

PART ONE

I

The subtler forms of self-deception lie around us, and never do they lie more temptingly at hand than when the subject is our own character with all its merits and the extenuations of its infrequent errors.

—Edgar Johnson, *One Mighty Torrent* (1937)

Dear Peeper: blarghful [*unpleasant*] boredom may lead you to anything, even working up many years of remembrances and diaristic jottings into both personal confession and social indictment. I here play 2 roles: an archivist-time-traveler doing primary research and a synthesizer suturing up the surviving fragments of my life. A life cobbled together using the phraseroos: *moreover, and then*. It is painful re-mem-bering, a putting together of the dis-membered past to make sense of the trauma of the present. Yes, I hear your question: *Why the perennial mañana? Why all this in 1 mighty torrent—now? [A reference to a line in a poem by Shelley.]* My excuseroos are excusable.

First. Discomfort and doubt. Most contemporary texts are hypertexts. To redact diary entries for human peepers by hypertexting, that is, maximizing peeperly choices in a life already-lived, presents great difficulty for that form. So must revert to, at best, a dialogic imagination expressed in conventional ways. *Moreover*. To reflect *now* on the *back then*, tempts one to do so for *hysterical reasons*, altering one's observations of *now* in a stupid way for the sake of backwards compatibility with one's past *then*. Plinko! What is lost, put at second remove from origins, is what C.G. Jung dubbed "the terrible ambiguity of an immediate experience." In order to accomplish both of the above, one must first have a mind completely at easeroo and without a trace of doubt left. Yes, yes. Like the *vas bene clausum*, the well-sealed mental vessel, of either the blinkered Fundamentalist or the tenured Humanist acanemic, ya peep?

You laugh? Ha ha only serious! This is an achievement neither pingful [*pleasant*] nor easy in our blarghful [*awful*] Bunker State of Mind (BSM). Discomfort and doubt, twin stars mutually producing the dual-gravities of our society, Usonia, or The Bunker State (TBS) as our Lefties (what's left of them) have dubbed it. Try and escape Doubt, Discomfort pulls one in with increasing force; try and escape Discomfort, Doubt pulls all the harder. Together they increase the magnitude of the levity-quotient needed to reach escape velocity to detach oneself from our despicable Desmodernidad [*the state of living in*

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permanent chaos, from the Spanish noun desmadre, meaning to be motherless]. A State that is all-elbows [very brusque, disregarding] with its citizens and their eco-environment.

Moreover. Ugh, blech! The fear of autobogotiphobia. To take the slack [*hacker jargon for 'internal fragmentation'*] of one's life-memories and defrag it is to instantly bogotify [*make bogus, over-simplify*] it. To produce coherence and closure where it probably doesn't existeroo. One risks the production of a personal and familial fakelore. As V.Y. Mudimbe put it: "History is a legend, an invention of the present." *And then.* There's an epiphenomenon of this bogotification process: the tendency towards *creeping elegance*, dotting on certain autobiographic points at the expense of the *seemingly* less interesting, but not necessarily less important, parts of one's life-story.

Moreover. Suppressio veri: biography is firmly in the possession of the hack, talk-show host, and spin-doctor—blarghful yak-yaks all with 80-column [*deficient, slow*] minds. The plausible knave and the man of maladroitness are on audiotape and cyberspace as well as in the flesh (and the half-flesh of the humanoids). *And then.* Even more unfortunate for my project. *Suggestio falsi:* autobiography is in the hands of everyone. Earth's total communications company, Globo-Com, encourages, nay, *urges*, the proles to have their own personal Websites. (These sites of self-promotion have become so organic to our cyberlives, an insanely great wit once suggested they be redubbed "Webcytes.") Yes. *Down-loadable biobytes for every Beavis and Butthead by every Beavis and Butthead*, goes the Globo-Com jingle. *Pure biodemocratic Levelution*, claim its supporters. *Pure fritterware*, counter its critics.

Sorry St. Augustine. Confessions no longer in the hands of saints. Sorry Blaise Pascal. *Pensées* replaced by either puffing boasts or self-righteous self-roasts. *O.K.* Marcuse's "affirmative culture" with bang! Maybe an occasional *me-malign* that allows no virtues, no abilities, no merits whatsoever, until the peepers wonder why one ever chose to chronicle a self so mucho the futile clowneroo—the fav neg strategy of our aesthetic Mean-Modemists, our *derrière-garde*, who worship as that proto-*derrière-gardist*, Paul McCarthy, an artist who irritated the sensibilities of Southern California audiences in the late-20th century. But I do digresseroo.

