

My uneasy relationship with the local demimonde.

Written by Nude Fat Man Eating Cookie Dough



"At the heart of every blogger is a nude, fat man eating cookie dough"-Bertolt Brecht You can [read other posts here](#) and follow [Nude Fat Man on Facebook.](#)

Truth and Beauty. Beauty and Truth. Truth, Beauty, Beauty, Truth in endless variation. Beauty. Truth.

These are my various milieus.

My pillowy length is a delight of colors and textures of supreme luxury and delicacy (though I have been assured by the jackbooted bluenose bumpkins that run this bowel of a fetid pig wallow of a septic tank that is this rotten specimen of town that distributing TASTEFUL images of my Beauty (NOTE: WITHOUT SEEKING COMPENSATION) to the suffering cohabitants of my street will be met with the full force of their "laws".

I don't recognize their "laws" of course.

Vicious, risk adverse, unimaginative gray patches of civil code AUTHORED BY TROG BURGERMEISTERS is a term better suited to describe 'em.

My laws are transcendent. But you knew that, because your sensitivity, while crude, holds a flicker of understanding.

(Through my tutelage you can open your aperture to let in the Light a bit more, if you get my meaning. I do offer instructional tapes for a reasonable cost. Contact me through the FACEBOOK to discuss if you are interested.)

But while the various Burgermeisters cannot share in the transcendent laws of Truth and Beauty, they DO have the truncheons on their side, and the berserker that is Officer Penske. His WILLFUL ABILITY TO NOT LISTEN TO REASON was rendered starkly on the day that my sheet slipped as I was enjoying walking bare foot through the grass on the parking strip last April.

Owning a taser is not license to use it indiscriminately against citizens, Officer Penske, if you are reading this (assuming you have that capacity), especially ones that are clad only in sky.

My uneasy relationship with the local demimonde.

Written by Nude Fat Man Eating Cookie Dough

Anyhoo, communication is distribution, and it turns out that the mailboxes of feebs and ninnies aren't the ideal medium to share (FREE, WITH ALL COSTS AND BURDENS SHOULDERED BY ME, A MONK WITHOUT DENOMINATION) Beauty.

My charity for humanity never fails to stun me. My munificence may in fact be my downfall. The fact that my mother still freely walks abroad in the land despite being demonstrably insane (evidence: she switched the Glade Air Dazzler to a horrible cloying Jasmine Breeze from the pleasant and sensuality-positive Coconut Accents), and if that isn't evidence with goddamn pretty bow on it that I have the patience and charity of Nature Herself, I'm at a loss.

I also have a problem with the tiny holes of the rotary dial of the phone, but that's neither here nor there for our purposes here.

Anyway, I realized that the Art For the Undeserving Community distribution strategy was a dead-end. So, despite resisting the call of the High Art Establishment my entire career, and I decided to submit. Moloch honey, Nude Fat Man is a-comin' home.

In this sad affair, the gatekeeper to the Teat of the Demimonde was none other than Maggie Oxford, culture affairs editor for the Valley Penny Shopper. I have been following her work for years, and I particularly enjoyed her ENVISICERATION of the Lamplighters' staging of Driving Miss Daisy. Ms. Oxford is "blessed" with what I thought was a Dark Mirror of Truth that she held up to the wreckage of San Guano's cultural collapse. It turns out all that vituperative ink was spilled in service to a mere subcortical amphibian rage against Truth and Newness. Everything will be clear soon.

(The fact that she is a friend with Mother I took as a McGuffin. I was wrong.)

So, charity bites again. Operating under a bunch of romantic moonshine, I assumed that Ms. Oxford and I were as one in our sensitivity to phoniness. So I picked out a few choice snaps, shot with the Polaroid. They were innocence itself, mere indications and shadows, tone poems on Biological Texture and Beauty. There was even one that for the life of me looked EXACTLY like a satellite photo of the Nile Delta I had seen in a textbook during my school days.

Nothing explicit. True, it skated on the Erotic, but we are adults (Ms. Oxford is more than that. She is very, very old).

I included a note, a bit of pith, something to the effect "What ya think, doll?" with contact information. I also THOUGHT I had included an artist's statement, but I later found it woven into one of the cats' pelts. (I think art should explain itself, but remember I was trying fake the role of rule-player)

Ms. Oxford took it the wrong way. The SWAT team frightened Mother a bit. I had hid in the junipers as is my habit on hearing sirens (the State is fragile myth, my Pollyannas. They will come for the Beautiful first). I now itch in the nethers.

Mother, in a prolonged fit of lucidity, seemed to manage to piece a coherent story together from

My uneasy relationship with the local demimonde.

Written by Nude Fat Man Eating Cookie Dough

the snatches of evidence the detective put to her attention. After fifteen hours, she was back home. I was famished, too. The kitchen is a low and chthonic place, not suited for a conduit to the Bright and Divine, such as myself. I also caused an INSIGNIFICENT fire when I put some bologna in the toaster in order to fry it. Heat is heat.

Mother is angry. Ms. Oxford has told her that their friendship was over, and I guess Mother treasures her vulgar dealings (MAH JONG) with that sentient piece of leather.

Mother walks in spiritual blindness. How else can her mourning over this loss of a deficit be explained?

That's it for now. Be well.