

2016 chapbook

CEE



**THE
BLAZING
HANDS
OF 100
DRUMMERS**

To December 1st, 1919 in the town
of Bozeman, Montana

*If someone hassles you, pierce their flesh;
If they pierce your flesh, cut their bone;
If they cut your bone, kill them.*

—the coda of the sensei of a longlost friend

RALLY

I cast my first vote, in 1968. I was in the 1st grade. I voted for Governor George Corley Wallace of Alabama. ‘How’ I was able to do this, plays no part in this chapbook...but I was one of three kids in my class, who did. It didn’t work. So, I knew before I could write in cursive, our process, is a waste of time. Being a citizen, is akin to pointing a TV remote at Mt. Rushmore, jabbing at the buttons, then saying of the sculpture, “It’s broken.”

I’m a Boomer, tailend, caboose-Boomer, a “Me, too!” Beav’, hopping the bandwagon, fingers laced around beltloops of older kids’ tightleg jeans. I got to sample heady ambrosia from a Paradise Lost. Walk through antiquities as they fell down behind me. I once saw a Victorian pyramid in my hometown. It was there, for a whole summer of “No—*I won’t!*” swimming lessons, until the very last day, when the palace of a whiskey baron and the dirt road we drove on by, had become an empty lot and a new hard road, overnight. Mom became prohibitive in a way I’d never seen, telling me by way of some distracted Jedi mind trick the mansion had not been there, and I wasn’t to speak of it. So, I’ve since figured Reality is “being made” for us, being revised, under construction, a goofy 80’s *Twilight Zone* with Adolph Caesar in it. Externalism isn’t something people tonguekiss, the notion of no control, but it’s a calm way to live, if the “Realitymakers” would stop getting rid of all the parts I like best...MARX playsets, for example, or the coolest Crayolas. Or fries cooked in beef tallow. Or merthiolate. They call the remade, half-as-effective-because-we-never-shot-all-the-lawyers merthiolate, by a different name. My likes, they should. What is, is, and that stuff misses by half. But, it’s just misdirection, anyway. Word use, is become another 180-razzle dazzle for TEAM BELTWAY. Words, belong to whatever pigs are running the animal farm. And the best ones, like Victorian pyramids, always disappear. For purposes.

Common understanding does not change, until those discontented, disgruntled, those with ants in their need-the-rush-of-fucking-with-things, start tipping the canoe, drunk logger for The Win. This, begets pseudo “discussion”, really no more than rallying every microperspective to force New Understanding. The new, never helps, causes more division, chums the water, fragments society and makes life more unliveable but for those who can “live away” from the rad count they created. Censorship, its Orwellian “rewrites” and a renaming of things, is a part of that. Part of it is conning the mugs that your enemies are conning them, so, sign here. And part of it, is turning personal dignity and being a major snothole, into a meatloaf mix destined for more Orwell.

I consider an early standup line of Henriette Mantel's, the bit a bit of outrage, over Deborah Norville icily rejecting "Debbie", as address, "...if I was makin' 1.2 million dollars a year, you could call me 'Dingbat Dorkhead'..." This line was delivered in my dear 1980's, and the laughter it brought, rose from agreement, and from knowing. From a common understanding of More as More, that More bought what one wanted. There was a collective rolling of eyes, perhaps not actual disgust, over the ungratefulness of one who had "made it". The "no green M&Ms"-types, irritated, then. If you had been blessed, had achieved, if you had won out or conquered, if the day was yours, you were a D-List *Wheaties* box (the kind in the Fun Pak), you as Judah Ben-Hur, "the peoples' one true god...for the time being", you'd hit the Lotto, beaten the vid game and made it to Tokyo, all smilie on the cover of {insert defunct periodical, Here}, a comer, a known quantity, *Adrian*, *You Did It!*, so fuck the bank, man, Fuck the Bank!...well, bucko, if you then expected lil' sprinkle-perks, even your name as pronounced, God DAMN, what's up YOUR ass?!

This thinking, has in main been lost, as "celebrity" turned into the Name Person as turkey and citizenry as Pilgrim-With-Musket (with Kathy Griffin as Natty Bumppo), not to mention the cool things becoming Way Cooler yet Way Pricier, requiring credit fraud to purchase. The cool things didn't satisfy, either, but a few crass materialists like the poet, here...even then, I kept buying, and many hurting souls who survive on a diet of sanctimony and black beans dug from ecologically pure dirt, would say continued consumption proves cool things aren't cool. I'd counter by saying one who cannot purchase (or much), must have a placebo, mustn't they, that the wagging of fingers and nannying Others and the chicken dance of Grump-Fart, salve as spit and bailing wire of The Age. I therefore charge all "stuff"-hating *volk*, to live as bereft as possible, and to wander in the world. Buscaglia: *no one can "teach" anything; we learn, through modeling.* Lick the moss, Lisa Simpson. Maybe you'll make an impact.

