

OSTRICH CYCLES.

CARL ANTONOWICZ

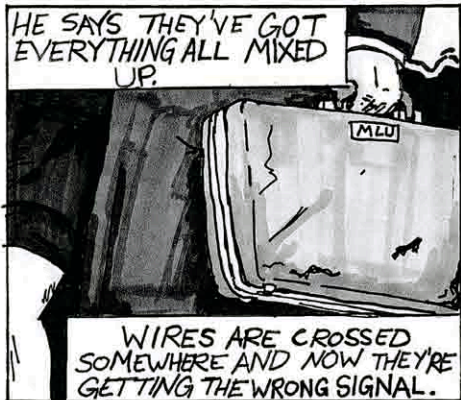




THE WORLD
IS VERY SICK,
GRANDPA
SAYS.



HE SAYS THEY'RE
ALL WALKING SOME-
WHERE THEY THINK
IS IMPORTANT.



HE SAYS THEY'VE GOT
EVERYTHING ALL MIXED
UP.

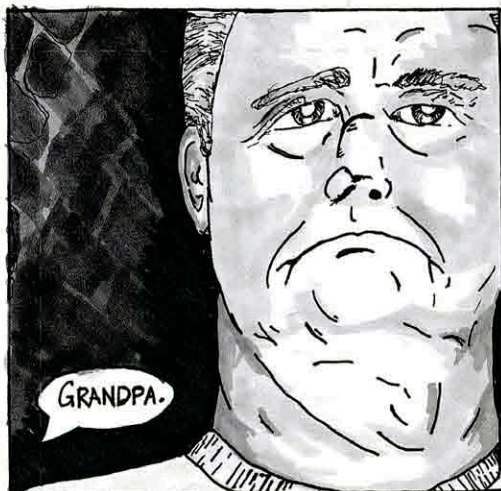
WIRES ARE CROSSED
SOMEWHERE AND NOW THEY'RE
GETTING THE WRONG SIGNAL.



WE'RE THE ONLY ONES
WHO CAN HELP THEM,
GRANDPA SAYS.



HE SAYS IT'S
OUR
RESPONSIBILITY.



12-05

a woman came into my office today for her yearly check-up. She's been having issues with her insurance company. When I asked her what the problem was, she told me that she's missed her last eight monthly payments. And she doesn't understand why she has no Copay on her prescriptions.

She was wearing a huge, ridiculous, obscene amount of Chanel No. 5. I could smell her when she walked in the front door, and I started CHOKING on the thick, cloyingly sweet odor that completely overpowered everything around. My eyes watered as I approached the room where this thirty-something Soccermom was waiting to be examined. I THOUGHT I WAS TO VOMIT WHEN I OPENED THE DOOR, THE SMELL WAS SO INTENSE, ABSOLUTELY PUTRID. I performed her physical as best I could, considering her perfume made me gag every five or six seconds.

Every day it becomes clearer and clearer to me that I need to get out of this place. I wasn't made for this city. This state, this country, anything. The air isn't right, or maybe the lights are wrong, or maybe it's the people or the architecture. I don't feel any connection to this place anymore. I don't change or I'm not going to be able to force myself to care about these selfish, ugly, blind, beautiful creatures anymore. I'm so CLOSE to giving up entirely, so close to just abandoning the clinic and retiring. God knows I've earned it. Something keeps forcing me out of bed everyday, something forces me to hold on to this idea that, yes, maybe I CAN save these people, that maybe I HAVE TO because nobody else will.

Her perfume lingered in the clinic until we closed. Rose and Lisa couldn't smell it, but maybe that's because their cigarettes have deadened their senses enough that they can't smell anything anymore. CHANEL No. 5 Embedded in the carpet, the wallpaper, and they can't smell it.

The woman had an enlarged cyst in her left breast. I sent her over to doctor Pickering at General. I just wanted her gone.

I watched a young man on the sidewalk listening to his walkman today. I don't know why I watched him above the hundreds of other pedestrians, maybe his shiny headphones or the fact that he walked to the beat of the rap music that must have been deafening him. I could hear it from five feet away as I watched him.

He just strolled along, immersed in his music completely oblivious to everyone around him. How nice that must be, to be able to completely immerse oneself in something else, something metered and meaningless, something easy.

I want that escape. I want to just completely surrender to something and let it fill me, let it devour me completely and leave nothing behind, I WANT THE WORLD AND ALL ITS SICKNESS, ALL ITS CONTRADICTION AND STUPIDITY TO JUST FALL AWAY. So I don't have to worry about anybody who won't return the favor or who doesn't want to be helped. OR anybody who's just too stupid to take care of themselves.

