul'd,
Ugly black lizards of people
The exterior, the shell, the lone intangible
Man (too, Woman) is biped Hate...
...#Kaff#, oh, yeah, uhh, straight-'A' students
Wander to and fro,
But, there's no joy in this 11th hour,
Just ask Jean-Jacques Rousseau

Machiavelli (The Joad you've fostered)

I'll just keep getting stronger, Cap'n Kirk

I

Am

Man

And

Wherever there's a policeman beatin' the person

Who cell-cammed 'em beatin' someone else,

I'll be there,

Wherever you trip over human suffering

Like it fell out of an old Phil Collins video,

I'll be there,

And

Wherever the sun twinkles

Through cut glass goblets

And shoots bounces off their silver rims,

Ricocheting from one-of-a-kind cutlery and

Filling all that is Dark

With false, contrived light from smiles

That eat,

I'll be there, too

wh-wh-whaaaawww wh-wh-whaaaawww

wh-wh-aawwhhhaaahh,

wh-wh-whaaaawww,

wh-wh-whaaaawww, wawwhhuh-aaaaw...!

Your moment is fading

Plato (Cretanville)

Plato's brain was openly impressed
With imprint of the map of phrenology
Half-good Victorian fonts
Google-grid-ing his gray matter
Like it's a lobby card
For a Matthew Broderick stinkbomb
Or anything from early, Cold War 60's
That has Zero Mostel in it
Plato, Avalon Hill-hexed with all that
Generally speaking
Is on the mind of Man
The obvious limitation being,
If a list of launch points of holding forth
Is so finite, it can fit, Gilded Age-ornate,
Upon a human head,
Then you quickly hit a near wall
And talk out of your ass
And Plato didn't talk out of his ass
Unless that's why Aristotle
Couldn't teach Alexander a damned thing

20-pointer

Wrong Answer:
“The biography was written by
Parson Mason Locke Weems”
(He’s The Father of Our Country,
and He’s Okay)

History is
Exact Time, Place and Sequence
If my world had first said
The Church of the Subgenius was “genius”
And All Bob was god, then
You can shove Immanuel Kant up your ass,
Thus
Augustus Washington said unto his son,
“Did you chop down that cherry tree?”
And Georgie said,
“Who, Me, Pop?”
And his father did wax angry and said,
“Come on, kid, don’t lie to me!
DID YOU CHOP IT DOWN?!”
And, Georgie said,
“Of course, I chopped it down!”
Augustus said,
“What’d you use?”
Georgie said,
“A chainsaw.”

St. Augustine (Wrought Up About Pears)

How saintly, ain't it, to confess
To stealing a pear from a pear tree
(as opposed to a deck of smokes?)
All wrought up, about pears...
I don't know what to say to that
I'll say this to that,
I went grocery shopping with Dad, one time
We hit the produce section, right away
'Cause God knows, it should be near the door
To catch fresh air from the parking lot,
I grabbed some bananas and a couple apples
Began to sack some pears
And Dad asks,
As though I'd picked up chocolate-covered ants
Or confessed to being a nudist
Or known way too many quotes from
Das Kapital,
He asks,
"Y'eat PEARS?!"
If you'd known him, you'd know he was just
Making conversation
I knew he was just making conversation
And I know also, as well, too, that pears are
Verminous, fatty, perverted Commies

Asteroids (See You in 2028)

You didn't hear this shit about
Death From Above
When I was a kid
Teen
Youth
Then, one day, an asteroid hits Jupiter
And people only naturally ask,
Then, steam engine upon first *#CHOOSH#*
MACK truck beginning away from a STOP sign,
The "talking about it", begins
Until eventually
Here's a report re: October, 2028
A report from Not ONE observatory
But EVERYone, 1000% validated as
There It Fuckin'-Is
A report radically 180-altered, within 48 hrs.,
So, In Other Words,
Every last astronomer said,
"We will all DIE on xyz date" THEN
In the time it took Nolte and Murphy
To kill the bad guys,
We on Oith, went from wiped out
To, "Phew! That was lucky!", with
Hero Zero% dissent from exact Science