The key difference in those like myself as we ease on down the crosswalk, is our own eyes, suffice...and if anOther has an issue with that, it is *their* issue. I don't need to know about what You don't like. Not one of us exists as marionette. Not one. Seeming puppet roles, are freely chosen, often with a whole heart. Still others only surf their tenets and beliefs. Woodstock as More's *Utopia*, is back there in the pure mist with Lewis and Clark. A cramjammed Earth of many billions, negates any communal worth but as cog, except through erecting barriers as boundaries and Self as the Holy of Holies. Every Man a SEGA Genesis game of "Rampart".

I am not you, nonfriend, and you are not me, and what Noam Chomsky calls atomization, I call intrinsic selfworth. Do notice, the only ones doing back flips and splits in the air for Human as Ant Farm, are those self-installed as gallowglasses or chief servants. Middle management's gophers. "Hoppin' Bob", in *LIFE*. In the concentration camps, four score ago, the term was "*kaapos*"...and if the half star fits, bear it. I don't salute Hoppin' Bob. I won't bow to the second assistant's assistant. As I used to tell control freaks when I was hardcore in my faith, "Who are *you*? I want real authority!"

The flotsam blob so dear to they of stinky tootsies, does not merit micromanagement, not to its overseers, it doesn't. For, you are no self, but a universal soul in the flesh, therefore your "you" becomes inoperative, almost inert. That is the view of proactive "community". Fine. Screw them. Back to Rampart. *The cannon...!* I'm Pushing Buttons, Debbie, I'm Pushing Buttons! I'll admit, it's a whole lot better than dialog. No one, not even a 1st grader, approaches a video game with "maybe I'm wrong". So, whenever you read me, just assume I'm me and you're Gorf.

CEE, beside President Sadat at the review stand, Cairo, Egypt, October 6th, 1981

AMERICAN SPANDAŪ

Indian Red (North Bend, Ohio)

A crawlspace, back wardrobe closet
Let out into
Cell-like quarters of maid of all work
History buff, anal retention champion
I saw I was decades past, at The Point
The Harrison Mansion
Long vanished to union SMASHEMUP
The house, dripping its Cthulhu, rife with
Every lesser thing living in it
Sat at dawn
I knew somehow, 1960's demo crew
Was on its way
I looked, church member, through fine rot
Class butt waggings
Dark shadows a Buddha beam
Birth's Trump card, which has never cared
ADD within yet another lost America,
I emoted, very Lou Costello
When voice of dirt from nowhere
Spoke near
Indian in the window, fully 1808,
Archival, asking and with mug, for Postum
"WTF?"
"I am Shawnee Prophet", said medicine man,
"I'm the goofy neighbor."

Old Penny

Small boy pressed near bedtime time
In prior-to-all-the-bullshit 1960's
Still in WayBack where nearby high school
Had a strict dress code,
Huddled close by Dad
Sifting endless copper change from jars
From coffee cans
In Search Of The One, True Penny,
Even I knew we played a kind of Lottery
A pitch of pennies, rejected, away
None was the right one
To hand Dad the million
Oh, but, he got his million, Scrooge
Link by plink
My hunk, inherited, bought 14 years
Of godhood
Now down to pennies
But, there was a 2nd half to the 1960's
Bullshit, of course
But because of it,
I get to still just sit
Counting chump change for scratchoffs
To turn dead light bulbs back on

Baseball Mitt Brown (in memory of Buck O'Neal)

Elder spokesman of elder league world
A man in dotage smiling at glory
Refusing to wipe feet on Ty Cobb
The easiest doormat in the world
Easy enough Cobb's biographer broke silence
Just to have food in the fridge
Fed, "Ty Cobb was very hostile to blacks"
Rebuilds, "Ty Cobb was very hostile to *people*..."
(dissertation of force of nature as a harmed
Son of a mother)
"...*That* was Ty Cobb."

Gentle man now gone
Gentle wisdom dismissed with sniffs of
Faces catching a smell
From anyone abstaining, dry, from
Bloodinking

Can we just starting pairing for Thunderdome?
'Cause who gives a fuck, what You think?

