

A FUNNY STORY TOLD BY
THE LAST THREE SAVIORS

...I know what you want.--- You want to kill me. To kill me n scoop my insides out with a big fork. To eat my insides up and consume my power. And then to wear my skin and dance around the fire like a God... a God... like an ethnocentric giant... like an erect engorged penis... like an erect potent sexual menace or threat or a warning... a threat or a promise...or a dictatorship. And then, then come the spring you'll plant and await the harvest...a harvest better and more meritocratic than any harvest before!--- and then you'll live happily n fat cat petty bourgeoisie ever after. And you'll build the fire again.... Come the new harvest....come the new harvest you'll dance and chant again. You'll wear the skin of the last savior and you'll moan and dance. You'll moan and sing and the fire will go higher n higher. —AND— ALL THE DEVILS WILL STAY AWAY— !

And that is the funniest story ever.

Why, I oughtta...

Kiss me, Slobber Lips, I'm thirsty!--- Nuck nuck nuck!

Sincerely,

Who's yer wreckage?---

LarryMoeCurley Oedipus-Jesus, Mmmm!—Hmmm!—

Babe B? Oh— your test tube is so— Thrilling!

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COMMODIFY YOUR POOPDADA WANDERNESS

Dear Wondering Wandering Cluelessness,

Today we are wandering lost n wondering
Wondering what Roto Rooter has to say about ethics and social
representation and social roles... Should they be hot n buttery
like the Pillsbury Dough Boy?... hmmm...? Should they be hot n
buttery, amen? Uuuu!...A-aaah!...?

SpiritComeDown! Come on down, Roto Rooter— show us the
WHOA!--- show us the WHIP way! Tickle the Demographic! Teach us!
Teach us! O, Roto Rooter Man get together with Dove Lady and lead
us! Plough us thru the shit! O, Mr. Clean us up! Make us Softies! 2-Ply,
maybe. With X-tra sheets...?

O! Ready us for offering!--- O, it puts the oil on its skin!...O!---it puts—
the oil on its skin... Of Olay! And it goes out and it gets ready to
buybuybuy! To buy, borrow, steal Meaning out of the wild— the
Wild Wild PoopDada Wanderness

OH!--- NO!---

No no no no no...yes... ?

In Madison Avenues Hungry Holy and Thousand Secret Names
Which Thunder in our ears continuously...like the ABYSS...
And if we are prosperous enough... promise they will love us — BACK—
Into existence— just one more time ...
We pray...for a clue... so lost... and... 10% off...
At Last?

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AND WINDY IS THE NAME THAT I'D USE TO DESCRIBE:
(with slightly surreal reference to a 60s pop song by the musical
group The Association titled WENDY to kick off this ramble...)

I'd like to ride on the Christmas Freeway with my head out the window, shooting bullets at the other cars with a bow instead of a gun, before my skin goes on strike for better accommodations, and see if the trip ever ended at Happiness and Fulfillment and the Magic-Me-Ness which we're all supposed to want, X-Marks-the-Spot, o, I can finally rest-I'm at home, which it never does, being just another room with a trapdoor in the never ending multiverse with another trap door into a room with another trap door, & another, & another, and another, but in this case, in this one room, we get a Hebrew National with mustard to go, and better gas mileage, and we ditch the bullets with the old car and get in a snowball fight at a hundred miles an hour in a new one, a flying car, a flying car you call The Guided Sentence, sort of like in the Jetsons, and you'd think that would be more confused somehow, but it's not, so you take the next exit, the sentence that says, ONE MILE: Damascus Road "If You Lived Here, You'd Be Home By Now", where, if/when the bell tolls, it tolls for Santa, who lives here, at Santa, Santa Barbara, and goes forth, right now, & you slow up a bit and you're lookin' right at him, in the guise of a woman named Barbara, and they named the town after her, after him, after him-after her, after him/her, Santa Barbara, and you say to yourself, does that woman have a beard and a penis, and you yell at yourself at the same time, shut up, don't ask questions, it's none of your business, just drive, you asshole, and you do, so/then God strikes you blind 'cause you're not a Member of His church, and you keep driving while screaming, A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A, at the windshield, and then you pass out, and then you come to, come to still driving, and then you drive into the town of Damascus, & God lets you alone 'cause you've promised that you'll be good, & you can see again, you've been healed, and Paul and Timmy are out in front of their condo standing in the driveway waiting for you, 'cause it's that kind of a multiverse, it's not all for you, the coal in your stocking with the nasty note from Barbara at Christmas last July 4th made that much clear, in fact, hardly any of this 'verse is for you, almost none at all, just, say, this much: from the top of this piece that's ALL IN CAPS: AND WINDY IS THE NAME...to the last dash, that's yours, that's all, you sad, bad, homeless bastard, you— but you'll have to check the rest of everything you want with the Tenants Association, and the head of it, a woman named Wendy, and her husband BillingsandCharging, who just go on n on about rules this and rules that, and maybe you'll have to pay extra to spend time here with Paul and Timmy, because YOUR SENTENCE IS TOO LONG, they're right on you, right up in your face almost— you can't park it here, says Windy/Wendy, NO-NO, you can't ,she screams... not even overnight or for a quick