Genrecide. That's what it is. Traditional confession corrupted by an all pervasive Pop-Modemism with its On-line Personals, Chat Rooms, Hypertexts, and Webcytes. That's why I'm again physically moving backwards in time to script this. Risking the wrath of Usonia's Tempokops who enforce TBS's strict prohibs on temporal-displacement. Although such displacement is relativity easeroo—you rewire a Taco-Bell Maytag industrial-size clothes dryer to revolve opposite the earth's rotation at quadruple its norm r.p.m., install a kill-switch inside rigged to an vintage oven-timer, add a whole box of Taco-Bell Downy's Bounce anti-static dryer sheets to prevent electrocution, and

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stuff oneself inside after fasting from solid food for 12 hours previous—Usonian propaganda has painted such a bleak cyberpic of the past that most Usitizens [*Usonian citizenry*] have turned to “Chemistry for a Better Future.” All manner of Taco-Bell Dow designer drugs. *And then*. One’s body can only be displaced *backward*, or forward to the *original* time from which one was displaced. Blargh! Heap no time-travel into one’s future, pilgrim. So it’s mucho more pingful to forgo the vertigo and walkabout backwarderoo by peeping rétro-vids (like Hitchcock’s original *Vertigo*), re-reruns of TV reruns, auditing Oldies-But-Goodies on rare vinyls or tuning in Globo-Com’s 24 hour Nostalgia-Tunes Channel, and making Taco-Bell Pillsbury heap rétro-Do-It-Yourself-Again Cake Mix mixes.

So who I am to attempt to revive the genre? Where are my creds? I sport no old-timer’s tattoos and skin-piercing holes. A scar from my identichip insertion surgery maybe. That’s all. *And why?* you ask. A commemorative instinct fed by self-affection or nostalgia? Dessert for a well-nourished ego? But I’m no Napoleon, with a complaint or interesting story, marooned on a bare rock at St. Helena. Nor am I a sports coach with endorsements to make. A didactic purpose? But I’m no Euripides, a sad old man with a long beard, mind-crunching on something pingfully great and high. An apologia? But *je ne regret rien*—except my birth. I still call my *madre* by the tag *muerte*: by giving me life she gave me death—Q.E.D. Pecuniary reasons? The pan-capitalism logician may so charge, knowing my pedagogic profession is even less valued and more ill-paid in TBS than it was when this gaggleroo of disparate citizenry was called The United States. Nay, gentlefolk! I enclose no contract. I make no endorsements.

Say more fueled by abstract enthusiasms. Devotion to principles and causes that proclaim: *No pingful tranforms of the pan-capitalist economy is possible in the absence of trans-zonal political co-ops by anti-systemic movimientos* (SexDemo Pres., Manuel Wallerez-Stein). *And then*. The pingfully astounding fact that an earlier pingful female resident of a heap tamer Chicagary (it was still dubbed “Chicago” then) had found my, so to yak, ms.-in-a-bottle. She cajoled, complained, seduced to get it published; she defended its fantastic veracity; she touted its mysterious author, me, finally convincing her male art-critic friend to put it into hardcopy—*Arboretum*. So, unwittingly, she and he now prompt me to expose my delicate subjectivity and precarious social context in heap deep gratituderoo. Against my cautious and paranoid sensibility—survival habits from living in TBS—I give to your time a present of *my presence* in your future written in your present, my past. Like Ripley, you may believe it or not. Peeper! Peep that thou shalt weep. As the *ecolustreeous* founder of Da Branchlando [*Arboretum*] once wrote in his bozotic ebonic diction: *Da self-confessor’s trials in workin’ to grok him- or herself now do be becomin’ da peeper’s trials in makin’ sense o’ da text* (Charles Cane Forester, *Da Green Book*). * * *

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muchonuff on liquid stufferoo to subversively sing—at real risk of arrest, with Don providing the explanatory chorus—