Uhuh
See you in 2028

20-pointer too

Coleoptera (Rabbit-Anonymous)

Dude, why'd you flame him so bad?
Do you Not Know...?
Oh, I know that!
I know you wouldn't be a headline,
But he might do it, like, for a hobby
Oh, I know you've only got shit!
But, he might figure you have actual shit
Oh, I know he'd already hacked in!
He knows
I mean, yeah, okay, I know he knows
Look Dude Shut da fuck...!
JUST BECAUSE HE CAN SEE INTO
YOUR WHOLE, FUCKING EXISTENCE
AND REALIZES HE CAN'T TAKE
NOT NOTHING WORTH ANYTHING AWAY
BECAUSE YOU DON'T EVEN CARE,
Doesn't mean he can't hurt you
Oh, I know you know everything hurts!
But, you just compared a hacktivist
To the *Watership Down* rabbits and
The insect-things in *Dark Crystal*
For being all-secretive and goofy
People will kill you, dude
Even if that's what you want

Alfred Thayer Mahan (Yo, Poseidon!)

Ernest Lawrence Thayer
Wrote a poem about
Alfred Thayer Mahan
Told proudly by
Thayer David
That HE, and only HE
(Mahan)
Had received the million-to-one shot
Mahan was selected, contender, to contend
That command of the sea, see, even if local,
Even if temporary, OMG,
That naval operations
In support of land forces (so cool!)
Can be of decisive importance, that
Naval supremacy can be exercised by
A transnational consortium acting in defense of a
Multinational system of free trade!! (#Ecstasy#);
That's sly stuff, so
An unknown was needed for such a creed, so
"Thayer," said Thayer, in the poem by Thayer
"You are that *unknohhhhhn!*"
And he was, too
Too unknown, in fact
So, Thayer took what he'd given Thayer
And gave unknown honors instead, to
x

Japan and Germany (Compassion Only Works on Paper)

In the final years of his Life,
One day, Dad went golfing
With other men who, Once Upon a Time,
Fought samurai and the Hun
That we might own LCD TVs
And Madonna's kids shit in public,
And the foursome finished, and on to
Their cars
And Dad noticed one of his pals now
Owned a Japanese-made automobile
And Dad, unchanged from 1944, when a
Jap boobytrap blew a Purple Heart onto
His chest,
Sad, shocked, accused his friend, who,
Uncomfortable yet indifferent, deferred to
Time,
Dad wasn't buying and neither am I, but
When I hear sheep cries, re: "bullying",
I think of National Socialists and
Emperor-worshippers, cat-claw-smiting
The weak, how We, then, cinematic, Vistavision,
We Rose Up
Not with The Vote
And with permanence
Moral?
"The Enemy is only ever what they Are, so
Be All You Can Be"

20-pointer also

Tobacco Road (everything's pretty, in a picture)

One 1950's summer
My parents and my Gram,
Went to see a movie, at the old Apollo,
Downtown Peoria
It was, I was told
The last movie shown at the Apollo
A converted dance hall
As was every great theater which grew to the sky;
They tore down the Apollo
They've torn down so damned much, since
My shining Peoria Valley
Rising and falling, rising and falling
Never quite "there"
What, then, do we expect of Life?
If the mere "becoming" didn't do it for ya,
You're screwed
Bottom line
In Human, if one lives at all Connected
There exists no "Times, guys, I hurt my foot!"
The avenue, the road is busy being rebuiltbuilt
Again

I don't want to live at all Connected

Rabbi Ben Ezra
(Summer Headbuster, or
Torah! Torah! Torah!)