I saw a bum wearing a watch today. I caught myself wondering, "What's next, a hobo with a cell phone?" Maybe those old men were wrong when they decided all men were created equal. Or maybe it's just a partial truth. Maybe all men are CREATED equal, but are arbitrarily BROKEN throughout their lives. And some become doctors, some become derelicts with ROLEXES, some become DRUG DEALERS or LAWYERS.

Maybe some turn into bitter old men who've seen too much ugliness.

The clinic was busy today. A man came in to get his prostate examined. It was his fortieth birthday. I wished him many happy returns and shoved my fingers in his rectum. I don't exactly relish my work anymore - it's been forty years, after all. Maybe my CAREER needs a finger up its ass, too. There are days when I quite sincerely wish my patients everlasting life, and then there are days I'd like them all to explode, it seems the latter are becoming more and more prevalent, maybe I'm just getting old.

I rode the subway into the clinic today. There was something gorgeous in the way the other passengers flowed in and out at each stop that made me almost cry every time the doors opened. I would have stayed in the train car all day if it weren't for the fact that I had patients to attend to.

A pregnant woman came in today. She's just starting to show, and she smokes a pack of Camels a day. I told her when she came for her initial consultation a month ago that she needed to quit, or at least to cut back significantly while she was carrying the child (whose name, she has decided, will be Ashley regardless of sex) but I could smell that she didn't heed my warnings.

Her child will be deformed and she will more likely than not blame little Ashley for his or her extra toes.

At least the stink of her cigarettes was almost enough to mask the lingering odor of CHANEL No. 5 that seems to have been permanently embedded in the carpets. I'm calling a steamcleaning service on Monday.

HER IRRESPONSIBILITY INFURIATES ME. as usual, she was too stupid to realize that her actions extend BEYOND HER and will adversely effect the life of her UNBORN CHILD

she smoked two of her assisted suicide sticks outside THE WAITING ROOM AND LEFT THE BUTTS ON THE PAVEMENT.

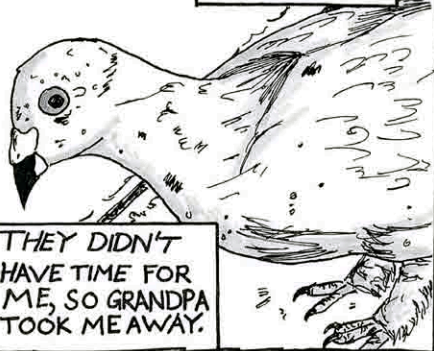
This woman should not have been allowed to breed.

THE WORLD
IS NOISY,
GRANDPA SAYS.

MOM AND DAD
GOT CONFUSED,
TOO.

THEY DIDN'T
LOVE ME,
THEY LOVED
THEIR JOBS
MORE.

THEY DIDN'T
HAVE TIME FOR
ME, SO GRANDPA
TOOK ME AWAY.

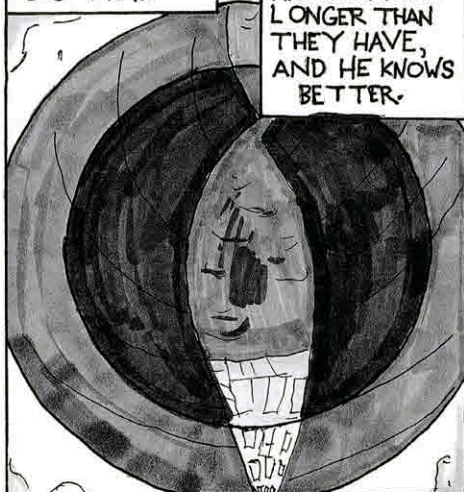


IT'S HARD
TO TELL WHO'S
SAYING WHAT.

GRANDPA SAYS
HE WON'T EVER
LET HIMSELF
DO THAT.

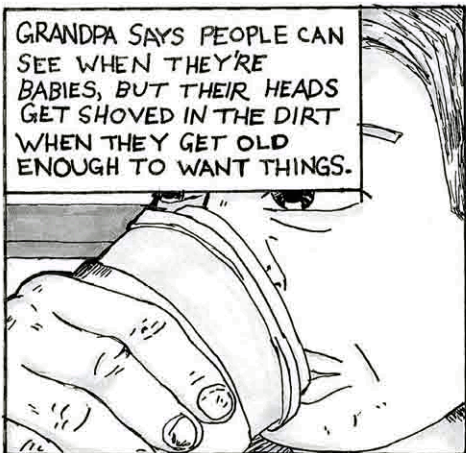
HE'S BEEN
AROUND A LOT
LONGER THAN
THEY HAVE,
AND HE KNOWS
BETTER.

IT'S EASY TO
SEE HOW
PEOPLE CAN GET
SO CONFUSED.



PEOPLE
ARE MUCH MORE
IMPORTANT.