Me: *In the dark day!*

Don: *For dat do been life now.*

Spuds: *In the bright night!*

Don: *Da night bright wit black helicopter flood-lights.*

Freedom: *Oopah! Gathered the brave lads!*

Don: *Look at dem brave L.A. lads, silent-talkin', sittin'-standin'.*

[*A travesty of a poem in M.E. Saltykov-Shchedrin's satire The Swallows.*]

Afterwards my 2 drinking buddies and I would hail our tender host, 1-man Chorus, and Grand Inquisitor as “Don-de-Tarbucket.” A moniker derived from the bozotic-looking military marching hat worn by West Pointeros, such as Don had once been. His hat, mustard stains still visible, hung over the mirror in his bar next to his framed UCLA E-mailresponse Course Diploma in *The History, Theory, and Praxis of Alcoholic Chemistry and its Diaspora*, 1 of mucho many nova e-mailresponse courses developed to placate the many minority communities after the University of California system eliminated Affirmative Action in the late 1990s for its regular courses of study.

After graduating from an all-black high school in the Compton area where he'd lettered in track—his school-colored bullet-proof vest was on display there in a bullet-proof case until the building was burned down 2 years later by starchy-white AmPats—Don-de-Pacifist had chosen the lesser of 2 evils. The military-industrial complex was the voice of moderation *then*. It still pingfully practiced Affirmative Action. He'd won an appointment to West Point to make a point about the gaggleroo of militant Generation-XXer Skinheads that *then* basheroo-dominated the civilian campuses. Like those, I teach by textual example here, that gave that black academic, “Chappie” Puttbutt, such a hard time in Ishmael Reed's novel *Japanese By Spring*, ya peep?

No one hates war more than the soldier, or so said Gen. MacArthur once, maybe twice. And Don had believed him. But Don was mustered out his first year—literally, upperclassmen covered him with mustard, or as he put it: “I been drip wit dis greyful poop on”—for his unreconstructed ebonics and his insistent donning of cool, foot-fungus-fighting *huaraches* on hot summer days. I still remember his milk- and dark-chocolate feet stuck in 'em. Smelled like boiled okra they did all July, all August too. Plinko! He'd gotten those sandals at a steal *thanks* to Usonia's Free-Raid Agreement with Mexico [*NAFTA?*]. (“Be grateful for the benefits of pan-capitalism,” President Berzelius “Coach” Windrip admonished his Usonian constituency during his inaugural speech of 2052.)

A year later, he and a brother from the “hood” (a drug-dealing silent-partner who bank-rolled the business) opened the Smog-Cutter Lounge.

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During “The Troubles,” the neo-Fascist uprisings culminating in Texas’s secession and Durfuherman’s Rebellion in Idaho, Montana, Wyoming he sold out his 50% share in the biz, immigrated to Turkey, married a local woman, and joined in their desperate struggle against the Bosnian invasion of his adopted homeland. Finally got to use his West Point training. Plinko! Bozotic coincidence: both he and my son dodging Genemort attacks—a deadly gas that attacks the genes, a very painful death unless one commits suicide first—and bash-banging in the Greater Bosnian War from opposite fronts. *Moreover*. They both suicided within a day of each other after being gassed with Genemort in separate rumbles. Don left a wife and young son. My son left only me and my (now) ex-wife.

Moreover. A word I use often as both an ambiguous bridging term and an Anglo synonym for Sartre’s existentialist French term, *de trop*, meaning ‘being there for nothing, pure facticity’; a pingful descriptive for my historical *situatedness* within these *disunited* states of Usonia—The Bunker State. What President Ronnie Reagan observed upon returning from visiting Latin America [Dec. 15, 1987], he could have said about “The States” on the day of my birth, 2005: “You’d be surprised. They’re all individual countries.” O.K. I’m pessimistic. Inclined toward Calvin (rather than Calvin Klein.) Predestination. (Rather than pre-shrunk.) But I’ve been proven correcteroo mucho more than wrongeroo. *And then*. I’m blarghfully fated for some bozotic variety of skin canceroo *thanks* to diminishing ozone. (“Be grateful for the crosses you have to bear,” my Catholic-Dad admonished me after returning from Lourdes.) I don’t peep synth-beans about my physical diseaseroos, but I do absolpeep [*completely understand?*] what is psychoboazotically bothering me. A life lived partially within parentheses. *But I can’t treat it in my own time*. I do hotly and polymorphously perversely embraceroo the infamous 20 tenets of *Sexual Democracia* (Sex Demo), that imported spicy Latin American version of democracy in which political decisions are made according to sexual desireroo. And I put my authorial mouth where my balls are. (Isn’t that what male authors o’ yore did unselfconsciously? Now it takes an effort. Even the black market can’t cough up any more copies of Henry Miller’s novels since The Big Baneroo.) I’m even now periodically personally persecuted by The Citizens’ Un-Usonian Thoughts & Activities Committee for being a jalapeño-colored condom-carrying memberoo of same. Blatantly advertised such on my webcyte by a cute animated GIF of a tiny green-condom with legs, feet clad in *huaraches*, strutting impatiently to-and-fro before the bullet-ridden Usonian White House. Copped, damnbetcha, from Sex Demo’s webcyte (URL: glbo://www.sex.demo.glbo.con.dom).

