

Afterthoughts & Notes 2022, *A Seamy Fit*
(most likely for) chapter 34 & 35

CHAPTER 34

“They spin a turntable choked with tactics; which tactic will they choose this time? They keep throwing comments at me, complete strangers, repeat strangers in my vicinity in different cities.” “Sounds like waterboarding—the ole ‘Chinese water torture’—pain without leaving a mark—the technique takes a while but is effective and it becomes efficient for the instigators.” “It’s true! What they do is like waterboarding. They do stupid things like reinsert a typo I’d already corrected or delete an entire page of new writing I’d added, stupid things like that.” “To make you look like a fool, or what?” “To make me look like a major dimwit, sure, a fool, what have you. It is very much like that pipe dripping a drop of water in the same place on a chained prisoner for a year until just that miniscule waterdroplet bouncing off the skin becomes unbearable, like a bludgeoning, those typos they do to me. I think they like to locate my typos in their keystroking software—” “They keystroke your keyboarding? Meaning they have a robot that keeps track of everything that you type? And when you finish typing, say, a letter to the Belling University—” “Or wherever. That’s right, they go on in and swap out my perfected version with some clumsy stupid misstroke, such as the way I sometimes mash up the word ‘and’ into ‘nad’—” “And they replace your ‘and’ with a ‘nad’ for comic effect, ad infinitum.” “That’s right! I imagine them cackling like hens at their hacking a letter to Belling U or wherever.” “And what they do, nad they do it well, it sounds like, what they do appears to be of miniscule damage, unless a witness is aware of the length of time that drop of syntax has been hitting you in the same place long enough to hurt—” “—and most of the witnesses are unaware, unbelieving, or corrupt!” “Corrupt, being part of the clan doing harm to their victims’ output.” “Yes. My life. They damage my life. Much of the time they do stuff that they can all blame on me doing to myself, that’s their delusion, that I do the stuff they do to me to myself. As though they’re innocent and somehow have spotted a nitwit doing classy elegant and important things, such as a letter to Belling, what have you. Interesting, your choice of words: ‘the Klan’ doing harm to me.” “Do you think it’s the Ku Klux Klan?” “Do you?” “How would I know? Why do you think I’m innocent?” “I don’t. I don’t necessarily think you’re innocent. But I haven’t seen you do anything to make me suspect... How ironic if it is the KKK, me being white.” “Ironic unless the Klan has merged with the Panthers in a pact hinging on separatism yet really all it is is setting themselves up for a violent century with dismal failure as a society for their kids and grandkids.” “I know! Plus the people who I suspect most from my past don’t have any kids or they’ve lost custody of their kids, making them immune to worry about the next generation. They all hate kids, is my guess! What’s the opposite of philia?” “Phobia, close enough.” “My enemies are pedophobics, even if they’re surrounded by children. Underneath they’re pedophobics.” “Because you’re a pedophile?” “Because I love children, sure, that’s a good reason.” “Pedomisia is a better term for what your enemies appear to have, if they hate rather than fear kids.” “Pedomisia? Whatever’s wrong with them, they’re sure a bunch of agitators.”

“A turntable of tactics—which old-lady-who-wants-to-be-a-widower tactic will they choose? A spin like roulette occasionally benefits the recipient.”

“Witless witches, wayward Wiccans, that’s who they are.”

“I am convinced that if we succumb to the temptation to use violence in our struggle for freedom, unborn generations will be the recipients of a long and desolate night of bitterness, and our chief legacy to them will be a neverending reign of chaos.” “Who said that?” “The reverend MLK Jr, Junior.” “Way back then? Before this decade’s Covid sanctioning?”

“Entire zipcodes were wiped out and shut down by the USPS during Covid-19 sanctions, that’s true. At least three in the northwest.” “I hear the USPS eliminated entrance exams to becoming a postal worker. Now they don’t care if you can alphabetize or match numbers in a sequence. A dyslexic could get hired by the United States post office these days.”

“Doing sacred rites to survive.”