I changed my regimen this morning. Instead of the usual one hundred pushups and one hundred sit-ups, I decided to double that and push for two hundred of each. Ha! If the other boys on the high school football team saw me now, they'd probably eat their hats.

Come to think of it, they're probably all dead by now. God! When did I become an old man? It's such a strange situation. I wake up one morning and suddenly I have aches in my joints, an approaching retirement, and probably an enlarged prostate. Maybe I should go and get that checked—though maybe I should wait till my birthday to go to Paul Brabhek's. I could have him wish me a happy retirement and shove his fingers in my ass. Then maybe he could go home and put the used gloves on his mantle as a reminder of how he became the leading practitioner in the town.

I am going to visit James and Emily tomorrow. It's been far too long since I've seen ~~Beatrix~~. She remains one of the sweetest, brightest little girls I have ever met. It's a shame that her amazing awareness skipped a generation—even at six years old, ~~Beatrix~~ is far more aware of the world around her than James could ever hope to be. Emily is a complete wash.

I don't mean to dismiss them completely. James is a wonderful, if slightly absent father, and Emily is a passable human being. I just worry that ~~Beatrix~~ doesn't get the attention from them that she deserves—her parents might be too busy trying to build a future


for themselves. I'd like to be able to see them more often, but, well, all the excuses I can come up with are utterly meaningless. I need to spend more time out there

USED

James called me today and apologised. I don't think he really meant it - Most likely Emily pressured him in to it. Funny that her vapidly conceals a greater sensitivity than James' intelligence and low degree. She reminds me a little of Sarah from time to time in her unfailing humanity. I spoke with [redacted] as well. She asked when I was going to come visit again. Before James and I fought on Saturday, I took her to the zoo, where we spent an hour or more watching the ostriches. They're stupid, ugly animals, but [redacted] just adores them. As a matter of fact when father's birthday presents of those plastic monstrosities we call BARBIES (I read somewhere that if Barbie were a real, living person, she'd be over seven feet tall with a thirteen-inch waist and D-cup breasts - sickening) and an assortment of goodies to accompany her (plastic house complete with plastic kitchen to prepare plastic meals for her plastic boyfriend and a plastic pink convertible so they can drive up to Lover's Lane and mash their plastic faces and genitalia together - JUST LIKE REAL LIFE) have been mostly ignored in favor of the plush ostrich I gave her. I'm glad she's managed to give it to the BUY/SELL role model that her unthinking father has provided for her. Perhaps I'll go back out there this weekend, maybe take [redacted] to the library. I'm fairly certain that the library would never occur to James or Emily as an option. I don't know whether [redacted] enjoys reading yet or not.

Here's hoping that James' malaise and complacency hasn't spoiled his daughter's interest in the world around her to the extent that printed words hold no interest or content aside from the transmission of information. Intentional information, anyway.





GRANDPA SAYS THERE'S
A HUM EVERYWHERE.
I CAN'T HEAR IT
BECAUSE I'M TOO YOUNG.

BUT THE GROWNUPS
CAN HEAR IT.

GRANDPA SAYS HE
INVENTED A WAY
TO **BLOCK** IT WHEN
HE WAS A DOCTOR,
BEFORE THE POLICE
CAME AND TRIED
TO TAKE HIM
AWAY.

GRANDPA WAS
TOO SMART
FOR THEM
THOUGH, AND
HE GOT AWAY.

WHICH IS
GOOD, BECAUSE
I LOVE MY
GRANDPA.

GRANDPA SAYS
PEOPLE COME HERE
BECAUSE THE HUM
HAS MESSAGES
IN IT.



L'OCCITANIE
EN PROVENCE

THE HUM TELLS
THEM TO GO
AND BUY THINGS
THEY DON'T NEED.



AND THE MORE
THEY BUY, THE
LOUDER AND
STRONGER THE
HUM GETS.