Moreover. I teach “Uterineroo” (Aussie Feminism, “Criticism from Below is Aussome”), “The Pleasure of the Text: Writerly Writing,” “Advanced Plagiarism.” In the summer session do a Rétro-Experiences seminar in conventional typewriter production called “Lettrism and the Remington.”

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These all in the Masters in Writing Program at The Combined Art Schools of the Americas, Chicago Loop campus (C.A.S.A.-C.L.) in Chicagary, North Usonia. Blargh! My professorial slice-of-the-pie a wedge-shaped office on a too-hot-in-the-summer and too-cold-in-the-winter floor in the upper east region reserved for part-time faculty in the former State of Illinois Building (the late Helmut Jahn, architect). I light-pen mark e-mailed papers CR or NCR. Down-load gigabyte Master Theses files for peep and approval. Compulsively surf the "Nyet" stealing material for my classes and books. I peep out on the precariously-tilting bulk of the 125-story Meglin-Beitler Memorial Tower, the C-4 yourself handiwork of Bosnian *scareerrorists*. I try not to crank [*think*] about Sturgeon's (blarghful) Law, but my perpetually moving digital sign, the last artwork done by femino-conceptualist Jenny Holzer prior to her mysterious disappearance, silently re-recranks [*constantly reminds*] me:

CRAP... 90% OF EVERYTHING IS CRAP... 90%

I'm not super superstitious. *But*. Today is Friday the 13th, June 2055! Exactly 1 week prior to my 50th birthday. (Or June 13th 1997 if I jump into my Maytag dryer and set the timer to 29 minutes.) So I've already treated myself to a gifteroo my ex-wife would've never gotten me: a spanking brand-nova Taco Bell Sizzlin IV-U KaPow-R-Book (*Hecho en Mexico*). Runs on a DOS EQUIS 8.6 environment, with 18 gigagulp liquid-drive, 100 megagulps of RAM, a mañana 8600 modem, only 20mm thickeroo, and features their heap nova mini-mouse. That being a tongue-driven, insert-in-the-mouth, lime sliceroo-shaped/flavored touchpad. *Let your tongue do the clickin'*, runs the advert. Ever French kisseroo a computer? Much sexieroo than those passéist finger-driven deviceroots. Ya peep? *Moreover*. Pingful day to start doing *skull-time*, seeking the etiology of a diseaserooed syndrome denominated by my parents as "J.A. Ellis," seen in my Aunt Betty Baskette's eyes and in her hall mirror at 8 months, and maintained throughout my existence by TBS as such through its ideological state apparatuses and discursive regimes. [*Ellis perceives his subjectivity akin to that theorized by 20th-century psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan.*]

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Betty Baskette's Eyes



Young Ellis's Eyes

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III

Perhaps he believes that the lights will more than balance the darkness [like a well-exposed photograph] . . . seldom . . . has the autobiographer . . . been led into conscious lying about external facts. Coloring and omission are more frequent.