“Naloxone (Narcan) claims to ‘reverse overdoses’ of buprenorphine, codeine, fentanyl, heroin, hydrocodone, methadone, oxycodone.”

“Books? Sanctuaries of the mind.”

“Tell your peeps that they are peepholes.”

“What was it you said last week? Booksmart doesn’t count as smart? Hello? Not talking to me again, are you? Two can play at that game.”

“Quantum mechanics—and plagiarizing peoples’ thoughts, allegedly, with technology—that will be the new debate.” “It’s true. They’ll be calling somebody’s free will their own, technology, and try to claim intellectual property rights right out of peoples’ brains.”

“Fats, fems, freaks! We still hate those guys, right? We were told to ostracize the fats, fems and freaks as kids and now as adults we still do that to those people!” “Yes, but, Doofus, you’re now fat and I’m now a freak.” “We didn’t do this to ourselves! You’re fat because in college that opponent smashed your knee out on the field and you had to quit all heavy athletics. I’m a freak because my wife crashed the car and my body was permanently altered in the accident.” “You’re right. We still hate those fats, fems and freaks, same as when we were in grade 5.”

“Orbison? Disney’s Miramax doing that ‘Pretty Woman’ film about prostitution, late 1980s.”

Ike & Tina Turner, Adam Levine, Dinosaur Jr, Wham!, Lightning Seeds, Robert Plant, Selena, Ricky Martin, Sugarcubes or Björk, Tia Carrera, Streisand, Kenny Rogers, will.i.am, et al. “L.i.am.”

“I’m drunk, I’m leaving.” “No! ‘You’re the reason I believe in love’... I need you to stay.”

“An evangelic, Dave Ramsey gives a talk on how to give your kids money while helping develop their character.”

“Dads who lecture, punish and tease their kids are more effective?”

“Undercovers are busting the underage, mostly. You can spot them right off! ‘Better to overdo than underdo’ must be their motto, mantra and method. They still look like ‘Starsky & Hutch’ or the cast of that sober show ‘Mom’.”

“Gotcha” (film & clothing), “I’d do anything to make love to you!” “I’d do anything with motocross as a theme.”

“It’s not illegal to lampoon a star!” “Riffing on celebrities is legal!” “I am full of impunity, dissing those overpaid partisan celebrities!”

“Amy Schumer is doing the Oscars this year, is the buzz I heard!” “We can all expect crude behavior, for starters, in March! Or is it February, for the Oscars? I forget.” “2022 is right around the corner.” “The corner of what?” “The corner of New Year’s eve.” “Sounds like a movie title: ‘Right Around the Corner of New Year’s Eve’.” “Or just: ‘New Year’s Eve’.” “There’s already a movie titled ‘New Year’s Eve’ starring Halle Berry, Robert De Niro, Ashton Kutcher... I guess it was kinda worthless, judging by the box office numbers.” “I’ve seen that movie. It stank. Produced by nondrinkers surely.” “If Schumer wrote another script—she said she quit writing scripts, after her midnight ‘Trainwreck’ audience got shot with semi-automatic weapons—if ASchu wrote another script, it would have to be ‘Around the Corner of New Year’s Eve’.” “Or just: ‘New Year’s Eve’.” “But there’s already a movie with that title! That’s plagiarism.” “I think all titles are free-reign in the intellectual property department. You know, like ‘Crash’. Same title for two very different films released within a few years of each other.” “I have no time to check the lawbooks. What I can do is search the net for a lawsuit about the title ‘Crash’!” “Any luck?” “Nope, you’re right, ASchu can use any title she likes.” “Why do you call her Ah-shoe?” “It took a sec for me to figure out who Aschu is. I haven’t heard that nickname before.” “A shoe? Like, the old woman who lived in a shoe, the one with all the children? Has Amy Schumer been adopting? Like Goldie Hawn did, right? Like that movie ‘Overboard’ only in triplicate in her real life?” “Know, it’s A, for Amy, and Schu, for Schumer. Aschu.” “It’s a nickname she gave herself.” “Hokey.” “As a joke, I think. The nickname is her joke.” “The joke is that nobody can give themselves a nickname. That’s the joke.” “I wonder if Aschu understands that.” “You never know with blondes.” “And she’s a dirty one, a dirty blond.” “Kinky and dirty. One of the few comics who admits to being promiscuous.” “How kinky and dirty is she?” “As bad as she wants to be! She complains about getting only \$11 Million for an hour comedy act, when other comics, say Chris Rock, gets \$22 Million per hour of stand-up.” “That’s absurd. That amount of money.” “She’s funny. He’s twice as funny as she is. Makes sense to me.”