Buffalo Brown

The entire concept of
Equality, is
Samey-Same
(annndd, the nanny spell corrector
“here’s What You Meant To Write”,
Offered “Daley”, just then)
Okay, point
All power and authority lies
Every hue
It lies, pots down the board
To mute your weeping
And dances by the light of the m’yune

Red Clay

When one speaks of children and grands
Of pony-tailed men of Revolution
One forgets period robberdotgovbarons

Henry Clay
Sorcerer of a Senate
99% in hoary paintings Only
Merlin of USArthurian epoch
Who, Superman in the Cold War
Used incantations
To work his will
Alpha from a yore
You don't know didn't contain legends
And strange creatures,
Clay molded him an oldie
General William Henry Harrison
Old Tippecanoe
As host for his own bill of slydark HD
And once elected, natch,
William Henry Harrison
Our 9th President, thanked Merlin, curtly
And slammed the Matrix in his face

Clay Red **(28 Days + a few more Later)**

William Henry Harrison
Hushed quarter note of History
Was dead and in the ground
From taking on pneumonia, *ala*
The Fresh Prince vs. Iron Mike Tyson,
Our prez of one month
Who'd screwed Merlin
Out of The Pantheon,
(how do You think magicks pay the band?)

Merlin as Henry Clay
Walking away through wet swampland
Into a murk world gaslight would one day
Terrify
And better photography and six guns
Murder
Clay mounting into fine carriage
Clippety-clopping properly from
Congressional Cemetery, slomo into a future
Not of sorcery, not of statesmen
No Time of magicks nor men
But of zombies in zombocalypse
Nodding bootcrack to all spin
Saying, "I adopt this."

The crayon formerly known as Indian Red (1999)

Inheritance
We partied
I assure you, we did
Slow toward Internet
We bought local, soaked the stores
No mortgage
Title company had never heard the words,
“It was a cash purchase”
Bright yellow VW New Beetle
It was a cash purchase
All passersby waved, calling as children
Our cat drank Evian water
“Here comes UPS, again...”
Fairytale wedding at Historic Landmark
Ten years on, they still spoke of
Ours of all, “the most elegant”
We partied as Wall Street partied, and
Lord, how Pop’s Greatest money, rolled in!
I was quite the classist
Still am (flip flop)
Any reduction of State benefits, is wrong, Stalin
We poor may have no mortgage
But we gotta eat

Chestnut (share 'em if you got 'em)

My impudence
Friend's internal struggle
My love's appreciation
Buddy's brother's "Ba-Haw!"
Stolen
And too near Halloween
By knock at the door
Which didn't latch at all
Unless bolted g'bye,
Dropoff of merriment
Samson and Delilah
Just before Victor Mature crushes everyone,
Timid voice, alone on nonwind,
"Bro? I'm dyin' for a smoke, bro..."
He sounded like it
Which we each took as the voice of
Eastwood
"If I don't know ya, ya better get off my porch."
Boundary respected, the night gaunt did,
Perhaps 100 paces away,
Stood a "chemical dependency" compound
Here Endeth the Lesson
Of "Not in my back yard"

CELLBLOCK RED DYE NO. 2

Hot Meatball Red

In consideration
Of postmodern slop served
Factory farming end result,
Not talking let's-cry-about-Disney-characters,
I refer to what
Hawkeye Pierce started a riot, regarding
Our slop that looks like
The cover of a restaurant industry mag
If they'd shot real food in place of fake food
Then, the still life sat for four days
Press sweepings meet bottom feeder
Dog food
The gunkgristle shit right out of
The Steve Martin joke
About McDougald's,
The vat of "stuff"
Better than anything
Your Soy lent-snackin' grandbabies
Will Ever Enjoy,
I say Ban The Shit
A lot of it
But strictly according to
Exacting cuisine bigotry on My part,
Some crap is *sooo* tasty
I have some informative pamphlets....

Harvest Red

Former Nixon Secretary of
Nixon Agriculture
Nixon dude, Earl Butts
(Cue Johnny Carson punchline)
Brought hybrid corn down upon us
Day of the Triffids in our bodies
That's the first thing

Hippie scolds, 86 any decent taste, Ever
In french fries
(you hypocritical fuckers),
So corporate now Kama Sutra's with
The Salt Lobby
(there's a virtual LA Coliseum of an
underground mine, you morons)
That's the second thing

Third thing, would be
Yes, We Can!, openly smokes
And says, "*Fuck You, WHORE!!*"
It's a bit Alzheimer-y
To keep making an effort
Unless I'm right about Human

Choose

Sunset Red

Reading all my life
Of push-pull of every social issue
I keep seeing my uncle and my aunt
Jacking thermostat turnabout, up and down
Cursing
Like myriad forms of cursing about myriad,
Warming and a bio and this toxin, particles,
Gluten-fat-lactose, prepared and strange air
Electromagnetic fields leeching metal
This'll kill ya this'll kill ya
Scope of the Earth
A lug wrench with a what,
At some point not even my aunt and uncle
Just my Mom
Just my imitation of her
An old, squawking parrot
Except we'll all be dead
Jack that opinion, nonfriend
jackjackjack

PRESENTISM SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Adobe (for Chill Wills)