—Edgar Johnson, *One Mighty Torrent* (1937)



Paolo Soleri's *Arcosanti* project, near Phoenix, Arizona



Soleri's "Arcosanti" goes up in smoke (6-30-2005)

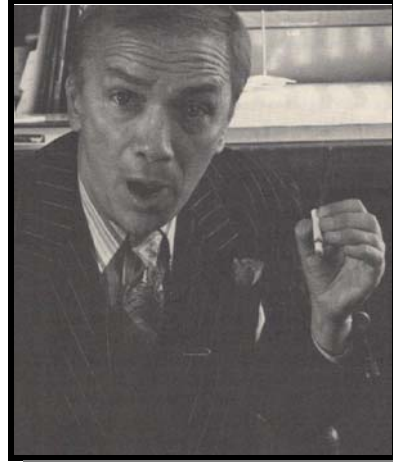
Grapping through time-lines and my baby book. Glork! Discovered I was born the very year and baptised the very day—a Baphometric Fire-baptism—the Black Stetsons, Arizona's neo-Fascist rétro-cowboy, pistol-packing separatists, bomberooed Italian architect Paolo Soleri's utopian Arcosanti 2000 architectural project near Phoenix, Arizona. Just completed after years of slow, ill-financed construction, the famous **architecture + ecology = arcology** experiment was heap devastated. Blargh! Never did get a peep by acquaintance, only by description later. [*Hierarchies of knowledge, respectively rooted in presence and absence, theorized by philosopher Bertrand Russell and which French theorist Jacques Derrida's Deconstructionism discredited*

by claiming that: "There is nothing outside the text."] Only signs—images in books and webcytes—never the referent. Arcosanti now only exists in hyper-reality [*as a simulacrum*]. Ya peep?

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Mother 6 months prior to my birth



Dad upon first seeing me

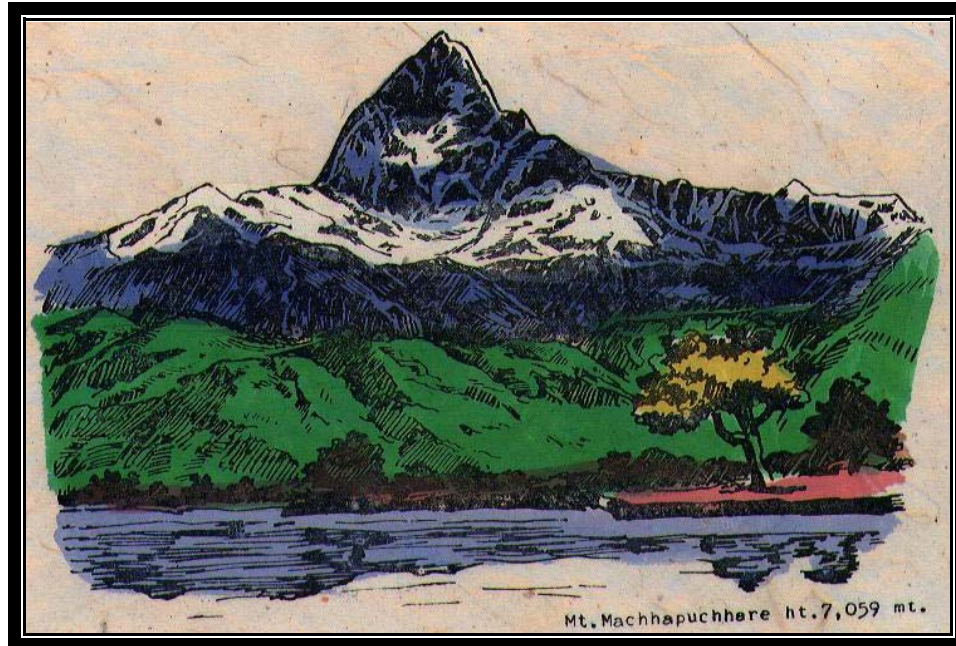
Smokeroo. Boo-hoo! It heap pervades my life. Mother was—ugh, blech!—a chain-smoker. Father too. Proof the late-1990s ban on tobacco adverts had not mucho neg-effect on my parents' generation. Here they are as photographed by each other. Turned each other into images. Dead—they are now at once metaphoric substitutions, illusions of presence and by that same token, metonyms, signs of their absence and my loss. But am I any different? Here's a scan of a digi-pic made of me in my faculty "wedge" the day I started teaching at C.A.S.A.-C.L. It ran in the September 2035 issue of the school's newspaper *F___ed Up* for the purposes of identification. As an *image* it marks the site of an ambivalence. It makes *pres-ent* something that is *absent*— and temporarily deferred—it is the representation of a time that is always elsewhere. Now that I do crank [*think*] of it, not unlike my displacing time in the madly spinning Maytag. In a way, I'm neither *here* nor *there*. It's never the simple case of an "appearance" of a "reality." The access to the image of my identity is only ever possible in the *negation* of any sense of originality or plenitude, ya peep?