“‘Police Academy’?” “I hate cop movies, and cops in general.” “Why do you hate cops?” “Would you shut your mouth?” “About what, cops?” “Do not mention the police! You’ll

lead them right to me, and I'm holding." "There's one right over there. And he's looking right at ya!" "That's my drug connect." "Exactly."

"Julia Louis-Dreyfus is a man-basher! Her show 'Veep' has a middle-aged man deciding that his genitalia must be 'just for decoration' after age 50. Horrible writing! A slam against men because she went menopausal at that age, is my guess." "She's older than that." "They're all older than we think." "Did you hear Dreyfus is completely bald? Alopecia." "She got her alopecia corrected, all that moolah, you know, she's made. Celebrities like her can do almost anything." "That's right! Jerry Seinfeld can fly like superman with several of his millionaire gadgets." "Julia L-D was funny, though, and intelligent. She thought up that whole riff on Paris's Chunnel for the show." "That Luddite joke? She thought up that joke for the Seinfeld show?" "What Luddite joke about the Chunnel? I don't remember that episode." "It doesn't exist. It's just a movie they all talk about seeing, 'Chunnel'. There's no Luddite joke." "I bet they edited that episode and destroyed the evidence of Luddites in it." "You're wrong." "I know I saw it! Did I dream it or something?"

"How to put a shroud on a puppet on strings." "Huh?" "I'm working on some poetry. I was thinking of that band, that old band, the one my aunt and uncle liked enough to play for me, the Meat Puppets. They scared me when I was little! I always wanted to put shrouds on them, just put them to bed in a mausoleum, under shrouds." "Who? Your aunt and uncle or the Meat Puppet bandmembers?" "All of them."

"Holoworld! My guess is, this planet is called Holoworld, on the other side. My guess is that a whole lifetime on Holoworld costs about a dollar. We maybe get bonus lives when we're here if we do things wrong or right." "Hollow world?" "Holoworld! You get it." "Nope." "Whatever this planet is, I wanna get off." "I just wanna get off! That's a lyric from a Dandy Warhol song." "Completely different context with wordplay." "Erma Bombeck said 'Stop the world, I wanna get off,' wasn't it her? My grandmother had all of the Erm Bombeck books from the 1970s in her bookshelf whenever I visited." "Holoworld is my senior show. I've just decided." "How are you gonna make it hollow?" "Make it holo? I dunno. I have a whole two semesters to figure that out. Also how to work in the Pangea theory. It's gotta be a moving hologram. Like a motion picture holo." "Oh, that kind of holo. You're smart for a physics/art major. I get it now."

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"Political cartoons... Celebrities are fair game, to poke fun at. Public Figures is the legal term for those people we can feel free to lampoon. Who's trying to sue? It's in our constitution, our lawbooks. All of us know even bad press is good press, right? The hoi polloi did know it once."

"Black helicopter? Dudes, they're using a FLIR camera—to detect who's growing, more than 12 plants in legal states." "Hydroponics grow underground and avoid the DEA." "A FLIR is infrared, to detect the warmth of grow-rooms, even below ground." "How does anyone grow enough to thrive anymore?" "It's tech today. Potheads cannot prosper anymore." "That's nothing! Cops and agents are tech-savvy now. They've got a few tons

of tech to use. Beltcams, x-ray cameras in their dashboards to scan through steel trunks and trucks, handwipes that detect all the major illicit drugs, anything you can think of, they've got access to nowadays." "I'm gonna get one of those RVs from the movie 'Stripes' and get it all decked out, block their cameras, and park it on my own property, all the while digging an underground bunker beneath it, that's the way I'm gonna win." "Good luck with that."