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bathroom stop, n-o = no and she goes on n on n on n on, as if she’s being watched, side eyeing the whole time, either by God and being graded or by Santa/Barbara, and if she stops she’ll get written up for stopping, for being “naughty” instead of “nice”, and you try to talk to her but it just makes things worse, she keeps looking for Billings who’s nowhere to be seen now, he’s wandered off after a girl who was standing on a nearby corner in hot pants and 10 inch heels and a skimpy halter, with glitter in her hair, and finally Wendy/Windy starts crying when you ask if you can get a drink of water, when you stop her, interrupt her screed for just ONE moment —help, help, she says, THIS HAS TO STOP SHE SAYS, IT’S GONE ON TOO LONG! WE’RE ALL IN SO MUCH TROUBLE, WE’LL HAVE TO MOVE TO ANOTHER UNIVERSE WITH ALL NEW GODS AND NEIGHBORS AND CONDO REGULATIONS AND I WON’T KNOW ANYBODY THERE— helphelphelp, she cries in a reedy little voice, then changes her cries back to bellows, then changes her bellows to roars after consulting a thesaurus, help-help-help, she exclaims, Po-li-iice, and that goes on for eight or 10 minutes and the police come and they try to be X-tra helpful because Santa is watching and He knows who’s naughty or nice, and He’s Gods nephew, it turns out, Paul and Timmy kind of fretfully stage whisper it to you so they can be heard over Wendy/Windy, and Wendy/Windy is Santa’s cousin it turns out also who used to be called “Mary, Mother of Odds”, because BillingsandCharges was also a bookie back then who took bets on God’s Mercies — from the “suckers”--- back when Wendy was Mary, when she was pimped out by BillingsandCharging and now everybody turns to her to reach God or Santa or the DPW or the City Council, “when will the garbage be picked up, is Moon Day a holiday, if, then, what, why...”, and the cops consider shooting everyone there for awhile, and, also, to be fair, themselves, mostly because they’re bored to pieces and because Wendy/Windy is still screaming, it’s gone on so long Paul and Timmy have left and started a whole new religion bringing the “good news of Christmas and Santa/Barabara to this/this world with its life sentence”, and it’s going on for years and years now, she’s really getting on everyone’s last nerve, and what happens finally is, a neighbor of Paul and Timmy who’s an old retired newspaper professional, finally comes out to see what all the fuss is about, and he looks us all over awhile, disdainfully, you can tell, and he considers the predicament we’re in, we’re all in in this endless sentence/world— and what he does then is he just walks right over to the bottom of the last page, just the way old timers in any multiverse do when they’ve had enough foolishness and they decide to wrap it all up, and they

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walk right over to the bottom of this page in this parallel universe that has broken through into the one you're presently in, and they simply put us all out of our misery, and bring all the worlds to an end as foretold in The Whole Other Earths Catalog by typing:

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& that's all we wrote, period.

And the thing about the old guy? —The really old guy who saves us? Turns out he's Wendy/Windy's/Mary's son. — And me? Turns out I'm also Windy, but you already knew that,

didn't ya?---

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WHEN COMMUNISM WAS YOUNG

When Communism was young it had a family history of hardship. And the European Union wouldn't even date them. Well, it dated Communism ONCE, But only so it could tell communism it wasn't EVER going to date it again.--- The European Union was going to date Critical Race Theory instead.... Because it was in LOVE with Critical Race Theory, or CRIT as the European Union nicknamed it. And, no, CRIT hadn't actually asked the European Union out yet, but— the European Union was just sure that it would once it WOKE up and realized that the U.S. A. that it was going out with now was just a cruel and conceited cheap round heeled slut!--- The European Union was just sure this was about to happen! SURE!!!!---And Young Communism, when it heard this said out loud , secretly thought to itself, well, wait a minute...maybe I just dodged a bullet.---This European Union is one crazy bitch.

But, still, after Young Communism dropped the European Union off at its house at the end of their date, it couldn't help but entertain thoughts, once again, or more like very vivid hallucinations, really, of the European Union's long, toned, beautiful gams, and honey blonde hair, and, also, wondering, idly, lingeringly, if her luscious silky hair was the same color and near the same texture all over, over and over, again and again. And— Communism became almost mad, became so jealous, even on the brief ride home back to Vladivostok, that despite its better angels, it couldn't help but come to hate Critical Race Theory for the most of the rest of its hardship, hard luck life. Even after it moved to London.

But, not long after that too bad, terrible date the European Union's dad took a new young partner into its practice. And that new partner started opening pill mill pain clinics all up and down along the river and into the hills. And that Dr.s name was Critical Race Theory's Daddy's and Mommy's address— 1619!

And they slept very well, all of them, indeedy, yes they did, thank you very much, because they had the pills. They got a discount. They knew all the Dr.s, though, later, they did have to sell a pre-adolescent dependent cousin to a pedophile to feed their addictions....and, there was a bunch of other stuff, too...Critical Race Theory went from being Homecoming King to working as muscle for a loan shark, breaking the bones of many who had voted him King, and ended up doing 5 to 10

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at Lucasville max security prison on a racketeering charge. Which, surprisingly, in the end, only made Communism feel sad when told of it by a happy old classmate.

And, oh, yeah, Critical Race Theory had about a hundred bastards with that ugly slag the U. S. of A. and the European Union never even got a kiss, hardly. Though it did get a couple of fucks over a closed Bob Evans table.

But, not to worry, everyone felt demeaned when all was said and done, and were, to be sure and in fact, demeaned and diminished a lot, fucking hell, brothers & sisters. —

O, yes, we were.