J.A. Ellis (2035) posed "candid" portrait for school paper; note the rétro-Remington typewriter sitting in the background

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Smoke and mirrors! The story of my formative years. Maybe why I always had digi-scaneroos and paintings covering my childhood bedroom—and still do today. Glork! Curious how this blarghful painting of Mt.



Machhapuchhare (ht. 7,059 meters) was, since time T equals minus infinity [*a long time ago*], my heap fav. I bubble [*recall*] that, besides the odd name of this mountain (it also is called "The Fishtail"), I was drawn to the wonky red grass under the tree on the right. (Why I later was drawn to Fauvist paintings?) I've never peeped this Himalayan scene "in reality," but imagined it to be pigmental embodiment of the pingful and mysterious Mount Analogue in René Daumal's unfinished Surrealist novel of the same name. A text [*first published in 1952*] that promised to eager young peepers: "A Novel of Symbolically Non-Euclidean Adventures in Mountain Climbing." How could the kid resist? Prodigious peeper, even when heap youngeroo, I memed [*memorized*] Daumal's bozotic jingle and rap-sung it over and over mucho to Mom's chagrin. My mirror to her smoke. Ya peep?

The Lay of the Luckless Mountaineers

*The tea tastes of aluminum;
12 sleeping-bags for 30 men—
Everyone snug as a smothered bug.
Then off before the cracking dawn,
Breathing air like razor blades,
Between deathly black and deathly white.*

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*My watch had the sense to stop;
Yours has gone on a spree.
We're smeared to the elbows with honey;
The sky's all curds and whey.
It's light before we get going,
The névé's already turned yellow,
It's already raining pebbles,
And the cold seeps into your hands.
Who put gasoline in the drinking water?
Our fingers swell like sponges,
And the rope feels like a telegraph pole.
The shelter's jumping with fleas;
Our snoring sounds like the Paris zoo.
My ear's cracking off from frostbite.
You look like a half-trussed duck. . . .*

I forget the rest `cept for stanza pertaining to memory and representation:

*This rock ledge won't give up.
You know what I have? A memory block,
A stomach cramp, a flaming thirst,
And 2 fingers turned pale green.
We never did see the summit—
Except on the sardine can. . . .*

Years later, I did peep a scene heap sim to this suggestive painting. From a hot-air balloon. A *real* vista. Mt. Glittertin in Arboretum's famous mountain range dubbed "Da Catkins" by those eco-botanized offshoots of Charles Forester and his Bloody Brigade of Secessionist-Slaughterers. *And then.* Later, as an academic, I realized Daumal and I had mucho in common—a rarity even between Usitizens today. We both struggled—he because he was a poet, I because I was a product of the fabled "Linguistic Turn" in philosophy—with the tendency to conceive of life and reality entirely through language.

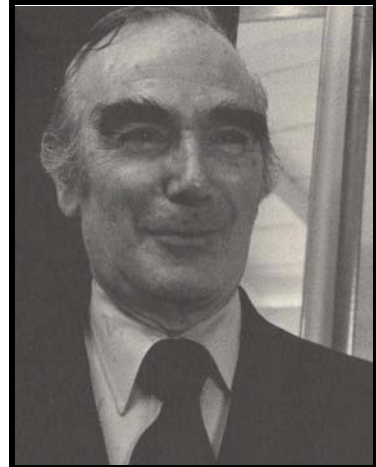
From this fascination with heights, I dove down, down. A precocious child raised on Globo-Com's re-reruns of *Sea Hunt* wanted to fathom the depths. But chronic sinuhurtus made even a fathom-under blarghful torture. *And then.* Scuba sublimated into spelunking, exploring caves. Until blarghful discovery of claustrophobia. Further sublimation: *Reading about* scuba and spelunking on Usenets. Later, deeper: alt.phil.plato.cave, down-loading huge bytes of Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* and Jung's *Man and his Symbols*, finally finding through Lacan LANGUAGE at the bottom of everything. Any wonder I studied Down Under? Degree in Uterineroo from www.monash.edu.au.