"'Breakfast at Tiffany's' is a major film! Aside the retardant ex dance partner of Judy Garland, what was his name? He did yellow face. What was his name? he did he that movie 'Tim'?" "That was Mel Gibson, playing the retard Tim." "Was it Robert Walker? From 'The Clock'. Judy and he didn't dance much, but." "I did like 'The Clock'!" "How do you know all these old actors' names?" "Mickey Rooney did the yellow face, as the landlord in 'Breakfast at Tiffany's'." "That was a long time ago! Times have changed." "Current, a testament to Audrey Hepburn's genius, Holly Golightly, flitting through New York, a hundred years ago. The filmscript wrecks havoc on the novella." "And as I recall I think we both kinda liked it'—music about the film, not the novella—those Bare Naked Ladies men!" "Hollywoodland invention? Excellent script, from drivel, that caught on with the masses." "I prefer the book, not."

Erin Dorsey doles tiny blotter LSD ("the symbol doses") with a loupe.

"I saw 'Ford v Ferrari' and I adore Bradley Cooper, even as a Brit. Funny, the British invasion again, to cement USA's Ford as a company that outwits aristocracy, in the form of Ferrari, with American-made cars. Three, four years of beating the pampered elite Ferrari team with heart and venom. 1966 through 1969, with a torque unparalleled." "The '60s were necessary. That decade threw some of the elite overboard. Not only tech-automotive, but also sports administration and proplayers on the field. *Paper Lions* was the immersion journalism nerd attack against lunkheaded athletes who believed 'good bones equals superior athletic ability' when in fact George Plimpton proves in that book that tenacity and soul outweigh the perfection of aesthetics on the gridiron." "Feel very afraid that calf-size ain't a quotient to playing good football." "I dunno. Maybe we need to do the '60's again? Racism, integration, economic disparity, the academic canons, dull rock'n'roll..." "Grunge in the '90s didn't last longer than as a fashion prototype, with a few excellent improvements to rock-n-roll."

"The novel *Chimera* embodies the 1970s, with its lax attitudes about underage kids having sex; a 12-year-old half-sister sits at the foot of the bed while her 15-year-old sibling gets sexual experience via the king; this goes on for three years until the elder marries the king at age 18; the crux is, the girls were experimenting without him anyway, lesbianism plus other nasty acts such as dildos and doing it with their dogs and pet monkeys and whatever else was handy. That's the first third, anyhow. Perseus and Medusa et alii get psychedelic in the middle chunk of the novel as they live life according to their hieroglyphics and scrolls have preordained their experiences; they get involved with the art they live amongst, imitate the art that they probably inspired before they understood somebodies were keeping track of whatever they did. I like Barth's use of the eternal; his eloquence and insipidness pale next to his use of, what was that, the disappearing letters as etched in the sand of a desert by gods enduring the agony of

being an Earthbound mortal human being. The gods were like us; maybe they were pampered and spoiled with too much money, too much gold and too many diamonds.”

DeKooning and Rauschenberg et al. Convo about “horizon(tal) lines”.

Bush “Everything Zen” and the Zenlike Warhol Museum in PA.

Pittsburgh PA’s Kennywood 1899 v Hollywood 1923?
Fracking ND? Hookers and crack and hotels full, RVs necessary?
Being “dead inside” at the Deadwood in Iowa City, IA?
Starving at The Hungry Mind in Minneapolis, MN?
Serial Killer spot of the USA is still WI?
Rapid City is gentrified to near-death in SD?
Valparaiso, IN “Valpo” joke?
AK freebies and fear of freezing to death?

Sean Penn doing “‘Into the Wild’ as director and ‘Milk’ as actor”, plus Robin Wright Penn in “Forrest Gump” (suicide glam) with “sex-noises of Hanks’ ma fuckin’ the principal to get him into school with an IQ below the limit of 80?” “Justin Bieber reportedly has an IQ of around 85.” “That’s why he’s always throwing eggs at people, partying on his roof, that sort of activity, instead of creating a charity org or joining Greenpeace.” “I don’t think doing charity equals intelligence. Maybe.”

