Memory Bureau by Doru Chirodea

Contributed by Doru Chirodea

Doru Chirodea Â Duck Catering Toxic Honk Â Honk Â Chicago April 22 1986 Â Driving South on Broadway. At Belmont, red light. I keep left so I may take Belmont toward the lake. Left arrow blinks, guy ahead ain't movin. I wait. Cop car pulls parallel on my right. Cop takes a look at me. I gently buzz the fucker in front of me. Arrow's gone. Another 45 seconds pass. I squeeze the horn once more. Cop turns his head to me. Police car remains stopped and blocks all traffic behind it. Green for forward, green arrow for left. I wait. Sucker ahead still still-dead. I claxon him kinda 4-5 times. Cop leans over and asks: Why do you honk? Â Honk?... Honkhonk? Whatta hell's Honk? What does it mean? Have no clue. Me bad English betrays me once again. Ve got no idea what this cop's Honk might be. I realize I got no time to fuck around about vocabulary intricacies so I go: Â - What Honk? Me? I don know Honk! What Honk? I No Honk! Â - Pull Over Philosopher! Barks Da Cop. License and Registration!? Â - Here! Â - Getta fuck outta vehicle an spread yr legs! Â - Where you from, wetback? Â - Ro Mania. Â - Next time hold your noiz, Jack! Â -Yesss Sir! Me never noise again! Â - An fuckin go back to your WhatevaMania before m gonna split ur ass! Â I hear from an Irish friend Eliade died today, his resolute mahaparanirvana and all the other what a loss stuff. University of Chicago, a blinding white enclave far down on the Black South Side. Two great bookstores thou down there. But fuck Eliade, m rushing home to check this HONK thing in the dictionary. Â Â Duck Â South on I-45 Galveston Texas May 21 1991 Â Our 18 wheeler blasts down the road. Sally drives better than any an ol dirty trucker. I watch, spying her from the bunker. Her shaven round head on the blue bay shinning round her tiny baby fuzzed ears, a lost Dali on mescaline. It's 6 AM or thereabouts. I crawl forward on the dog-house; half of me still in bed I reach down and unzip her. She doesn't flinch, porcelain eyes staring into Texas mid-air. Woody Guthrie wails communist tunes at max on the radio. I do my (her) thing between her legs and all of a sudden: - Duck, duck, D! Fuckin DUCK! Fingers pop off... - What's up? Â Â Â Â Â - Bear! Northbound bear! - 10-4, Sal. Shit man, can't believe this. I lick my fingers and wipe what's left on her waiting lips. Â Bloody Zoo! Ducks, bears. Bear zooms by; hope he hasn't seen anteater me hunched over the steering wheel. I wonder why she called out Duck. Me Duck? Tha heck? Aint no damn bird. Better check the dictionary. Â May 21, ha, am 33, just like the dead Jew. But here in Texas they only hang'm high or fry yr sorry ass. Lucky me. Â Sally drives hard, eyes glazed. I feel she thinks I think of her father screwing her back in the day when she was 10. She said she never told anyone but me. So, the three of us; she, I and said infernal animal, all wrapped in this... while Gulf of Mexico wakes up, no waves. Â I hear on shortwave Radio Free Europe â€“ Today, Ioan Petru Culianu, Â dead meat. They got'm in some University of Chicago toilet. One shot behind his head was enough. Well, shit happens. Moral? Don't shit, I guess. Â I stretch back in the bunker. I still can't believe birds are verbs. Maybe Culianu too is a verb now. Sally keeps wiping off her mouth. Â Catering Toxic Â Dec 21 1988 Frankfurt W Germany < forgot what day Aug 2014 Sparti Greece Â All truth be told â€“ I have this THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE Â I get ambitious in the late 80s and read and read and memorize the whole thing. 1507 pages of tiny print. Â But me No stupid. My 1 neuron keeps synapsing on itself and tells me something aint right. Something's missing. Â Sure enough, I check and recheck, again&again. Ha! Â TOXIC and CATERING nowhere to be found. Idiots, how am I supposed to learn English this way? Â (all quotes unless indicated.) Â Â Â KÃ¡tthane, DiagÃ³ra, ou kaÃ- es Ã“lympon anab s i Â Â my first day as a woman Â no journey has (had) anythin to do with basking in some congenial southern sun or gawking at fuckin paleostones hewn by the slaves of a longdead headcarver hired 3000 yrs ago by the local big cahuna in order to enhance his whateva terre Ã terre stance and now we're inclined to feel satisfyingly linked to this big blankchain of history as if our current H lie weren't enough Â sightseeing as pine? wayfaring as the solution for whats? for warts? Â can movement be the opposite of dea(r)th? Â transit transits transit?Â Â katabolia and its manifest sister, the excretion, becomes ungraciously apparent when 50 mammals are confined tightly longer than usual in order to travel nowhere Â everything is more catabolic than believed Â art most of all Â the generation of meaning is an excretion process Â fallacious catabolism though entails but generic status quo - infected creation Â so you'd better get your shit straight Â self geography we're talkin about the topography of inner foreign substance aleatory by nature dead by design Â one wonders how come a multitude of cameltoed bipedalfemales wander ignominiously amongst the desperate surrounding air in spite of all evidence and all male cicadas megashrilling baked on the olivetrees Â it's 12 21 1988 (again), at Frankfurt Airport where m buddybuddy with 7-8 fuckdrunk amerikans around the bar, soon to be Lockerbie dead Â but i fly to Bucharest an i buy an airport diamond for my grandmaÂ i offer the fake gift & she dies a few days later choking on mint teaÂ clasped grandson SiO2 in her fist Â