Cute
Is counterintuitive
To the American public
“Bad widdle boy”, is counterintuitive
Hard irony, escapes everyone
Creativity gets Zero Points
And a penalty for holding attention
And, yes, some people were and would now
Actually be offended,
I don’t know some bad marketing ploy
Dancing Bojangles for an Oscar
Is what lateraled yours
To Peter Ustinov
In my book, Peter Ustinov, just earned it
Like Smith-Barney
Or the men of the Alamo,
They didn’t “pray for their lives”, btw
Or the mission would have been empty
As Santa Ana’s army
Zippety-do-dah’d
Right past

GENDER RELATIONS AUSCHWITZ

Mars Red

There's a point I'll make
I'll make again, later on
It's no two ways, Quarlo:
Men, are either Walter Mitty
Or Stanley Kowalski,
Any Heinz 57 gab garbage
Pinpointing a kinder, gentler Stanley
Is really brave noise of Mittys
Claiming you can will yourself to
Not orgasm
Ever
Which, is actually admitting to all
Peppermints Patty
Death Row hurts worse
Than a punch in the nose

Ginger Spice (or Sporty, as the case was)

PlayStation Spice Girls game
All about creating “routines” for them
Goofed with the thing
Debuted goofing to small daughter of pal
Got shot back lil’ keed “hate”,
Read, “I despise Life as Not a buffet”
I hated the keed right back
Because I don’t believe in double standards,
Though
Once grown, nymph with boobs,
I could field her chosen hate like Willie Mays,
Though
If close quarters, ring on finger
Dirty feet, morning breath,
More like Greta Rideout’s husband,
I actually have multi-faceted standards
But, I hate Hate, as openly expressed
In any form
From any source
Beyond that with new boobs for sale
Which is actually logically consistent

Brown-eyed Girl (for Crystal Gayle)

It's Hitchcock
It's what you see and the accepted POV
Black eyes, skin on the mend
Often appear a soft brown,
This could be a shit-look of "stinkeye"
For hitting her?, I dunno,
Me, I get an old Cover Girl-recall, some
McCall's cover
Because Mom was a cosmetics maven and
That was all I ever saw,
I will, however, remind again, of my heyday
And the "making of her brown eyes, blue"
That's what I first loved
That's what I married
Yes, it's stereotypical
Get a clue

Crab Claw Red

A DVD, purchased twice
LEARN, Dammitt, *LEARN!!*
A documentary TVKO
Fisher folk vs. Environmentalists
Not much chance of being offended
If those blue I champion, lose, mused me,
Hey, they robot-voted for Teddy Kennedy
There you go
I'll sleep, either way

A few ticks in
Fisher folk fight PC by raising money
Shooting A Fisher Dudes beefcake calendar,
The Enterprise taking a mega on the jaw
Scotty, in crucified pose

"Where you goin', honey?"
"Just taking the garbage out."

Brownian Motion (Morton, IL, 1985)

Cold road at cusp of dusk
Left empty by movie, cinema-bummed
I know, somehow,
I'm supposed to have dug *St. Elmo's Fire*
Supposed to have taken away lessons
Champion larger things than
Andrew McCarthy, alone once more
After a night of hope
Means, "used"
The village, still fragments to the rural
Is sparse of movement of anything
But wind
It's hollow
As McCarthy's "St. Elmo's" hope
As mine,
Lifemate, Millennium explains
"meaningful"
It's meaningless
Who gives a shit, if road ahead
Into dusk of The West
Cold sunset of any pip of unjade
Nets you monkey nuts
Alone, is monkey nuts
Ally Sheedy was cruel
Keep in mind, this, too, is a learning

Canyon **(look up Quarterflash's BIG HIT)**

Another unfinished story
Fellow giving background on
“Why Relationships Don’t Work”, for him
First wife, money to be swindled
Second wife, drug addict’s preggers dupe
Third wife, Talia Shire as Rocky’s Adrian as
A wallflower as Andrea Dworkin
Prenup stipulates,
“never to speak of gender relations,
Ever, in Any Form”
(that’s a good, twisted attorney)
Two years later, aneurysm
Probably from holding it in,
*“She is buried in her family’s plot.
I have been there, twice.
The Jack in the Box nearby
Closed down in ‘95, and
There wasn’t much more point
Heading that way.”*

Write down, why that’s “horrible”,
Then ask why You get to have free bad days

Autumn (Forever)

An abortive date
At age 17
Crossed cultures of
Midwest postwar and Yankee propriety
Crossed rearings of only child and
NOT only child
Crossed expectations of
“We are in practice of study of
pretend adulthood”, and
How I Met Your Goddammed
Mommie Dearest,
I put on sweet, sorrowful orchestral dirge
Primary response? Frigidaire
Later, secondary response?
The Hate Comedy of Lizz Winstead