“The Weatherman” is “anti-ped photographer Nic(k) Cage, whose character in the film pummels a middle-aged man for showing interest in his 15-year-old son who willingly poses for a photoshoot without his shirt, while at the same time the creep is a pro ‘camel toe’ dad who supports his pudgy 12-year-old daughter and praises her sexuality”.

“Here’s a good quote by that drunk poet you like, Charles Bukowski: ‘They figured out I was dumb, too dumb to steal, so that’s why they chose me... I didn’t give a damn. I was ready to go down to Skid Row. I was tired of it all. Screw it. I think my writing is really powerful stuff... [Now I’ve got] two Acuras in the driveway and a swimmingpool.’” “Do you remember ‘Terminator 3’? The actor who plays John Connor in that movie disappeared to Skid Row in LA. Several times, for weeks and weeks! It was like the writer Spalding Gray disappearing and reappearing into tropical rainforests all the time. Sounds popular among those artists you seem to adore.” “Do you know Bukowski’s epithet? ‘Don’t Try!’. Creeps like you shouldn’t try living a lifestyle like that.” “Creeps like you, too!” “I like U2. Is this them on the barzac?” “Barzac? Oh, muzac, barzac. I get you, you creepy budding Bukowski. Barzac.” “The soundscape? It’s a soundtrack—the ‘soundtrack of our lives’! Who said that?” “Who cares. Let’s try another floor of this place.”

“Dark matter makes up 23-30% of outerspace. Do you know what dark matter is?” “Something to do with void and substance, right?” “Sorta. Dark matter is more mysterious than a void. I’m calculating a new theory about void and substance switching places every millennium. It’s gotta take some mystery dark matter to do that.”

“I like that band, Tool. There’s a new cover of an old 1990s song called ‘Sober’ that’s sung by a teenage girl. She’s hot right now.” “Check her out when she’s 18 and lemme know, ‘k?” “Sure thing.”

“You know how John Lennon from the Beatles was shot by a man named Chapman who was reading Salinger’s *Catcher in the Rye*? There’s an alternate theory going around, about how Stephen King shot Lennon.” “Stephen King the horror writer?” “Makes sense! The parallels of the book-reader and the book-writer.” “If King even writes his own material. He’s probably like James Patterson, adding a few sentences to a book written by another person, and calling it his own. I mean, if they do that.” “At least Patterson includes the name of the other writer on his bookcovers.” “He does now, yes.” “Who’s the alternate shooter of Ronald Reagan? Maybe John Hinkley didn’t do it for Jodi Foster, like every history book says. Maybe it was somebody else like Stephen King, who shot Reagan. That assassination attempt they blamed on a pedophile who was in love with the actress who played a child prostitute: John Hinkley Jr.” “Maybe Stephen King did that shooting too? It was the same year almost.”

Vesper/Vespa convo.

A “Stonewall ‘Riot’” history advocate.

Agitators from Galatians, Asia Minor tie-in with Hugh Gabe Reilley (sp?) going to visit Asia Minor with his 12-year-old boy lover.

“The movie ‘Dark Matter’—which is marvelously acted yet has some continuity problems—sheds some light on why certain students ‘go postal’ and hence we have all of these mass shootings.”

“You know how it’s been very warm this November? Last week, I was walking around downtown doing my errands, and a pigeon followed me, the whole time, from street to street.” “Downtown where?” “Here! Right here in Capitol City. I was terrorized.” “A real pigeon, a skyrat? Or are you using a code, for a person.” “No! It was a skyrat! A real bird. It just kept following me, from store to store.” “Those things can get inside stores too. They know how to set off the motion-detectors to open the automatic doors.” “Scary!”

