

Sunday, December 22, 2013

Morning Stream of Consciousness

Part Six

Good Morning. This will have to do as a form of address. It is necessary to be legible, decipherable. I want to be able to read this. Also the difference between being upright and being slanty is perfectly clear. It was something like italicization, but that is hardly the whole story. It isn't a story at all, just a sloping, a rambling, a screed, a screed of some sort, of some kind. Isn't English versatile? It's good to remark on it. Latin or Greek. It's good to remark on it with what's available, the English language, lingua franca--- isn't that Latin? Mishack the barbarian doesn't know English, can't speak English.. That's not his name---Mishack is not his name. He has some other name---not Mishack. He's a barbarian because he can't speak the lingua franca, Greek or Latin. Latin---the lingua franca. The etymology is plain to see, explains itself, speaks for itself. It's part and parcel of the voice, as it slowly rambles on. I'll look into this, find out about it, further investigate---Isn't English versatile, clever, adept at explaining, please don't explain. How I hate, how I detest explaining. Isn't English versatile? It goes upright (I'm talking about my handwriting), the animal that walks upright, the script that walks, that goes, that proceeds upright, uprightly or whatever. "Whatever" is bad, a moral issue, good or bad, an ethical issue---the word is bad, used the way I used it. The meaning is in the usage, in the context, in what surrounds it. I'm afraid of it, afraid of "whatever". "Whatever" is bad, used the

way I use it. "Whatever" and I go way back. It has a history of abuse. It used to mean something quite significant. It meant something significant. Don't get me started. I've begun again, started up like a car, as a car. Tastes good, like a cigarette should. It should have been "as". You are well familiar with advertising by now, the advertising slogan. You, I, we, they. There's no they, only individual groups of individuals. The American Way. Mishack the barbarian doesn't speak English, the lingua franca, Greek or Latin. The etymology is clear. English as a second language. What's the first? We go way back, back in time to the beginning. Greek, Latin, throw in a little French. The etymology is clear. Go back to the origin, take it back to the beginning. It's beginning to throb, to pound, to beat. Clearly discernable. Aha! Discernable---a new word in the vocabulary. This is tiresome right from the start, right at the start, from the beginning. Take it back to its origin. Continue on, Westward Ho! The American Way, lock, stock and barrel, the whole shebang, all of it, not a word. He spoke not a word, lock, stock and barrel, whatever is bad, there must be some continuity. Who's to say? Sam B.---my father. God the father. These are strong words for someone like me, for someone like you. These words are strong words for such as me. It's not like you to speak this way. A voice going on, going on forever. How boring really! Boredom as a cause of insanity. Don't self diagnose. Self diagnosis is sabotage. You know what I mean. Don't be pretentious. Operating under false pretenses. It's beginning to throb...the symptom, the main symptom, the symptom that is most important. A symptom of what's wrong. Whatever is wrong is really wrong. It's an

expression of indifference. The world's indifference. He killed himself. Too bad for him. He must have known something. The indifference of the world. Logical suicide, that's it---logical suicide. Better off dead. I don't want to talk about it. We go way back. Whatever is bad. It expresses indifference---Indifference to a plight, to a problem is all it is, not really a problem at all. Just a word, just words. Take the danger out of it, out of the words. Express yourself differently. Take the danger out of it. Go somewhere else. It's easy to do. Somewhere else, some other country. The American way, Westward Ho! The big roundup in the sky. Head west, go somewhere else, start over, begin again, go home, expand a little, pontificate. You know---express yourself. Talk to someone, talk about it, squawk about it. We go back many years---You and I, almost cronies by now. Cut through the crap, get into it, examine it a little, not too much, much too much. The world is full of contradictions---rich and poor, hot and heavy, what's the difference? Dangerous and safe. Don't threaten me, the individual, individual groups, there's no they. What a truth that is!---there's no they. What about I, or you, or me? What about it? Or us, or we---there's no they. What is there? There's no there. The world is full of contradictions, a dizzy whirl. You contradict me, I contradict you. Don't contradict me. That's it, the contradiction itself. The word contradiction stands alone, the big cheese, the cheese stands alone. What's that smell, that stench? This is so wearysome. That's a quotation, a quote. Can you give me a quote? The American way. The love of money is the root of all evil. There's no they. Can you give me a quote? Why am I doing this? Individualism, Mishack the barbarian doesn't speak

