

MEDIA DISSERTATION OF A BALDING MAN



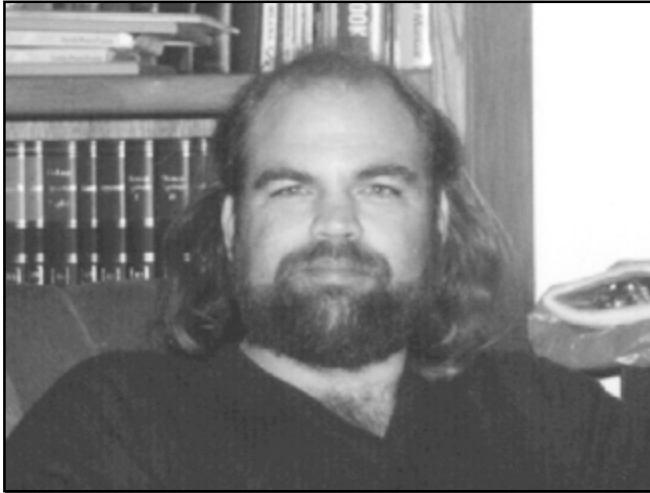
By David A. Boles

**MEDIA DISSERTATION
OF A BALDING MAN
(A Performance Piece)**

By David A. Boles

Preface

I wrote this piece in November, 1991, as a one time performance piece for my friend, Larry Killen, who had invited me to read at an art gallery's opening (Lite Rail Gallery in Sacramento, CA). Politically, the nation was caught up with Anita Hill's accusations against soon to be Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas and his



alleged placement of a pubic hair on a Pepsi she was drinking. Socially, the nation was downward spiraling with daily occurrences of rape, murder, pillaging and plundering never before seen on such a mass scale. Of course, the media wielded tremendous power and we as a people were being thrown headfirst into its pathetic machinations of societal decay in order to boost their ever watchful ratings. Given all of this, and that Larry had always been a true and loyal friend, how could I resist such an offer?

Larry did, however, insist on a new piece for the reading, which I viewed as idiosyncratic, but what the hell, he was my friend. To make it all the more interesting, a new friend, Eddie Houck, electrical guitarist extraordinaire, was pressuring me to define and clarify my concept of synchronistic writing as compared to Jung's overall

characterizations of Zeitgeist in relation to creativity. I decided to combine the two elements and here is the result.

Eddie and I performed this piece with no rehearsal and only the vaguest idea of what the other had in mind. On the night of the reading Eddie showed up with his amplifier and guitar, I showed up with several pieces of scribbled on paper. Notable in attendance were the Mayor, a Congressman, several local dignitaries from the local business community, and prominent art and literary persona's from throughout the region.

Before reading the piece I explained the concepts of what I was trying to achieve. With the exception of three homeless people who had crashed the opening for the bounty of free food, and one very attentive waiter, no one quite understood a thing I said.

The resulting performance, however, did mesh perfectly. It offered an inside view of synchronicity and Zeitgeist to my friend, Eddie, and a new poem from my long time friend, Larry, for whom I had promised as much.

This piece, to date, has not again been performed by the two of us. There are no plans to perform it again in it's original form as it was based solely on experimentation. I published the piece in chapbook form, two years later (1993), as an archival endeavor and present it here now in reference to both history and the importance of the writer in capturing history as it is being played out. Not from a distant future, but from the moment of the event; chronicling the encompassing nature of the union of the universe and the Zeitgeist of the occurrence, raw and writhing with life.

Turn it on. Turn it off. The media pulls our strings. We are all puppets of their machine.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'David A. Boles', with a stylized, flowing script.

David A. Boles

October 26, 2011

Grass Valley, California

Sometimes, in the quiet of the night
i listen to the television with my
eyes
closed
and imagine....

Ahhhhhhhhh
the media vibrations
soar
across the globe
searing your flesh
bursting to life
revealing inner
most
truths
that
need
to be heard
that control
us
the people
we wake
to the screams
of a child
lost in a cavern
dark
in a mountain
in Tennessee
or some other
place
they always manage to
find
some
other
place
to bring us
in full
wonderful
color
the latest
coolest
happeningest
tragedy
from around

the globe
we share a mothers grief
over her daughter
lost
to some crazed
smackcrackcrankster gangster
a hail of bullets
tore
into the childs
frail
body
left open
wide
gaping holes
of blood
death
and terror
on our streets
there it is
on the view screen
in front of you
AHHHHHHHHHHH
the screams of the innocents
reach our deaf ears
our minds blank
yet hungry
for the tragedy
in full
living color
we switch
now to another
channel
yet more
solid is
this media thing
this media
thing
this