EXIT

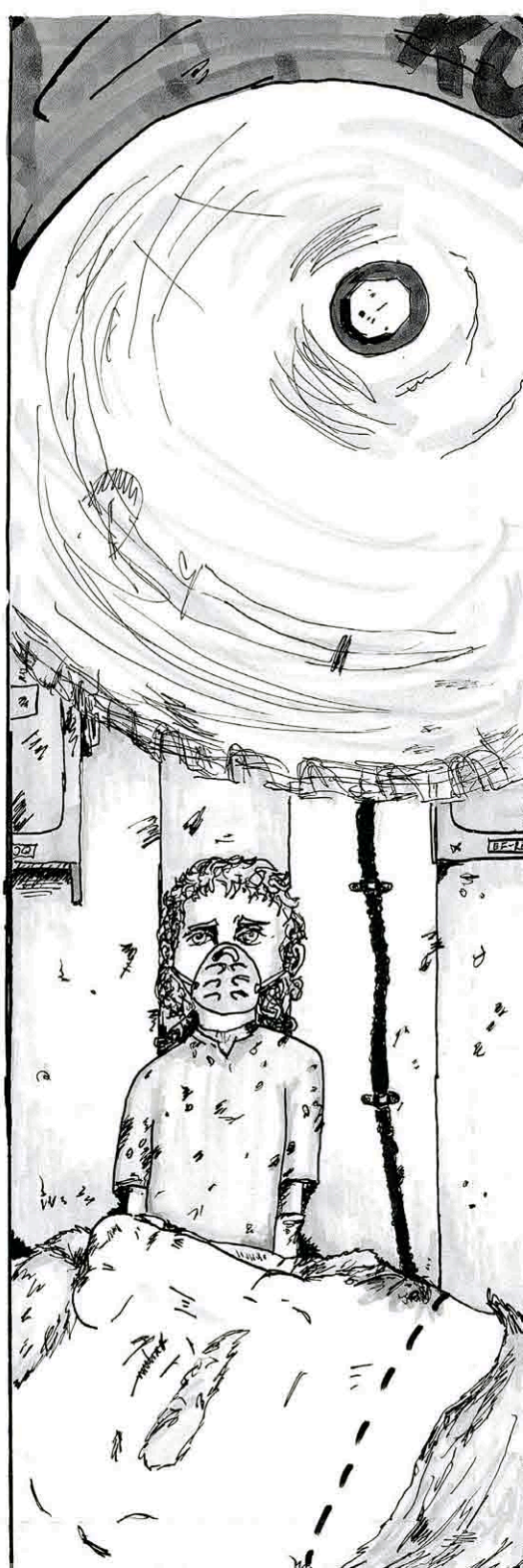
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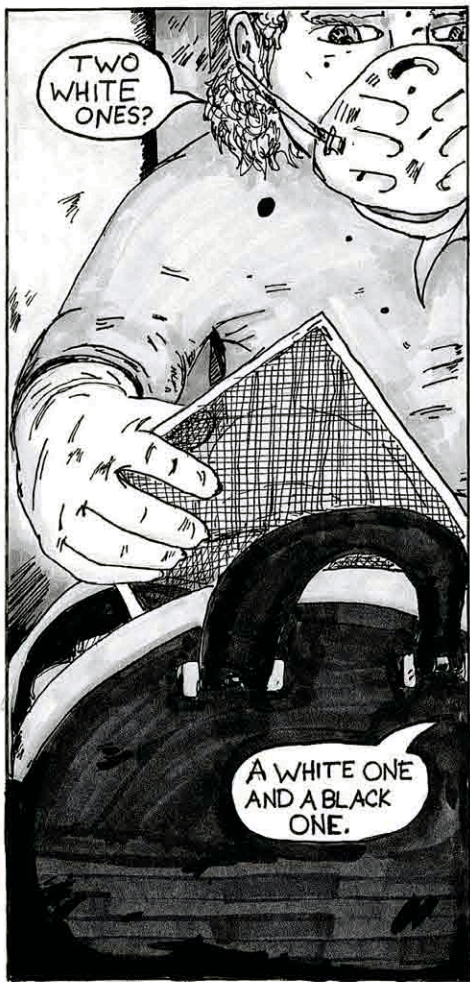
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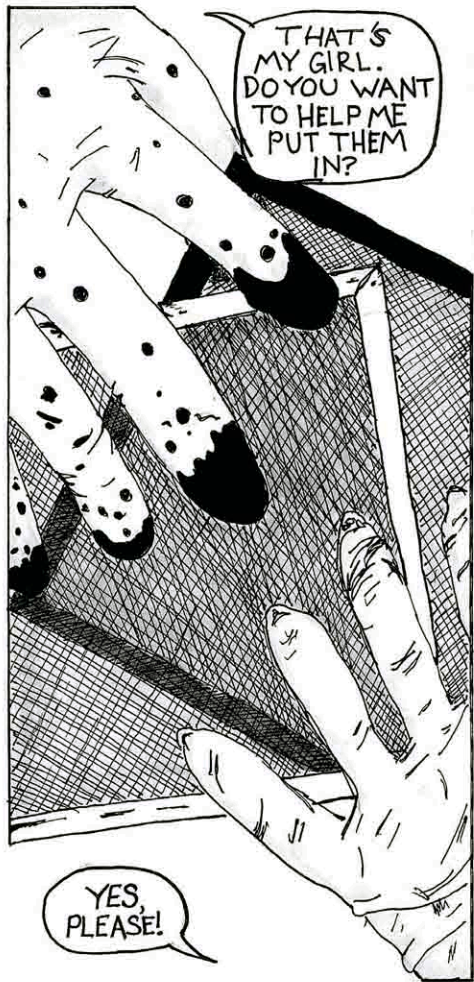


WILL YOU
HAND ME TWO
SCREENS,
SWEETHEART?



