

Nude Fat Man: Mother Cleans Up

Written by Greg Mills



"At the heart of every blogger is a Nude Fat Man eating cookie dough" - Raymond Chandler

Mother has never been terribly sympathetic toward my programme of self realization.

When she looks at me, I'm sure all she sees is an extremely slothful, extremely overweight 41 year-old unemployed man wearing only a cotton sheet and generous patches of Gold Bond powder, stretched out in a Barca-Lounger in a room that reeks of cat urine and flatus, surrounded by the spent wrappers of pre-packaged raw cookie dough.

All technically TRUE. Mom seems unwilling to move past these "FACTS" to see the sublime reality of my ego. You tight fisted little scribblers out there, with your insistence on the CONCRETE and OBVIOUS are probably the same. Your cold Western empiricism is ultimately your poverty. For those WITH THE EYES TO SEE would see A TRUE UBERMENSCH RADIATING BEAUTY.

I love the woman, but sadly, her soul is bubble gum.

Sloth? I say a TRANQUIL and STATELY DEMEANOR.

Obesity? I call it A COMMITMENT TO MY OWN HUMANITY.

Low sanitary standards? Merely a refusal TO SURRENDER MY SPIRITUAL MAIDENHEAD (OR HYMEN) TO THE HAIRY AND ROUGH HANDS OF VULGAR CONVENTIONAL MORES.

Last Tuesday, Mother's bourgeois glands went into overdrive, fairly spraying the house with her old mother hubbard hormones.

She shouted at me (at ME! The very REASON PROVIDENCE GRACED HER WITH A WOMB!!) through the door to put on my sheet because SHE WAS GOING TO CLEAN THE BARCA-LOUNGER.

Insane fishwife! Does an eagle leave his nest so some jerk ranger can steam-vac it? Would

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you chain a unicorn to a parking meter? Would you force a Sperm Whale to evacuate its precious ambergris into a plastic cup? Put a condom on a Chimpanzee?

She kept pounding, pounding. CACKLE-CACKLE! RUMBLE RUMBLE!

I tried turning up the volume on my TV, hoping “ARE YOU BEING SERVED?” would drowned out the insistent tattoo. But Mother is a cunning woman...selfishly, she has not updated my TV set, despite my endless less-than-subtle hints. I’ve explained to her again and again that I can only open the portal to the Higher Realities after several hours of pristine veiwing of “ARE YOU BEING SERVED?”, and the crappiness of my present TV a constant barrier to this. To say she was less than sympathetic would be an understatement. So I could not ignore her screaming.

She claimed the smell had attracted a tribe of raccoons, who had been trying to chew through the stucco of the outside wall to get inside. I can’t imagine a scenario more fantastic, frankly.

So I wrapped up and stormed out of the room, not speaking a goddam’d word.

Inside I was molten with grief. The noises coming out of that room. It was like the wailing of a Mastodon being brought down by monkeys.

Finally she opened and stomped off. The room smelled of Pine Sol. And on my gleaming throne was a cardboard box.

Inside were things that had slipped Under:

- several green plastic army men
- a wrestling magazine
- the infected toe nail that fallen off
- bacon (?)
- a small jar of Vaseline
- an empty Gold Bond bottle (Throw it away! Wasteful, lazy woman.)
- a ball of hair the size of a softball
- a photo of Terry Garr torn out of a magazine (that was a hell of weekend!)

I have to say, the Pine scent was sort of pleasant and the cats’ sores have begun drying out.

But, jesus, I wish she would just respect my Godhood.