Half-in, half-out of slumber
Down in the lumber room of conscience
For which, the key's lost, I'm afraid,
Rabbi Ben Ezra
Identified as a rationalist
Got the shit kicked out of him by
Francis Parker Yockey
Who was immediately shot by Federal agents
Who were immediately shot by Federal agents
Who were quietly terminated by the mythic
Black Army
Who were then vaporized by a neutron bomb
This all being filmed by Coppola,
Or was supposed to have been
But it ran way-the-Hell over budget
Like a barrel-fool over the Falls
So, all there existed when I awoke, was a
Rough cut and story boards
Up to the part where Ulick Varange
In the guise of WATCHMEN's Rorschach
In the guise of Francis Parker Yockey,
Kicks the shit out of
Alternate interpretation

20-pointer as well

Wrong Answer: “Pecos Bill!” (Also, Foghorn Leghorn is a war criminal)

Little things occur to me
Apparently my problem
In a culture WHERE EVERYTHING MATTERS
Standing, waiting, book trading one day
NPR is on The Entire Time I’m There
Barney Frank as Lenin
Over a defeated bill over mass deportations to
Portugal
“Okaaaay...? I hate club soda, do I get an hour?”
Asked my wife
A hippie chick
About NPR
She said,
“NPR, is for people who So can’t get enough politics,
Politics is All they want,
And at that point,
You may as well *be* Barney Frank!”

So, I was going to say something
About Pecos Bill as an archetype,
Contrast with Speedy Gonzalez and throw in
Daniel Day Lewis in *There Will Be Blood*
But, now I realize
How stupid that would sound

Right Answer: “Paul Bunyan!”
(Who cares? Let the Wind dry it)

Paul Bunyan took an axe
Gave the Brawny paper towels 40 whacks
And caused a major Onanist issue
In an America that I read has a
Major Onanist issue
‘Scuse the word “issue” and references to
Tissue,
But, channel everything else

BTW, his ox was, as you know, named
“Babe”
You know that’s a metaphor—right?
And, it’s pre-Gloria Steinhem, okay, so,
It isn’t two metaphors

20-pointer, etc.

The angle of incidence (There IS NO “normal”)

Christopher Walken
Sitting in a stupor
In the worn-out hotel of America
Hears this geometric poem,
His body then gets loose
Between a ray incident
A rare incident
A rare incident ‘tween Bob and Ray,
He gets perpendicular, then gets to the point,
Wocka-jaja-wocka-jaja
Whahmp!
Catching his own wave of Human
Like he’s on coke
Loose tap, snakeHuman
The sfx just fly,
The angle of reflection
The angle of refraction
Angles related to beams
Angles related to Ray Eames
Human a formica tabletop, high shine
Tippetytaptippetytaptippetytaptippetytap
Internally reflected
Eternal of reflection
Christopher’s Walken dancin’
We don’ care ‘bout sense

20-pointer (BUZZER)

The unanswered question of “property is theft” (French anarchist Pierre-Joseph Proudhon)

Heh

Are you serious?

Heheh

Hell’s fire, man, yeah

Hell, Yes

Of COURSE It’s THEFT

Keep it real, Ben Franklinwise

Property is always legal in the first person

Such as MY property

It’s only in any other tense/perspective/POV

It becomes Illegal

“yours”, “theirs”, “his”, “hers”

“Ours” is tricky, but don’t be fooled

But, yeah, Hell, yeah

If you laughed at the first few minutes

Of the *Family Guy*

Where Peter “won” the maid and

Treated her as a slave, then,

Uhm

Yes

Property Is Theft

The real question needs be,

“Why think well of Man?”

Peoria and Snoopy Celebrate
(paradoxist music by
The Vince Guaraldi Trio)

dun-datdat duttuttutt Dun-Dun DUNda-dah!

(urrner-annie-annie)

dun-datdat duttuttutt Dun-Dun DUNda-dah!

urrahtnotnotNOT!

(nernanny, nernanny, nernanny)

urrahnotnotNOT!

(nernanny, nernanny, nernanny)

urrahnotnotNOT!