TWO
WHITE
ONES?

A WHITE ONE
AND A BLACK
ONE.



THAT'S
MY GIRL.
DO YOU WANT
TO HELP ME
PUT THEM
IN?

YES,
PLEASE!



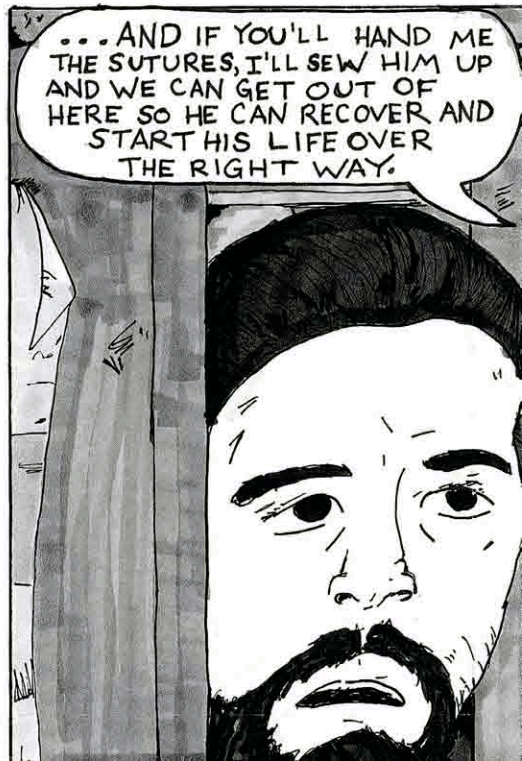
BE CAREFUL,
JUST PUSH IT
IN GENTLY
AROUND HERE...



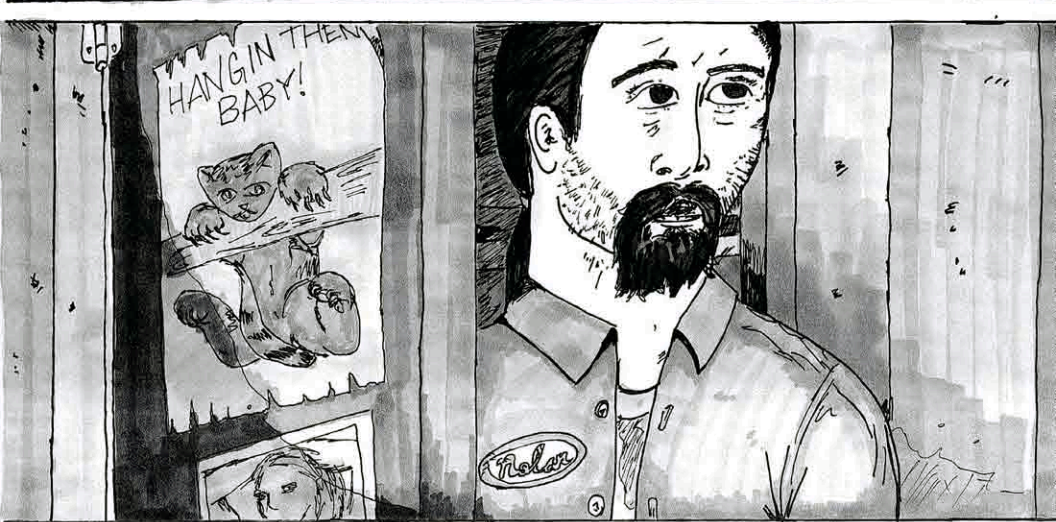
AND THIS
ONE SHOULD
GO IN LIKE
THIS...



AND THEN
WE FOLD THEM
OVER LIKE
THIS...



... AND IF YOU'LL HAND ME
THE SUTURES, I'LL SEW HIM UP
AND WE CAN GET OUT OF
HERE SO HE CAN RECOVER AND
START HIS LIFE OVER
THE RIGHT WAY.



15/06

wardrobe
on
to coat
ratable
the res
up
exposure

And, turning around, I saw someone's sash, lying on
hangry, gobse was waddling through the yard, placidly groo
feathers. I guess he got out and forced it to the ground, its head
ing berbeath' my door, crackling and bleeding. It's white in
stretched out in the dung, and the wings folded down over the
ered bird.

