

Memory Bureau by Doru Chirodea

Contributed by Doru Chirodea

Doru Chirodea Duck Catering Toxic Honk Honk Chicago April 22 1986

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? 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: - What Honk? Me? I don know Honk! What Honk? I No Honk! - Pull Over Philosopher! Barks Da Cop. License and Registration!? - Here! - Getta fuck outta vehicle an spread yr legs! - Where you from, wetback? - Ro Mania. - Next time hold your noiz, Jack! -Yesss Sir! Me never noise again! - An fuckin go back to your WhatevaMania before m gonna split ur ass! 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. Duck South on I-45 Galveston Texas May 21 1991 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? - 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. 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. 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. 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. I hear on shortwave Radio Free Europe Today, Ioan Petru Culianu, 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. 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. Catering Toxic Dec 21 1988 Frankfurt W Germany < forgot what day Aug 2014 Sparti Greece All truth be told I have this THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE I get ambitious in the late 80s and read and read and memorize the whole thing. 1507 pages of tiny print. But me No stupid. My 1 neuron keeps synapsing on itself and tells me something aint right. Something's missing. Sure enough, I check and recheck, again&again. Ha! TOXIC and CATERING nowhere to be found. Idiots, how am I supposed to learn English this way? (all quotes unless indicated.) K¹thane, Diag³ra, ou ka⁻ es "lympon anab s i my first day as a woman 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 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 sightseeing as pine? wayfaring as the solution for whats? for warts? can movement be the opposite of dea(r)th? transit transits transit? katabolia and its manifest sister, the excretion, becomes ungraciously apparent when 50 mammals are confined tightly longer than usual in order to travel nowhere everything is more catabolic than believed art most of all the generation of meaning is an excretion process fallacious catabolism though entails but generic status quo - infected creation so you'd better get your shit straight self geography we're talkin about the topography of inner foreign substance aleatory by nature dead by design 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 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 but i fly to Bucharest an i buy an airport diamond for my grandma i offer the fake gift & she dies a few days later choking on mint tea clasped grandson SiO2 in her fist