(nernanny, nernanny, nernanny)

UrrrRUMmmm...!

(repeat; ignore anyone who's sad)

Bonus Knowledge: Five (5) straight "D's"

DAGUERREOTYPE (the Third World is right)

Louis the War
Took out your soul
Ripped it out, napkined up
With copper napkin
Louis the War
Was an avowed Satanist
Who munched on souls like a
Hatter for his tea
Your soul scone done gone away
From the delivery room, on
Don't worry about Heaven or Hell
You're as void as any caveman
(God's proto)
You can thank Louis the War for that
He was an avowed Satanist,
And even if he wasn't,
He was
He ripped out souls with copper sheets
Then munched 'em, Hatter,
With his tea

DANUBE RIVER (where it borders Budapest)

“Now, Joachim was timid, except when maligned,
And he was the creature of duty
If his Kommandant told him to
Shoot a pregnant woman in the head,
He obeyed
If the Kommandant told him to arrest
Another Kommandant,
He obeyed
And if the same Kommandant, mad
Toward the end of it all, had said,
“*Oberleutnant!*—
For Joachim was the only one of us to make
Officer—
*‘You shall shoot off your big toes, for
That is my wisdom’*,
Joachim would have pulled out his Parabellum,
Aimed steady,
Closed but one tearing eye
And obeyed to his own crippling;
There could be but one fate for such as Joachim,
Defending Budapest in 1945
His driver told me later,
They found Reds piled in cords around him.

Hmm.
A true German.”

DARDANELLES (Diddy wop do)

The Dardanelles
Is a narrow strait
That joins the little sea of Marmara
In da Aegean Sea agaga
Da olde nameywabbageegah is
Hellespont doodoodaht
Loverswuoppah namedy da
“Hero” and Leander”
Wagahgiggie
Anddadadanda Leander,
he fam and fam right over da
babababa-izzubuhbuh boooo!
(love you, Bing)
Hero was so brokenhearted,
She only farted

Sometimes my friends and I turn on
Telemundo
And fall down laughing
Rolling on the ground,
That’s how ignorant We are
Ignorant enough to be happy

DEFOE, DANIEL (1659-1731) (There's no Helen Hunt in Rahway)

Thiz another “time machine” situation
I feel like going back and saying to Defoe,
“You’ve never been marooned
On a desert island,
Have you?”
And he’d say,
“Nay, tho’ve known ‘red scourge of prison!”
(or however people talked, then;
I have a feeling that, without RCA Victor
Lighting the way,
Conversation, ca. 1700,
Sounded like P. Diddy and J-Lo)
And, I’d follow up with,
“Okay. Ya *member* prison, Dan?
Ya see your characters, here, ~~Selkirk~~ Crusoe
and Friday? So, again,
Ya *member* prison, Dan?”
But I’m stupid for imagining that,
If Defoe had written about being marooned
Like Tom Hanks had been casted away with
Peter Scolari,
Defoe would’ve gone back to prison;
From this, we may deduce Daniel Defoe as straight
And very frightened

DELAWARE (Biden its time)

Delaware was smart
And very solemn
It was honest and forthright and clear
Delaware was noble and stalwart and good
And Delaware lost its wife and its kids
And it talked about it
And it cried,
And Delaware answered questions
Telling truths, expounding thoughts
And it mentioned its wife and kids, dying
And it cried,
And it cried on Charlie Rose
And it cried on Jay Leno
And it cried on Letterman
And Conan
And Good Morning, Dubuque, and
Delaware's wife and kids kept dying and dying
And Delaware cried and cried
...and, if anyone called "bullshit" on Delaware,
Der BabyPoopses, catcalled,
Raising 1968 Olympiad fists, saying,
"How hurtful, you Hater! Delaware isn't faking!"
And this, say I, is Pure Truth before God
Delaware is right and righteous, proper and good
Delaware isn't faking
Delaware is bugfuck out of its mind

**Subliminal Track,
For the Hard of
Thinking (those who
aren't,
can't read this; they see
only a blank page...
yeah, and so are You....)**

The Elective

If Sociology was a woman,
I would grin at her
With fangs of predatory Mankind
Eyes redgold of octillion
Auschwitzes and crucifixions
And tell her
In candied voice of innocent blood,
"You do be good, now, Clarice..."
But, if Sociology was a man,
I'd just laugh
Because I'd know he was lying

Fade Out

Humanists are existentialists without guts.