I took ~~to the library today while~~ ^{every 6 weeks}
~~off in the children's section Brown~~ ^{ingame de como le}
~~nd disegarding the assorted series of~~ ^{estaimos atendiendo a usted?}
~~teen thrillers I was paging through some~~ ^{play. See website for more information}
~~work of political theory - I think it was~~
~~manufacturing consent by Chomsky~~ ²⁰⁰⁰⁻⁰⁰⁻⁰⁰ ^{00:00:00} ^{00:00:00} ^{00:00:00} ^{00:00:00}
but it
could have been anything on the ~~corporatocracy~~ ^{AND}
~~hum~~ ^{breached my ears but I paid it no mind. I went}
~~to the Xerox machine to make some copies of~~
~~an interesting page - a boy was at the nearby~~
~~oke machine buying a Sprite or some other~~
~~factored toothrot. and the hum, I noticed,~~
~~got louder as I approached, sounding~~
~~where between a mechanical drive~~ ^{ADHER}
~~and a central heating system. The boy got~~

his sugar water and walked off carrying
the hum with him. I followed after a few
minutes only to discover that it was he who
was emitting this noise. He eventually
noticed me, but the humming did not cease. I asked
him politely to ~~stop~~ stop humming, but he said
no wasnt.

well things escalated into a shouting match - he called
me a crazy old asshole - and eventually some library
employees came and asked me to leave. I was
forced to comply with their wishes. I noticed they
were humming too - eventually they made
me and me leave, but

I've discovered something
something telling
about the apparatus that
surrounds us. That we've
created to hold down
this life, that hides behind the
walls and in the wires.

75/38?

IT ALL HAPPENED FOR A REASON — THE CIGARETTES, THE PERFUME, THE BIRTHDAY, PROSTATE EXAM, THE PRESSURE TO RETIRE —

I dreamed and saw women in my dreams, and only my heart, crimson with blood, screamed and bled.

AND finally, the HUM IN THE LIBRARY — IT'S ALL BECOME SO CLEAR to me now. IT'S THE DEATHWELL OF THE APPARATUS. IT'S CALLING OUT TO ME TO LEASE ITS WAY INTO THE NEXT LIFE. ODD THAT IT WOULD HAVE CHOSEN A "SIMPLE COUNTRY DOCTOR" LIKE MYSELF, BUT NO BETTER? I DON'T RELY ON THESE GEARS, ON THE HUM, ON THE WIRES IN THE WALLS — I RELY ON THE PEOPLE, LOATHESOME THOUGH THEY MAY BE, FOR MY CRAFT. THE APPARATUS CHOSE ME TO BE ITS EXECUTIONER. THE QUESTION REMAINS, HOWEVER, HOW WILL THIS BE ACHIEVED? WHAT AM I TO DO THAT HAS NOT BEEN TRIED, TESTED, AND FOUND WANTING? AND WILL I LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TOPPLE THIS HORRENDOUS, CANCEROUS, WHEEZING, LEVIATHAN BEFORE MY OLD BODY SHUTS DOWN ON ME?

IS THERE
• TIME OR LIFE
• ENOUGH IN THESE OLD BONES TO FINISH WHAT I KNOW MUST BE DONE?

GEAR BOX?



Now that I'm AWAKE - FULLY COGNIZANT

of the world around me
the effects of my actions.
on it I've decided to erase
myself as fully as I possibly
can. I've closed my bank
accounts and destroyed
all my forms of identification.
10% of my possessions have
been sold, and I've moved out of
my house and into a two room
apartment above a pawn shop.
The landlady asks nothing of me but
to pay the rent. I have
one thing to avoid the



against its will.
I write this not
BUT for yours, wherever you are.
perhaps when the Apparatus
crumble, language and the written word
will fall with it leaving this word as it was before
the fall of Babel - Idyllic, UNFED, full of well-
BEING. HISTORY AT AN END AT LAST. Capital "H" mind
you, Has in Hitler, Has in H-bomb, Has in Hatred.
AN END TO ALL INEQUITY, AN END TO ALL PAIN,
AN END TO ALL SUFFERING. THE APPARATUS
is the reason, and through the systematic
reprogramming of the populace, a REPROGRAMMING
that will BLOCK the base elements of HUMAN
NATURE instead of trying to profit from them.
Not for bidding them, merely SCREENING THEM
OUT AND ELIMINATING THEM from our NORMAL
processes. No MORE billboards advertising
NAKED DANCING GIRLS to old businessmen
AGED ENOUGH to be their fathers.
No MORE CHILDREN IGNORED
FOR THE SAKE OF PROGRESS

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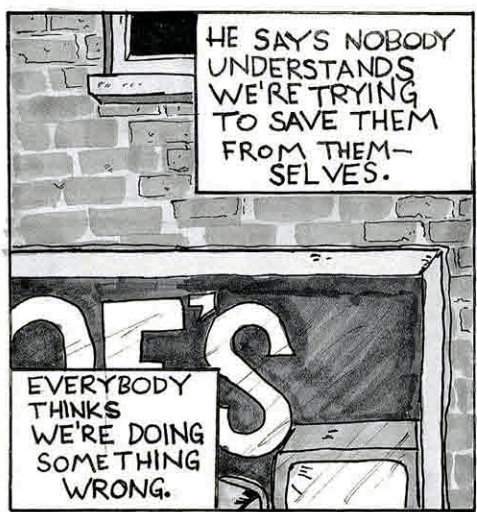


I SAW MYSELF ON TV TODAY. I POINTED AND TRIED TO TELL GRANDPA, BUT HE TOLD ME TO BE QUIET.



