

Avoiding the gutter

A good recreation and meeting ground has always been the tournament on Saturday nights at the neighborhood-bowling alley; especially the women's tournament. They slide out to the alley and hold their bowling balls up to their stomachs. Believing nobody sees them, they rub it slowly, like they have a bald man for a late date. The jumping to help avoiding the ball channel, as the prime purpose for getting a good score is my favorite part. The longer I celebrate my paycheck with cocktails the more graceful their dance gets. This evening a colleague of mine is participating in the tournament and I promised her to show up as moral support. After losing the first leg she sits in the players pit and begins to take on the look of an abused dog, sitting there cowering. Just when I was about to get over there to be supportive and cheer her up, a strong stench suddenly clogged my nostrils. My first reaction was of an alcoholic baptized in a barrel of radiator fluid. With a wrinkled forehead I looked around and there stood John Conner smiling at me.

"What have you been up to !!? " I asked him, before even saying hello first.

"My bottle of aftershavin' was empty an' I had to use rubbin' alcohol instead Stan. You should have seen the pleadin' look from the two winos sitting beside me on the bus. Like I wouldn't share. Well, here I am with a smell preceding me, very much like the outcome of a political discussion man." He said while taking a chair at my table.

"Speaking of homelessness..." I said and continued:

"John, yo' should start a movement. Organize the helpless an' homeless sufferers into a factor man... Yeah, get votin' slackers too by proclaimin' they're on your side to revolting society. Along with the homeless it should be at least 30% of the voters right there John."

"I'm ahead of yo' there on that one Stan. I already registered a patent name at da City Hall for the next election, Townies Occult Movement, an' crawlin' in a democratic combat suite up to Capitol Hill man." He said and received his first two pitchers from the waitress. I should have known better than suggesting something wacky. Every time I do, he has already advanced plans on the subject and I checked it out several times too. He is right though when he says that closing your eyes to escape the misery is like the recommendation from a health spa. Reaching tranquility by lying down with polished stones and seaweed on your muddy body to unwind, doesn't seem to help anyone other than rich widows he says and calls it the mortal Ostrich maneuver. I never asked him if he really compares old ladies to dumb birds. My co-worker seems to pick up her game and is stacking strikes now. I am yelling:

"Yo' go girl." She is smiling now at us. I guess her mantra is kicking in. John Connor and I have a mutual toast - Haouzzislazsch - we say that all the time when we are lifting our drinking glasses because it takes us timelessly into the world of slurriness. The only sign that we have arrived at Backus station is the amount of saliva spraying around. We are both happy drinkers by the way. Since our sorrows have floating devices we cannot drown them. So there is no need to reach Backus branch offices when you are under a gray and rainy cloud. An experienced bar owner never puts up a sign saying - If it rains it pours - because he does not want his establishment to be the gutter for crying patrons. Hearing someone pity themselves saying - Poor me, poor me, pour me another one - is getting old fast. I agree with John Conner when he says it is the refrain for cartilage backbones. He also teaches me to be outspoken and socially resistant from people's approval. Like, for instance, when you are at a big party and sitting around a table with stiff guests. Once in a while he will break his own ice, because he is still semi sober and says out gutturally loud:

"I stopped doin' coke 'cause I was forced to." Then he would look around long enough to get sympathy and be admired for his strength to cut it off. Then he continued with:

"I couldn't get the bottle up my nose any more. "

Yeah, he does not care too much about other people's reactions. That is a real strength that will prevent you from drowning in the pool of community dullness. He lets his thought's verbally slide by and only searchers will pick up on it. He has not told me about his Tarzan strategy but I know him too well and that is my trump card. He does not throw pearls around in a barn. So I am truly glad that I am compared with the free roaming cattle. Other times when he is surrounded by primates and a stupid announcement is made, he just starts to laugh. To the others it may seem for no reason and when it is a really idiotic mind speaking with a vocabulary virus his laugh turns and he coughs to the point of hemorrhaging. He calls it the cutting edge of Freud-Darwinism. Dear reader, let me explain the phenomenon John Conner and the source of his mental incontinence. You see, he was scheduled for a minor operation at the General Hospital and was declared dead after the surgeon stapled him up on the operation table. The next morning he woke up at the morgue and scared the staff wet while walking out with bare buttocks still wearing the hospital gown. But I claim the staff reacted to the sight of his ugly ass. He just sneers at me when I mention that. In my next column I will tell you more about the opinions of my friend John Conner.

Your man in the zone
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