I'm not highminded, nonfriends. That's asking the moon. I've seen and heard too much. There are no saints among you. There Are No Activists. There Are No Advocates. There Are No Humanists. There is no "I care". The literature, *en example* of Vonnegut, amazing, absorbing, is but in sum, a personal reality. The darkness of his mere being. And any very personal "WHY?!"—even that of the person holding the petition or walking a picket line, has Zero to do with the 7th Cav shooting Indians out of the saddle or Ben Franklin shagging fourteen-year-old whores, or the Vanderbilts snacking on trout amandine while a beggar dies in their doorway...or Germans getting fried because they saluted the wrong flag. What we're talking about, isn't "I've been let down by the United States", and has little to do with "I've been let down by life in *these* United States"—it's, "I've been let down by Life Itself, for Life is finite, the better part is over and the world is no better. It's way-The-Hell worse." This is no fault of "isms". Ideas are air; they do not in themselves, prime The Brute. The Brute by personal, human choice, is solely to blame. Accountability is inescapable, no matter how fast you can dance; at some point, you have to sleep. Or, age. And Rip Van Winkle is poignant reading, for a reason.

Non-*kamerades*...your Truth is only Yours. Declare it! Don't make that Truth a shell game. Your problem isn't Dick Nixon or Dick Cheney, but that your own dick isn't swaying proudly as you stroll through a world you're building. That world has done been built. It was built, admired, inhabited, lived in, used, disused, complained about, condemned by the County, evacuated and had rocks thrown at it; it stood, sagged, grayed, mouldered, developed dry rot, became its own nightmare, burned down, fell over, then sank into the swamp. It isn't Reality, anymore, and one can be as forward-thinking as they wish, but eventually, Time fastforwards over you. Anger, is one of 4 natural reactions. The other three are represented in the abstract, by a hunk of smellysweet teacake, whining sounds in the darkness and the final scene in *Full Metal Jacket* that has Pvt. Pyle in it.

I take away from all this, the following: Sociology is a crock science, but if they're right about innate human selfishness, what's the fucking-point? Ask yourself that question. Then, make a choice. I've offered you 4, Above. You will one day, be making one of them. If I were you, I'd choose Right Now, before Molly Ringwald gets pregnant...because you know you won't run thousands of miles, excepting in your head—where you already run, to get away.

In my own cakewalk through the minefield, I found all ideas, as well as facts, factoids, tidbits, names, places, dates, to actually *be* dates, nummy sweetmeats, a Whitman's Sampler fed me by home and church and school. As well as by my local library. Or the G.E. College Bowl. I never counted on Reality altering, not radically; you don't, when you're young. A made world I came to rely upon, was there one year and gone the next. Like the peace officer in *Time Trax*, I'll never get back to where I was. But, again, ideas are air. Technology advances and science discovers, but beyond the rockbed of Math, if anything changes, it's because someone changed it. I remember my Orwell. Do you remember yours?

“Wait a second!” you cry. “You're being far too narrow! ‘Human’, signifies ‘possibility’. The becoming, you know, the growth, the change! You can't judge all the Earth, broad brush, single paint, because of Man's mistakes! Just think, if Human was not as Human does...”

Yes, but it is. And that's the point, and I won the game.

—CEE, 11/6/12

Afterhours Geometry: The Buddhist/Sartre Postulate

Existence, is Suffering.
The Cause of Suffering is Other People.

As Modeled: $CEE = MC^2$