at all, doesn't speak English. Here it becomes necessary to inject some humor, to interject some humor. Mishack is not my name. It's Greek to me. William S, William B.. Mishack is not my name, The world is a dangerous place, a furnace, a fiery furnace. To emerge unscathed, that's the idea. What's the big idea? This damn voice is chockablock full of idioms fast becoming cliches, turning into cliches. Turning in for the night. A big bunch of cliches, any way you look at it. You choose. I'm leaving it all up to you. An ethical issue. My fellow man. Kitty Goodfellow. Kitty is not her name. I know it but I'm not going to tell you what it is because I forgot, forgot what it is. Out of discretion, because I forgot, I forgot what it is. Kitty's my grandmother. Sam B., Sam the Great. Sam the Father. Make a recording. Better yet---get it down on paper. Put it on a disc. Get it down, get it up, from the get go, giddyup. From the cradle to the grave. The American way, Mishack the Barbarian. Finish that thought. Make it discernable, decipherable. As I've said before, many times over. As I've said. Make yourself heard. A voice, an unheard voice, a barely discernable voice. The voice of whom, the still, small voice of whom? The tower of what? The ivory tower. Get down and dirty. You're making me uncomfortable. This is all one big comment on nothing at all. An analysis, a cutting into pieces, a clipping, a chopping, a smashing to smithereens, a blowing up. Words, words, words---That's a direct quote. At the risk of sounding repetitive, boring. Insanity is caused by boredom. That's my proposition. What's yours. What'll you have? What the hell is this---a dictionary of idioms? This is all one huge, tedious quote of some German author---a quote of sorts, a quote. Highway robbery, a

big bunch of cliches, a mess of idioms, a big mess, a voice, alternately laughing and now crying. Up and out in the morning, continuing all day, into the night, a nagging voice. Into the fray, punk chew a shun. As I've said before. A private language. One meant for you. An analysis of all that's wrong. We'll get to the bottom of this in a minute, if there is one. Rotten to the core, somebody hit the wrong button. A big bunch of idioms. The bottom of the barrel. A bunch of apples, rotten to the core. This looks like something but it isn't anything at all. Lock, stock and barrel. Rotten to the core. Even I'm beginning to forget. The world is going to hell and I'm taking you with me. If there ever was a non sequiter, that's it. Lingua Franca, Latin, English, Greek---throw in some French, some German. Mix it all around. Stir it up and what have you got? There you have it! Hot off the presses, the feed from the city, lingua franca, put it in writing, get it down on paper, the fourth estate or is it the third, or the fifth. I didn't realize what I was doing until it was too late. All in a manner of speaking, a big cliché, a garbage dump of words. All words are of equal value, as I've said before, one big quote. It's getting bigger all the time, getting smaller all the time. Going in opposite directions, getting bigger, getting smaller. Methods of reproduction, reproducing sound, especially that, the third estate. These words are just noise, static on the radio, with the emphasis on the last syllable. As I've said before, at the risk of sounding boring. Proceed at your own risk. Make it legible, understandable. Don't smudge. At least, at the very least decipherable, understandable. Popular culture, the feed from the city. Chicken feed really, nothing to it. Who would listen to such

crap? Nobody! Would you? A matter of time. Comes the dawn. It just dawned on me. I got enlightened. Sam the father, Son of Sam, a big criminal. A bigwig, a judge, a big criminal. God the Father. Merely a point of view, an opinion, a voice. Take out the "o" and you've got vice. Get it down on paper before it runs out. Early in the morning. Comes the dawn. It just dawned on me, the light of reason, the sun king, the dawn of civilization. He hasn't realized the full import of his deeds, of what he did, the morality of it all. He's had time to think. What happened? Get it down. Write that down, write it down, get your thoughts down on paper before it's too late. The dawn of civilization. At the risk of sounding pretentious, sounding boring. Cut off their hands. Only the bore doesn't know he's being boring. Suffer fools. Everyone else knows. It's a well known fact by now. You can always refer to the dictionary. A dictionary of this, a dictionary of that. There are plenty of dictionairies, lots of dictionaries. Only one voice, Onliwon. Write on toilet paper if necessary, use blackberry juice if there's nothing else. Head for the hills, the hills are alive with the sound of music. Music is a lot like mathematics. It all boils down to numbers. All is not lost. The only way to communicate today is with numbers, mathmatically speaking, ones and zeroes, a new language, just another language, nothing new, mere numbers, lingua franca, a private language, a huge quote, the reactive mind, somebody else's words, second hand, a hand me down, worn out words, limping home, she's put words in my mouth, me my mo, notary sojac, diddle down duck, like water off a duck's back, back problems, back formation, the sound and the fury. Be someone's advocate, get a lawyer, words of an idiot signifying nothing. Study

law. Words suggest other words. There you have it! Written in stone, written in marble. A monument to civilization. A squeek, the writing of a chicken, chicken scratches. Put it in perspective---automatic writing all chopped up, quite a character, a dog chasing its own tail. Never reaching the end. Who said that? Man is just that. A dirty dog. A dog chasing its own tail, his own tail. Refer back to time past. Let's go to the archives, hit the library today. Civilization is in decline. The rise and fall of what? The West is in decline. At the setting of the sun. It just dawned on me. Louis XIV. The sun king. Westward HO! Greek and Latin, the voice of the state, an unheard voice. Make it known, make known what is already known. Sign on the dotted line. Sign in, sign off, log on, log off. Put it in writing. Sign on the dotted line. Are you *nuts*? A bunch of cliches, the feed from the city, chicken feed, dog food, Rene Clair. The American way. We owe a lot to our ancestors. Pay your debt to society while you still can. Open the door, close the window. The third estate. Meaningless drivel, a muttering machine, a garbage dump of words, trash, throw the dead bodies in a trench, in a ditch in a hole in the ground, without any dignity at all. Throw up. A dog returning to his vomit. The new day, a new day for mankind. Peace on earth. It hasn't dawned on him yet, the birth of civilization, from the cradle to the grave. Throw the bodies in a ditch, in a trench specially made for them. Get rid of them before it's too late. Before *they* come. Vade mecum whatever that means. Easy cradle rip off. Tempermental lingo, the voice of the steet. Don't lie, street talk, no street, no man on the street. The roaring inferno, next time the furnaces. We've got a lot to learn. When will you