My life has been forever Autumn
And a force of nature can be Oppenheimer
But

ARMAGEDDON CHAMBER

Earth Red

Among unrealistic wishes
Which so dominate my thinking
Exists the real desire
For an Earth Mars,
Where there exists no life
No actual life
No true and living life
That is real life as life
Not RPG, “this looks like...”
But, no life, none at all,
Except as spun debatable
By schmoes all smilie-delighted
To be before a camera
Like some guy
Who was a good boy,
Thus offered the “nitecap”

Red Rooster

My mind only works at capacity
Half asleep but aware of waking world
It hit me, the Norse Ragnarrok,
The rooster (the trad word is embarrassing)
That gets up onto that prophesied roof and
Lets its hoarse Pavarotti go,
THE END OF EVERYTHING
It's barely possible
It's nukes, like I still believe
And the rooster is technically
Earth's first casualty
And the part about him crowing
Is all timing
It's just random

LACK OF COMMUNITY SERVICE POEMS

Indian Red (The Cubist Cat in Room 101)

FYI
Educators complained of
Crayola Indian Red
Educators!!
Not that the tone demeaned
But that it actually derived from
A dye process in India
But John Q. had lost sight of that
So, the children might *think* it demeaned,
Rather than educate *a priori*
Rather than correct *a posteriori*
Bitch, censor, alter, Time passes
“We have always been at peace with Eurasia”
In 16 RPM

Flesh-Tint to Flesh to Pink Beige to Flesh to Peach

Child advocate honcho who
Ain't from around here, are ya, boss?
Says locking freaking
"I KEE-YOOO...!" kiddums
Inside quiet room
Is, "blahblahimpingement, blahMaoistblah"
One needed-elsewhere staff member
To simply always hold it shut
Preventing escape but
Preventing "kee-yooo"
Told bud wrapped in Snuggie of Old Glory,
Dictum condemned he, as
"It's Still A Denial Of Rights, GRRR
Grr, Igotminegrrr"
This and stars of wafflings I've seen out my
"Gilligan as dictator"-window
Again, Mills Lane raising victor's hand of
Manichee

Keep something unchanged
Or Orwell-it away
Ban shit or you need to smoke pot

Prussian Blue, or Boil Water During Hitler Blue, or Tell George Patton 'NO' Blue

Educators got this Crayola renamed, too
While I was still in swaddling clothes
Again, "Kids no know 'bout dis no more!"
Riiiiight
You have a *jaaaaahhb*
The reason kids didn't know, here, though,
Outside of fucking-doughnut eating fartery
Was that Prussia had not been a nation
In a number of years
Because FDR and Truman
Didn't really do their jobs, either

BONUS TRAX FUN PAK

Sugar Chex Check (Patrick Henry vs. God)

We buy into last stands of Self
Because we see hostages
NOT declaring demanded deities
The Maher Maxim: “Just say it.”
We buy into purity of open Self
From memory of Kristy Mc’s hot tear
Down *Dream Lover* cheek
In scorchlight of torture impending
Despised Truth of “I don’t know.”
Truth is, both jigger mix of
Other Guy Syndrome
With knowledge they’re rye toast, anyway
So will any beater of baby Mars Bars ‘fess
That if, God, ghost, presence, power
Forced you as fitbot kneel
Forced Food From Hell gorge
Forced begsmiles of how
You Loved Big Preservative
Alleyway with ectoplasm bully
You would be the very best Renfield,
90’s, a healthy friend sneered of Bully God,
“Aaahhh...! *The old ‘fear’-thing!*”
Uhh Yah
“Live Free or Die” only sounds cool

The Big, Gold Texaco War

If ye, ego, would avoid defeat
Place token, I bid, upon surety of
The Greatest now (sadly) Ended
This, is “base”,
It is a bowling alley-olly-ox-in-free
It is red meat and blended smoke
It is heartiness and banter
Regulated hair to threshold of homicide,
A bar soda gun and thread-bare pool felt
It is never a doubt
No matter how much such be
Superimposed,
It is Rock, breaking Hell out of scissors
It is Plymouth Rock in only one place
It is Cain, slaying lesser as righteous
The Cliffs of Dover, as Pilgrim Fathers
Come sail away,
It is Christ, the solid rock upon which
1945
Stood,
Its credo, *I am but am not afraid*
You are but are not as human
A Custer for both Americas
Gold Star of
You Can't Make Me

The Criterion Collection laserdisc version has additional Amendments

We are now, in full retreat
In a game, the only winning move
The Constitution of these United States
'Cept, them's just words
And words are malleable,
And NO,
We Don't 'ALL' Know What "the" Means,
A "more perfect union", means,
Words, can be made to mean other words
Brainwashing our Cap'n Kirk,
"Weeeee...the Peecople...!!" becomes
Westinghouse bottom
Of some glass something
Making him go, "AHHHhhhhhhh...!!"
That's okay
Government just wanted to hear him say,
"AHHHhhhhhhh...!!",
Didn't mean nothin'
'Cause words don't, given a chance
Very good, Captain, very good, indeed!
D'you know,
Thomas Jefferson was on hands and knees,
Sobbing, at this point?