“‘Reno 9-1-1’ and ‘Feds’ are hilarious proofs, ridiculing the police and federal agents. They’re human beings too, and they can be hilarious.” “You’re citing comedy genre TV shows and movies. What about ‘Bad Lieutenant’ or ‘Maniac Cop’ and that Muslim flick ‘Traitor’? All of those cops and feds are Nazis, or worse.”

“A squirrel moves like a slinky going up or down stairs—have you seen that HBO cartoon ‘Animals’? I see those squirrel models all the time.” “You what? Where do you see those squirrels from ‘Animals’?” “They’re always in those parks where all the other wildlife is dead, you know, like somebody just let the trained perfect squirrels out of a cage, to entertain me.”

“Serious change comin’, seriously.” “Did you hear that hobo? He thinks he’s hilarious, riffing on the word ‘change’.” “Why? I don’t get it.” “Either do I. Are you on the hobo’s side here?” “He’s telling people that change is coming, you know, to society, while at the same time he’s casting a spell, telling himself that he’s gonna get some spare change whenever he gets to panhandling this bar!” “I don’t think he understands what he’s saying. Those homeless people are demented and society shuns them. Who wants a beggar as an employee? It’d be all: ‘Can I get a raise?’ every few hours from them.” “Again, the hobos might be funning with you and their bosses! ‘Can I get a raise’ might mean they want to explore having sex with the boss.” “The male ones.” “The female ones too! They’d be wanting to get an erection on the boss either way.” “See what I mean? They’re always wanting something.” “That’s enough about phonetics and euphemisms! I don’t beg for spare coins, dollar bills, never have. Why is it all I do is try to enjoy myself, buy a few pricey drinks, listen to some good music, and you rich fucks keep gossiping and ruining my every paltry indulgence?” “Is that hobo talking to us?” “I doubt it. They’re all demented, like I said. He’s talking to himself.” “That’s right! I’m talking to myself. Serious change is comin’ to everyone but me. I’m shunned by society and would only bug my boss for raises every few hours if I were to get hired anyplace.” “At least this one knows how we feel!” “He’s demented, you said.” “Yeah.”

“Our planet Earth is a reform school for maverick beings.” “Sort of, more like this planet is purgatory, but you get the idea.”

CHAPTER 35

Quarantine list was deleted yet returned from previous drafts; delete the stray notes from end of chapter 35.

Greta’s acid trips count: 4 or 25? due to FBI hubby’s interrogations and suggestions, as pondered upon during her colossal shit. Add that Greta borrowed Wilma’s art items during college to create her chemlab cheatsheet permitted for the final exam; she got a C+ anyhow after realizing an hour before the test that the thick intricately inked paper had been stolen or “lost” (stolen by Sheila, who thought it was acid).

Revisit Ian Silly’s lingering suspicion about Izzy, whom he’d forgotten about during the previous interview with Jack re Marvin, after being interrupted by a doorbell; being drunk at the gathering Ian would confront Izzy in chapter 35. Sample dialog: “Izzy, Izzy Anderson, the roommate of Jack Catch during Marvin Kennelly’s disappearance during Spring Break 1995! You’re supposed to be in Rome, according to the data.” Izzy: “It sounds like you’re still on the case of Marvin Kennelly.” “I am still on the case! I made my ex-wife get a job in the music arts as my secret agent. That’s why D and I are at this party.” “I do have a place in Rome. I feel meso-meso about Rome so usually I stay here, ‘underground’ at Jack’s. You found me.” “I suspect you had a hand in whatever happened to Marvin.” “Me? Honey pie, why would you suspect little old me? I’m a fiction writer who does discreet readings of my stories. Would you like to hear one that I’ve been working on?”

Riff on Wilma's pixie-cut hairstyle: "What happened to you? (Your short hair and washed-out complexion, Wilma!) You look like a piece of chalk." "Which color chalk? Is my foundation too light or too dark?" "Too pale! I'm waiting for Ruth Gordon to serve us all some 'chocolate mouse' mousse." "Get over it! I've got enough to worry about without somebody not on the guest list crashing this get-together."

END NOTES 2022 FOR A *SEAMY FIT*