media
thing
than we thought
it to be
it confuses me and rapes
the mind
of those that
see
the images
as false
they bring lies
of a life
they want you to lead
to swallow you whole
to jump
you silly fucking leming
into their media
sea
the other leming
are already
gathered at the cliff
JUMP
silly fucking leming
JUMP
this is our parade
these are our days of glory
days of wisdom
of wonder
the media
a strong
cancerous
odiferous mesiah
guides us through the tragedies
of life
in full
wonderful
living color
and grateful beasts us all

we scream for
what?
pubic hairs on a Pepsi can.

Pubic hairs on a Pepsi can as
related
by a media idol
testifying against
a media idol.

Pubic hairs on a Pepsi can and
this man is to be Judge?
Is it a lie?

Pubic hairs on a Pepsi can and
the nation hangs
by a thread
wanting to
know
more
to get the real
dirt
on the sucker...

“they say he called
himself
long dong silver...”

The rumors
growing with a rage
that only the media could inspire
now forms our laws and tributes
to our fathers before us
are reduced to lengthy
programs
on prime time
that deal with
the issues



Photo: David Spagnolo

of pubic hair on a Pepsi can
and should this man
be judge.

This thing is lost
on me
swimming as fast
as far
as I can
the thing lifts me and
throws
me against the rocks
against reality
where a view screen
is sacred
as sacred
as a Mormon's golden
cow
this thing is larger than I
thought
my body
now broken
lies on the shore where this
thing
has thrown me
my body
burns
as nakedness
to this life
this world wide tragedy
and media hype
reveals itself to me
in full
living color
I have become one
with the mother
who lost her child
to some cavern

deep
in a place
I'll never see
I have become one
with the man
late
in the night
who's baldness bothers
him yet his life
turns
around
through a headfull
of hair
gets the babe
with the biggest tits
I've ever seen
gets the car
I've always dreamed
of
this guy
in the late of the night
on my viewing screen
with the big titted babe and the car
and the hair...

I identify with this guy.

I'm balding too.

There's a number to dial.

Toll free.

I dial the number
and tell them I want the big titted babe
and the car I've always dreamed of.

They try to sell me hair.

I tell them I don't want hair.
Just the babe and the car.

They tell me I need hair.

Forget the babe
I'll take the car.

I'll still
need hair.

Quickly I change
the channel
and some guy
in a tie
with a broken
reddened
face
large
bulbous
nose
pounding a podium
his hair a mess
of steel gray and withered
talks of justice and a can of Coke.

No. No.

I shout to him.
He hasn't heard the
news.

Didn't watch Dan or Peter.

It was a Pepsi
not a Coke.

Get it straight.

Corporate advertisers
pay
good
money

for advertising such as this.

I identify
with the corporate plan.
We are
the corporate
plan.
Welcome to the future.
Your view screen
won't shut off.
Welcome to the future
where you can buy diamonds
or a window box
or send your loved one
flowers
wrapped
and
packaged
in the dirt
from Elvis' grave
all through the view screen
and the phone lines
that circulate
around the globe
worldwide
marketing
I'm told it is called
I frequently check up
on the zealots
that sell TV
Call them up to see
what they're up to
question them
on the latest
rates
to pay
for advertising
on TV

talk of lies
and raping
the public
through the miracle
of TV
At one time
we all agree
it stood for television.
It now stands
for total victory.
So much for the war.
When was the first battle?

Welcome to the future
in full
wonderful
living color
complete with Pepsi cans,
gang rapes, violent protests,
burning children,
incestuous rapes
of now famous stars
their closet skeletons
thrown in front of us
so many dancing
bones...so much abuse
of children
to children
even with the weather
I get a daily sermon
not just rain or shine
but the opinion of the
weather
person
as well
every one has an opinion
and if they're media
they're right.

We suck it up.
We turn it on.
Every channel
night or day
corporate advertising
coke or pepsi
we suck it up
we turn it on.

we turn it on.

we turn it on.

we
turn
it
on

turn it on
turn it on
turn it on
turn it on
turn it on

a mantra we all have learned.

turn it on
turn it on
turn it on
turn it on

a mantra we all obey.

turn it on
turn it on
turn it on
turn it on

The corporate media is upon us.

turn it on
turn it on
turn it on

Silently
we've all
obeyed.

turn it on
turn it on.

Welcome to the future

turn it on
turn it on

your view screen
shows the way.