But you know, I'm pretty tired of both of us

I've noticed, many years now, my fantasies
No matter what good
Pure
Perverted
Cruel or kind
No matter who cries for why
Who sleeps, and well
Though the timeline be a short sin march,
Though a new chapter destroying everyone
Except New Us,
Of all my fantasies, every,
I notice, always, in the end
The woman commits suicide
I guess that's convenient
I haven't yet worked out
The "old and alone" part

The End Crowns the Work, the Cheese Stands Alone

We are in a war vs. thought control,
The Big Face Thing
Actual, Real Now-TRON
Is wellaware its postulating,
We Are Always In Control
Able To Choose, is,
As with Mama and
Lew-ten-naint Da-yan
Both
We choose, yes, absolutely, yes, indeed!
What happened to The Black Dahlia
Someone thought about, first, mind tar
Then made a choice
To Not be in control
And that Not In Control
Though chosen
Was utter un-control, primal as lover,
Reasoning vs Logic, is anal arcade
The Black Dahlia wound up the same
The Big Face Thing
Amerika-TRON, is wellaware,
We are in a war against its thought control
Because unto savage, savaging and blood
We demand options

UNDISCLOSED TRACK YOUR GRIDLOCKED CELL

“A Tie Game Is Like Kissing Your Sister” For Dummies

Basic, responsible social action,
Having performed a
Routine duty, departmental approved
Nothing wrong with it
But
You get nothing from it
And
You weren't supposed to

REALITY

Oh, uh...btw: this “99%” sliderule sleight of hand, treats Man as Community, as a binary thing. There exist in point of fact, gradations, and all along the way...because there exists personal circumstance, personal choice, the relative purity or poison of each individual’s heart. There is no “1%”, except in national or worldwide 1-2-3 dollar-calculations through broad, basic math, and this is irrelevant in the personal, if You are realizing what You want out of the deal. In effect, a smattering of Others now sound an alarm, telling you that you as Sally Brown, didn’t get your fair share from Santa Claus. I’m certain you didn’t, but those with megaphonies, aren’t going to snag it for ya. Here’s their formula, as spun:

Rockefeller America Cash/each deserving person in sleeping bag = Even Steven + bag sleepers can buy a whole buncha cool shit (the nonunderlined exponent is in no way stated by spokesmen, but the bag crowd wants John D.’s money for just that...if you think they’re planning on buying Enfamil with it, then, OMG, didn’t you detain me at O’Hare Airport and force a flower on me?)

And, here is the actual formula as would (impossibly) play:

Rockefeller America Cash + Guy Fawkes Holding Company = You Will Be Taken Care Of; Be Free Through Your Work – antipersonnel drones can be launched by even second tier hackers (SMILE)

I've told you, there are no advocates. It's foolish on a buy-a-hot-watch level, to trust any Other who speaks, orange crate, of "community" and "personkind" and "sharing" and Sally Brown getting 10's and 20's. No one on Earth, is going to hand you a check from Standard Oil, because a world of modern Maharajas took your lunch money. If a mass delegation of You, approached leadership and asked about personal disbursement of victory spoils, you would not receive an answer which involved Actual Cash in your Actual Fist—*EVER*. If plainly stated in a worldwide release, so no adherent of Occupy Math Class could mistake it, that an overthrow of Morgan and Oxnard and Rockefeller and Vanderbilt and Hilton and Trump and everyone they've lost to at whist, Would Never Mean—EVER, NOT EVER, NEVER—receiving monies to do with as You, Personally, wished...there would be no "movement", except for a number of corpses to undisclosed locations. Americans faced with highest principles and no Vegas, behave like...Americans. Like the ones who invented hiding like children, then jumping out, all Billy the Kid, and gunning down every Redcoat with integrity. But, I'll quit posturing.

No one's giving you any money. There isn't enough left, given cost of living and the freedom for everyone to screw *carte blanche*, all the way to "Oops!" Too many flesh clowns, too few simoleons. Even now, the ancient barter system is universally rejected. So, if you want to start smashing store windows and grabbing TV sets, I'm cool. I have little beef with crime beyond, again, the personal. By all means, if it's loot the stores or preach bull-shit, grab a tire iron! The #crashcrinkle#, sounds far less like oral dung.