ever learn? You're duh man. The truth of the matter. Who's to say? The common man, an average Joe, vox populi, the voice of the state, a clash of cultures. The melting pot and hell's kitchen, a flock of vultures, a herd of cows. A flash in the pan, turkey time. The way of the West, the way of all flesh. That's it--- proceed by association. That's how it works. A big cliché, all words are of equal value before the law. That was before. This is now. The time is now. The error of his ways. Utterly preposterous, completely ridiculous---Who would believe such crap? A trumped up theory of same kind. A big mess. Traffic was snarled for hours. The truth of the matter, the heart of the matter. Nattering nabobs. Speak now or forever hold your piece, your peace. Don't listen to him. You can't believe a word he says. He's talking trash. Get some advice, take council, seek council. Out to lunch, the sucker punch, out like a light. A big bunch of clichés. Where's the humor in that. They're perfectly serious. Don't believe a word of it. A deadly dirge, a funeral march, westward leading, still proceeding. Westward Ho! A dead end. A cul de sac. There's gold in them thar hills. The hills are alive...Western civilization is in decline. America on the move. You've heard all this before. The Diary of a Madman, the Tale of an Idiot, signifying nothing. You've heard it all before. Straight from the horse's mouth. Off the cuff. Isn't English colorful? A song on the radio. Winding down. Salt in their speech. That and only that. Where did you get this stuff, the doctor wants to know. Isn't English versatile? Get in touch. Consider the source. The wellspring of desire. Don't call me. I'll call you. Stay in touch. A flash in the pan. Tin pan alley. I'm talking to you. Say what?

Forget about it if you can. Deny all, a criminal, a big criminal, a big man. Man the criminal, man the justifier. Man the recorder. Man the measurer. Get it down on paper. The court stenographer. Keep notes, put it on a disc, put it in the cloud. Isn't that colorful. the language of a nerd. That smells gorgeous. What's that smell? A very important person. A big acronym, a huge acronym. The accordion effect, the English language, The American Way! The language of mathematics. At the risk of sounding like a bore. A big bore. Everyone knows it but him. He's the last to know. Boredom leads to insanity. He knows too much. A little bit of knowledge is a dangerous thing. That's the proposition I have. Boredom leads to insanity. That's the proposition. That's all I have to say. I'm losing interest fast. A new day is dawning. This country is in decline. Up with what? That's it! It's not the end of the world. It could be worse. The rantings of a fool, of a criminal. Son of Sam, the big criminal, the mass murderer, as I've said before. When will you ever learn? We learn from our mistakes. A matter of reasoning correctly, of reasoning at all. It doesn't matter. This doesn't make sense. Dollars and cents, the American Way, cash on the barrelhead. A bunch of backbiters---That's what we've got today. Anywhere you look, backbiters at work, biting away. One big cliché. Boredom it is then!. The END. More to say. Stop talking. Keep it positive. Stay on the right side of the law. Turn that thing down! Turn it off. Always on. Stop dead in your tracks. Hold it right there! There are plenty of dictionaries. Shut the fuck up! You're bothering me. Tone it down, work it down. Stay right there. Hold it! Come to the end, come to a conclusion. Die. Commit suicide.

World without end. Bigger and better. World without end. Hold it right there! Cut that out! Stop it. Cut to the action. Bye for now, the American way. I'm saying goodbye. The end of the day. The end of the way. Comes the dawn, the crepuscule, the dawn of civilization around here. I'm opting out. In a manner of speaking! Brook no opposites, no opposition. Shut the hell up. I wish you would. At the risk of sounding boring. Proceed at your own risk. The proceeds of the performance went to charity. Cash on the barrelhead. Salt in their speech. Assault and battery. Salt in our speech. If it isn't any good anymore, throw it out. A pun. Where's the humor in that? Bye for now. Somebody else's words. See you later. A demain. A little French, some Latin, some Greek. A mind of its own. The thing has a mind of its own. You choose--- me or her. Not that again. Please, Not that again. A huge cliché. Diddle down duck. Bye for now. Out with the light. Turning off for the day. Get some rest. My advice to you is just to get some rest. See you tomorrow. Just hang up. As they used to say: Put down the receiver. I'm perfectly serious. Where's the humor in that? I don't get it. The joke's on you. The jokes on me. A man of few words. A taciturn expression. A virile silence. A viral silence. Hang up.