I DIDN'T LIKE THAT MUCH, BUT GRANDPA'S BEEN REALLY TIRED.

HE SAYS WE NEED TO STAY QUIET FOR A WHILE SO THE THOUGHT POLICE WILL STOP LOOKING FOR US.

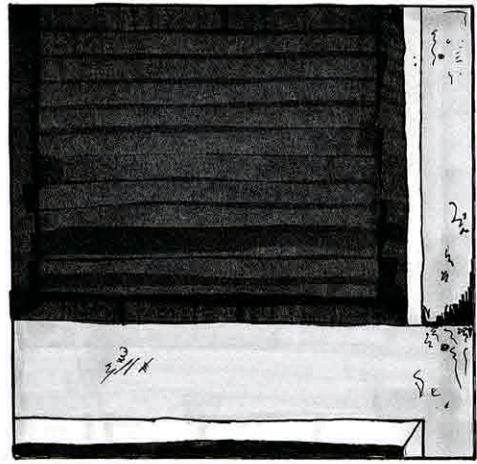


HE SAYS NOBODY UNDERSTANDS WE'RE TRYING TO SAVE THEM FROM THEMSELVES.

EVERYBODY THINKS WE'RE DOING SOMETHING WRONG.



I DIDN'T THINK PEOPLE WERE SO STUPID.



3/14

IF THE THOUGHT POLICE
CATCH US, THEY'LL TAKE
ME AWAY FROM GRANDPA.
AND THEY'LL PUT GRANDPA
AWAY SOMEWHERE TO
REPROGRAM HIM.



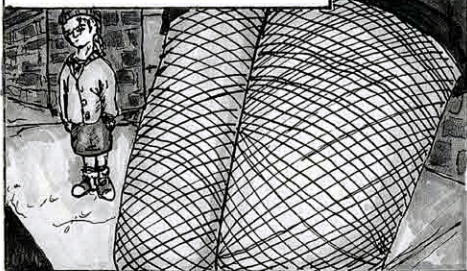
THEY'LL SEND ME BACK
TO MY MOM AND DAD,
WHO DON'T LOVE ME
ANYMORE. THEY JUST
LOVE THINGS.



WHICH WOULD BE BAD,
BECAUSE I LOVE MY
GRANDPA, I DO.



THERE ARE WOMEN LIKE
THIS EVERYWHERE.
GRANDPA SAYS THEY
SELL THEIR BODIES SO
THEY CAN GET MONEY
TO BUY MORE THINGS.



AND THAT'S LIKE A
MINI-VERSION OF
THE APPARATUS.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT
THAT MEANS. AND I DON'T
THINK SHE SELLS HER BODY. IT
LOOKS LIKE SHE STILL HAS IT TO ME.



EXCUSE ME?

I've got them. They're approaching on my three o'clock.



MY GRANDPA'S SICK. CAN YOU HELP ME GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL?



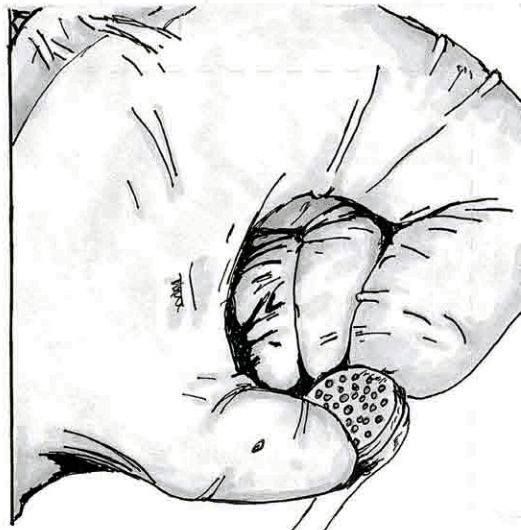
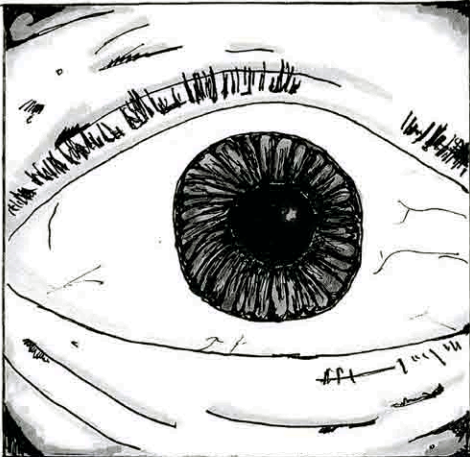
SWEETIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT THIS LATE? DO YOU KNOW WHAT I AM? WHAT I'M DOING HERE?