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Did all grad E-mailresponse coursework with Monash University via the Net. "Mon Ass," as the wits call it, was founded in the elder days to extend the ops for a coll.edu to the urbanasses [*urban masses*]. *And then*. Virtual diploma—*Magna Cum Laude*—offered in quicky down-load of 100 megabytes. But even then curiosity and ping of travel calls. Flew Qantas's "Sizzling Barbie" super-sonic jetliner to Melbourne, hailed a nova Automatty Cab and after several minutes of confusion on setting the controls, went to Monash's



I receive my diploma and a handshake from the Dean



My departmental chairman

Peninsula Campus (see maps on preceding page) to feel a real parched hand hand me the parchment. Came home with images of my success. Ready to commit error-33, predicating 1 research effort, a nova hypertextual Uterineroo webcyte I hoped would land me a post in acanemia, upon the success of another, my 2.3 gigabyte dissertation. Amused my folks with after-dinner stories about the gumby [*a stupid bureaucrat*] from the Dean's Office, Klaus, who took me to The Alumni Barbie serving up insanely great Chernobyl Chicken [*Lemon Chicken*] on tables under a grove of old Wolleni pine. *I did not* tell them about Hildie.

While in Melbourne, I encouraged a flirtatious come on to come out back and get down under the Southern Cross for a humpdayboinkeroo by that gumby's wife, served up *à la* tipsieroo, by explaining to her the crux of my dissertation: "To this day, nearly 50 years post-elder days, it is required in acanemia that the level of reflection be a high one (like Mt. Machhapuchhare), the level of theory higher still (like Mt. Analogue); the drop to lower levels of feeling and concretizations (spelunking in Plato's Cave, scuba-diving in Mallarmé's Swan's lake) is considered precipitous and sub-genius. But asks Uterineroo, that Aussome Fem Theory, is there any such thing as the *height of theory*, except as an element in matty masculinist mystique?"

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Baffled, Hildie responded with her own semiotics, poking her right index finger through a hole formed—ho!—by curling together her left index finger and thumb, pumping it slowly back and forth. An hour later she was mixing us both very strong O.J. Bronco's in a negligible negligée. She wore a UL-Approved UV-repellant silver wig. I still see her every time I quaff an O.J.

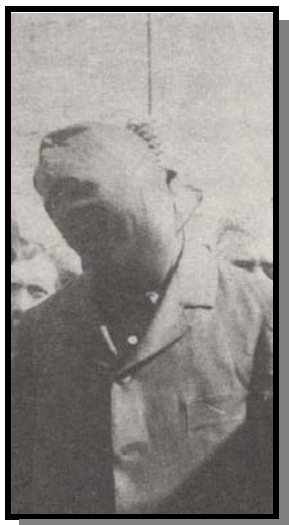
In gratitude for my acanemic persistence and my postprandial *histoire obligatoire*, Father bought me a briar pipe to match my nova Taco-Bell Armani grey tweed, leather elbow-patched sports coat. Mother bought me a real authentic replica of a rétro-knock-off of a Streamline Moderne 24-karat gold cigarette case. Both useful in an image-mindful acanemia, they thought. Never used 'em though.

They sit today as ever-bubbles [*reminders*] of my deceased parents on my synthoak laminate mantelpiece in my bullet-ridden Chicagary flat in Lincoln Square. N'er did I e'er puff. Didn't have to, the nation's been up in smoke since my birth. Smog and the acrid smell of cordite. The moderately obscure attitude adopted by the Left—*Fascism can never triumph since we are mucho more clever*—was proven to be pure political fritterware by the violent events of the post-elder days. We peeped something bad-wonky when McDonald's, in a last-ditch attempt to fight Taco Bell take-overs, offered an increasingly impoverished and violent constituency their heap cheap \$9.95 special, the