I've quoted you Jock Ewing, before: "Real power is sumthin' you *take!*" Indeed. And if a Peron or a Franco or a Trujillo or a Somoza or a Duvalier or even a de Valera or Chiang Kaishek or Kansas Populist has you buying magic beans by way of their words, you're surrendering all power, all authority, all autonomy, and in this dark hour, all thought as process. To a "Them". A peddler with a mouth full of shit. Said mouth can now say anything it likes, if it remembers at junctures, the unfelt "I apologize." The New Peddler is not even honest in appearance of control, but Alardyce T. Meriweather of *Little Big Man*, selling bottles of You're Dead. The New Peddler, Organic 2% Evita Acidophilus, has shaped "You Must Love Me" into the fiery mirror-sun of "You Must". And, the pit hair chick up on her points on the orange crate, and her buds with big, smelly feet, aren't an answer, Because There Isn't An Answer. If you're a Christian, turn to Revelation. If you're anything else, use your brain. Real Power, as anything, is to be found in the personal. An embracing which ends in what Hobbes called, "a war of all against all". The color Black, by way of spectrum, is Black = All Color. Otherwise, you have bottled Mind Control in the form of a face. "You Must". And, spectrumwise, White = Absence of Color. Manichee wins, again, as "my freedom is, I want You dead" (quoted in debate, ca. 1991). Dialog is a dream. You can't have IDIC *and* dialog.

To sum, there are too many, not enough of anything for them, no chance of acquiring "enough" and mannequins vying in every culture, for their Big Brother face to scream from a brick wall. The New Stand Up, their victory as punchline. The orange crate, will be smashed, the pit hair chick's fists cut off, and the Guard open up like it's the opening montage in WATCHMEN. Open your mouth and close your eyes, desperate times 'gonna get a desperate surprise...

I know you don't believe me, nonfistshaker. Take a chair, have a piece of dirt cake and hang out. I'll be drinking and eating what I wish, all I wish, using any words I like in the original form understood, while we wait. STFU, as I do, 'cause you ain't built up no points. You're no Evita. You're no George Wallace. Hell, you're not even Deborah Norville. You've earned only the cheap, plastic trophy of The World To Come (cut to *High Noon*, just before the train's whistle). —CEE, 11/22/15

THE BLAZING HANDS OF 100 DRUMMERS

CEE

scars publications

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Magazines: Children, Churches and Daddies (and 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 Remains, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism), Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Battles,

Etis, Overtos, Extras Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorial (regular and 2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Clasp/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Goggles Live at Cafe Aloha, Coomes, Rough Mince, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stars, Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, cd 16125 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Bristle & Burn (the Kappars edition), S&B, cd 17815 (Disturbed/Writing after vision, living in One, Six Senses, Taking it All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 18 1+1, v2 & v3), **Ready, Literature for the Scenty and She (v1, v2 & part 1)**, Wake-Up Call from Tradition, (reprint), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kappars, Evolution, (twelve), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Jean Together, po-em, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Cane-Diata Chi-town Union, the Written Word, Dad, Prepare Her for This, Unlearned, Living in a Big World, Pulled the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Kappars: Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Sexism and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Prominent Pen (Kappars edition), Elemental, the 2012 Databook, Prominent Tongue, Chaotic Elements, Fusion, Stability Stability Steb Steb Steb, a Picture's Worth 1,000 words (color art book and b&w art book), Life in Color, Post-Apocalyptic, Burn Through Me, Under the Sea (photo book), Partial Nudity, Revealed, 100 Halkos, Give me the News, Let me See you Stripped, Part of my Pain, Rape Sexism Life & Death, Say Nothing, Twittered, when you Dream tonight, the Periodic Table of Poetry, a year long Journey, Boa Voyage, Sulphur & Sawdust, Slate & Marrow, Blister & Burn, Rinse & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing To Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silences, Unlocking the Mysteries, the Book of Scars, We The Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Deceit Remains, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, V, weathered, echo, Ink in my blood, (bound) (4 editions), Enriched Poetry, art&ed Enriched Prose, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Literary Towns Hall (2 editions), Prominent Pen (2 editions), 100 Words, the 2012 Literary Date Book, It Was All Preordained, Cultural Touchstone, the Mission (issue edition and chapbook edition), Purpose, Falling, Cheap Thrills, After the Apocalypse 2013 date book, After the Apocalypse (poetry edition), After the Apocalypse (prose edition), Entanglement, Gull by Association, don't forget it, don't listen, read, bare minimum, Poet as Scapegoat, Drowning, Art is not Meant to be Touched, the Chosen Path, a New Pen, Need to Know Basis (reduced edition and extended edition), the "need to know" 2015 literary date book, one Solitary Word, What Must be Done, Adrift (2 editions), Salvation (2 editions), the 2016 literary date book anthology, the Chess Fev, the Intersection, from Smoke, Sunlight in the Sanctuary, Infamous in our Prime, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Women, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, the Svetovotvora Unpushish, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Moments Merit, in the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., the Bomb Bubble Bag, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, He Did, Thomas at Tea, Crossing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, ropes, In Your Heart the Apostrophe's Reverence of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Poem, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), **Broader Than / Clearly Beyond**, 12 Times 12 Squads Goes, a Marble Wall, Positive Barthes with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Night and Day and Chinese Poems, Lighten Up, Not Far From Home, Waterhead, You Have Finally Won, Avenue C, Suburban Rhythms, Down Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, The pill is a man's best friend, Angel's Syllable to Good Boss of Devil's Spine, Poems and Stories from the Blue Collar Book of the Dead, Cat People, Death of an Angel, Ghazal, Science: A Carmelgods's View, Ghost Demons Leaping from a Tree, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Intercourse, Gunbar, Cats, Screem Cloud Island, When the World was Black and White, a Petal Under Pavement, The Holy See of CEE, Book 15 * Thulian, Lost in the Cosmos, Lost in an Echo, I Was Charles Brownson's Secret Hostage, Ereable Bond, Royal Dano's Death Scene 'tis of Thee, Understood, Alaskan Shotgun, Champagne - Hot Water, How a Baller Believes, the Thing in the Looms of Wagon/Wheel (I Come in Avarice), Postcards from Exile, the Five Steps of Mactheth, Stay in Formation, Shadowing Other Footprints, the Girl Next Door and Other Poems, Major Arcana, Sine Peoria, Nallo est Gloria, First Takes, Seeing Strangers, Re-Viewing Angels, The Tribes Joshua Drove out of the Land, Battery of the Innocent, Hammer-Chaind, No Refit - No Ocean, Daring at the Gates, a nation of assholes with guns, Down in the Dirt v084, "Give What You Can", Come Fly with Me, Clearing the Debris, Skelatal Remains, Six Six Six, Sectioned & Sequestered, Out of the Web, Lines of Intensity, Don't Treat On Me, when the World Settles, Enter the Ice Age, Along the Surface, Into the White, Life... from Nothing, the Line to Power, Fear the Forsaken, Down in It, Wake Up and Smell the Flowers, Falling Into Place, Unknown, Looking Beyond, Forever Bound, See the World Burn, Exploding on the Scene, America the Lost, Moving the Earth, Catch Fire in the Treetops, Autumn Again, Wisdom in Broken Hands, Up to Smoke, Symbols Manifest, No Return, Grounded, Perfectly Imperfect, Wrapping It Up, a link in the Chain, I Pull the Strings, Shot out of a Cannon, am I Really Extinct, Home at Last, Invisible Ink, a new era, Ideals, Friction, Sex Drift, and Then he Moved, Spiraling, Approaching Front, a Creative Journey, a Rural Story, Beyond the Gates, Treading Water, the Curve of Arctic Air, Ideo, Black Cat a Bad Influence, a Med Escape, Testament, Too Many Miles, the New Dead, Path of Least Resistance, the Captive and the Dead, hello goodbye goodbye hello, When the Walls are Paper Thin, Planets Apart

