



I once fell asleep during a really boring panel on Linguistics and Languages. I really did fall into a deep sleep because I remember dreaming about a demonstration in which the protesters advocated The Death of Meaning. They had a truly hypnotic chant that went like this:

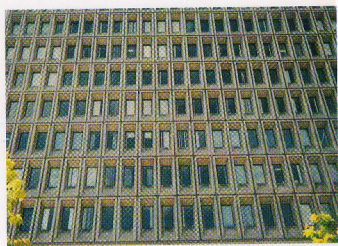
Cut it up
Cut and past
Billy Burrough
Billy Gates

food / good

water / later word / work pants / parts cool / fool warm / harm

smoke / spoke long / song

That young woman on the corner who sort of busks – she plays an invisible instrument I presume to be a turntable. Actually, she did used to make music. She made it and then she remade it. Samplers and sequencers and whatevers. Either she got ripped off by junkies or credit managers or by some unwitting agents of the corporate state. She never talked. That is, I mean, verbally. She didn't have to. She could quote. But just because she has had her voices stolen doesn't mean she needs to stoop to words. To this day, when people make requests she doesn't verbally agree. But, believe me, she plays what the pedestrians want to hear.



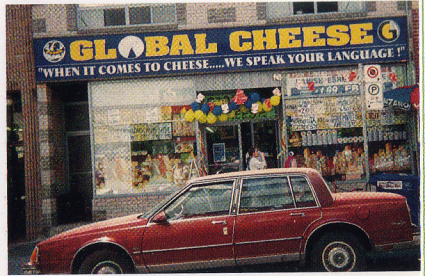
fake
walk
shaft
ocket
metal
snort
sliver
/ best
/ kiss
tune

RIOTING IS FOR STUPID PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO COMMUNICATE

I know where this is coming from but I don't like it. I agree that violence is both the ultimate communication and the ultimate failure of rhetoric. And I agree that strained attempts at communication between people who really do have nothing to say to one another does often lead to the breakdown of rhetoric. But this is all too grim, too damn utilitarian. Like, where is the music? Where are the double entendres and the bon mots? Don't kill people, kill time and kill it with some flair! That is a very queer way of occupying space.

gender/bender suck/fuck drag/drug leather/weather boy/toy man/map swell/smell well/wall list/lust





Now, there's another silent type. But I know how he talks – selectively. Not only when money is involved but also sex and drugs. Look at him, he's a bit long in the tooth shall we agree? So he hustles at the Oak Leaf Steam Baths – Best Steam in town since 1939 P.S.MEN ONLY. He charges closeted piano teachers minimal expenses for quick blowjobs. But it all adds up. And of course it all goes back into the pipe. But, in his very own way, our past-his-prime hustler has got the Holy Trinity all figured out. Money, Sex, and Drugs – not necessarily in that particular order.

house / horse fun / sun car / cat health / wealth money / honey
drink / drunk hot / not cold / sold crash / clash freud / fraud

There's one verbal masturbator I see all the time, walking past the panhandlers at Queen and Bathurst, perfectly unaware of their existence. Some of my friends think he's some sort of mathematical sound poet; some of them think he's some sort of mad scientist trying to prove that $E=mc^3$ rather than mc^2 .

But I know what he is. He's a crossword puzzle addict, a true practitioner. I've seen this seventy-five year old gentleman sitting in this trendy post-queer bar, nursing one draught all night and systematically attacking his puzzle. The waiter loathes this anti-customer but the bartender finds the man fascinating.



M.D./ M.P./ P.R./ O.J./ D.J./ P.S./ B.S./ T.V. T.V. ?

Wait a minute! Is that television or transvestite?

That' as good a demarcation as I've ever heard or seen!

THERE ARE NOMADS
AND THEN
THERE ARE NOMADS

Much better. NOMAD is a wonderful world. It is oppositional to tourist. It is oppositional to schizoid or schizophrenic. It can mean No Fixed Address by choice as well as due to economic and other realities. Nomads are aware that they are occupying different spaces and they're too smart to claim these spaces as their own. I mean, one can also be a nomad while being constricted within a two or three block radius.

slow / blow
ge / charge
spot / shot
tick / tock
no / go
mb / womb
rock / cock
top / cop
and / sound
the / she