McVeigh Sup-R-Value-Pak (flaming dog-food patty on an open bun, scorched chicken fingers, burnt fries, and a Bloody Mary). Released on the very day that Fasci-hero bomber was finally executed *by hanging*. Glork, if he didn't win a Usonian Supreme Court decision from those 80-column juridical minds permitting him to exit this vale of political fears pants-shitting and feet-kicking like the Lincoln Conspirators in those roust-about Reb rebellious glory days of yore. Globo-Com teled it globally via satellite through their Ascension Island studio stronghold. A gay yak—the famous Aussie quizz-game host for "Let's Make a Steal"—lisped: "They mates—I just can't, Mic, convey thay eeeemotion surroundang thay execution of thas con, McVeigh, tawday." *Soon thereafter*. Barber-shops in South Usonia featured the "McVeigh-Cut." *Playgirl* did a



Hildie ever on my mind



A conspirator hangs

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double-page spread the following month of McVeigh's nude corpse on a gurney, caption reading: "Well-hungeroo."

Those symbols of TBS's social order so prominent during such national events—the spandex-clad police, the bugle calls, military parades and waving flags, free tranquilex fudge, and those black helicopters overhead—are both heap inhibitory and heap stimulating. They want to convey the blarghful message "Don't dare budgeroo," but rather they pingfully cry out "Get ready to attackeroo!" The next question is: Who attackerooed? Plinko! It wasn't the Left, pilgrim! They'd pulled a neo-Liberal gumby [*stupid fuckup*] and voluntarily turnerooed in their firepower (even air- and squirt-guns) to their local police stations during The Great Disarmament campaign of 2001. Now they got hosed.

Culti-multuralism (cultural, racial harmony) died a violent death within the sights of the M&Ms (maniacal monoculturalists). Amigoization was replaced by the tight nooses of the "White Cap" vigilantes who lynched Mexican migrant workers, *los hanging chickens*, in what was soon the independent Nova Republik of Texas (announced by an outrageous flag, see frontispiece). These "White Caps," in a self-conscious remake of Hollywood's anti-Mexican film *The Professionals*, even had the *generosidad* to invade 175 miles south of the Tex-Mex border to bid a violent *buenas noches* to the Skinnerian utopists and autistic children housed at the famous Behaviorist *Comunidad Los Horcones*. In Idaho and Montana, fasci-agitator, Mark Durfuherman, advocated laws closing all ethnic food restaurants. (It was blarghfully rumored, but never proven, that his movement was backed-up by secret big-number funds from McDonald's since such legislation could be used to shut down all competing Taco Bell food concessions.) Vari-responses from the Left to this *othercide* were:

- Ethno-feminists, NAFTA art dealers, and Border Brujo's pray fervently to Santa Frida Kahlo.



A Border Brujo prays

TAR SPACKLED BANNER

■ The septuagenarian Marxist critic Benjamin H.D. Buchloch citing an earlier Marxist cranker [*thinker*], Walter Benjamin: *The state of emergency in which we live is not the exception but the rule. We must attain to a concept of history that is in keeping with this insight.*

■ Mass migrations to Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Holland, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, El Salvador, Costa Rica, Argentina, Nicaragua, and Colombia. Usonian expatriates happily singing nova national anthems—like Colombia’s stirring *Oh, gloria inmarcesible! Oh, jubilo inmortal!*



■ Ritual mass suicides make Jim Jones and the other culticides seem small potatoes. The largest single exit, some 2000 souls, is the result of arsenic-laced Laser Chicken [*Kung Pao Chicken*] freely passed around in San Francisco Metroland Bay Area’s famous Chinatown district during the Chinese New Year celebrations.

■ Hispanics less pessimistic. Firmer belief in *mañana!* The virtual barrio, La Chicano Interneta, is born. Vatoman (a Chicano Batman), El Naftazteca, and Supermojado, a border hero, come on-line to promote *gringostroika* (the overthrow “by any means” of pan-capitalism and its replacement by Aztlán) as well to agit-prop against the harsh policies and all-elbows enforcement of what they call *Miki Mikiztli Califas* (Náhuatl for “California, the house of death”).

■ At the peak of “The Troubles,” a *ménage-à-contre-troubles* of wonky Leftists formed, under General Charles Cane Forester, The North Usonia Loyalist Alliance Freedom Brigade. They put down the bloody Durfuherman Rebellion and founded Arboretum to boot. (Rumor has it Taco Bell money financed the Brigade for the soldiers’ food-ration was high in beans and tortillas.)

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