Compact Discs: *Man's Favorite Voice* the demo tapes, *Kappars the Tool* (MP3 Inclusive), *Woods and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Airing* Something is Sweeting, *The Second Airing* Live in Alaska, *Pettis & Kappars* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Painless* Orchestra Rough Mixes, *Kappars* Seeing Things Differently, *SD/SD* Tick Tock, *Kappars* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kappars* Six One One, *Kappars* Stop, *Kappars* Masterful Performances ep 2 CD, *Kappars* Death Comes in Threes, *Kappars* Changing Gears, *Kappars* Dreamers, *Kappars* How Do I Get There?, *Kappars* Contento/Contento, *the DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art Connection, *Kappars* Questions in a World Without Answers, *Kappars* S&B, *Kappars* WZRD Radio (2 CD set), *Man's Favorite Voice* and *The Second Airing* These Truths, assorted artist Singing Theory, Oh (audio CD), *Life At The Cafe* (3 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* Indian Flux, *the DMJ Art Connection* Most Depressive 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 #01-05 (5 CD set) etc (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaotic Elements* (2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (6 CD set), *SD/SD* Screaching to a Hilt (EP), *P&B* Two for the Price of One (EP), *Kiki, Jake and Haystack* An American Portrait, *Kappars/He Bestard* *Yip/Paul Baker/She Juliana Powles* *Trio* Fusion (4 CD set), *podcast* the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), *Kappars* Live (14 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), *Kappars* Seeing & Psychiatric (3 CD set), *Kappars* St. Paul's (3 CD set), *Kappars* the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), *Kappars* and the Hellman of South Africa Burn Through Me (2 CD set), *Kappars* "40", *Kappars* Sexism and Other Stories, *Kappars* the Stories of Women (amazon.com release), *Kappars* "Dibro VuCa" (4 CD set), *Kappars* "hammer" (4 CD set), *Kappars* "Landing it Out", *Kappars* "What We Need in Life" (CD single), *Kappars* "Herbivore" (CD single), *Kappars* "Herbivore" "Across the Pond" (3 CD set).