YOU'RE AN ENCAPSULATION OF EVERYTHING SICK AND WRONG ABOUT CONSUMER CULTURE. YOU SELL YOUR BODY FOR MONEY, PROVIDING A SERVICE THAT HAS TAKEN THE PLACE OF REAL EMOTIONAL INVOLVEMENT. ALSO, I LIKE YOUR SHOES.



WHERE'S YOUR GRANDPA?





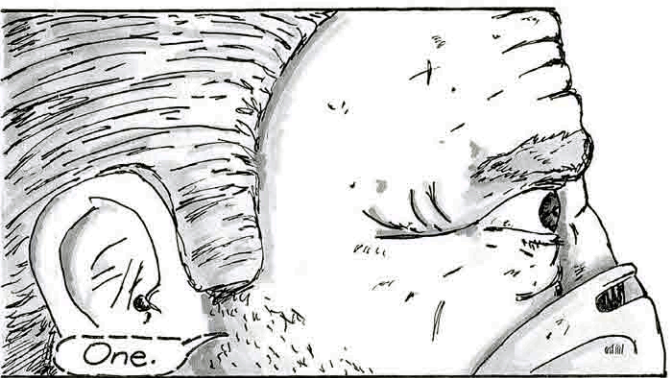
WE NEED
TO GO.
NOW!

BUT
GRANDPA—



PUT YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!

Run when I count to three.



DON'T MOVE OR WE'LL SHOOT!

One.

YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF 23 INNOCENT CIVILIANS. YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT. IF YOU CHOOSE TO GIVE UP THAT RIGHT, ANYTHING YOU SAY OR DO CAN AND WILL BE USED AGAINST YOU IN A COURT OF LAW.



Two.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO SPEAK TO AN ATTORNEY, AND TO HAVE AN ATTORNEY PRESENT DURING ANY QUESTIONING. IF YOU CANNOT AFFORD AN ATTORNEY, ONE WILL BE PROVIDED FOR YOU AT GOVERNMENT EXPENSE.



THREE!



...and actions toward
...assessed in
...re that the



...of marriage
...based on sex and
...in marriage. As
...es all things...
...honour, and
...even avert
...have you
...surrender

They came for me today as I
knew they would

At about 3:00PM on the fifth shift
of surveillance on my old house, two
blue and white police cars pulled up in front
of my house. They discharged their instruments
of societal control, who proceeded to break down
my front door and examine the interior of my
now vacant domicile. I finished moving my
possessions from the house yesterday night, knowing
that after three weeks of zero contact with
the outside, the Apparatus' ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~blinded~~
Immune System would send its antibodies to the
I was not about to allow my work to be jeopardized for the
sake of my own physical comfort.

After four hours and thirty five minutes of
and questioning the neighbors (who I made
nothing by doing all my moving in the very early
morning - not that the Hum would have allowed that enough
lose brainpower to wonder what the crazy old man next
door was doing, or even to tear themselves away from
the steady advertising drip, ready syrupy flow of invent
neural patterns, the ~~ready~~ ^{ready} ~~syrupy~~ ^{syrupy} ~~flow~~ ^{flow} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~invent~~
need a continuously injected, ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~every~~ ^{every} ~~means~~ ^{means} ~~into~~
their thought processes) the thought Police aban
doned their search and filed their reports,
having failed to locate the anomaly. It's
so egotistical and un realistic of the human race to
simply assume that everyone functioning within
the Apparatus will operate in perfect accordance
with the format prescribed to us - You there, you
are to be an arm, you are to be a palm, you
are to be an index finger and any derivation
from or dereliction of your preassigned duties
will result in your termination.

- 10 Num.
- 9 Eph.
- 8 Lev. 21
- 7 Mat. 9:1
- 6 Mal. 2
- 5 1 Cor. 7
- 4 Eccl. 9
- 3 Matt.
- 2 Deut. 24
- 1 Gen. 2:1



The first batch of screens are
complete. Their effects, I am
certain, will be as desired.

There will be a period of ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~draw~~ ^{draw} ~~after~~ ^{after} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~devices~~ ^{devices} ~~inserted~~
while the subject's brain ~~formats~~ ^{formats} ~~itself~~
to function correctly ~~programmed~~ ^{programmed} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~new~~
program. ~~don't~~ ^{don't} ~~expect~~ ^{expect} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~adjustment~~
period to last any longer than three-
and one-half hours maximum.
Then a new man arises...



main body
structure



...



HAVE GONE AND RESCUED
EVER UNDERSTAND
AT LEAST NOT IN MY
HUMMED ITS NOT UNUSUAL
AMBITION TO LA STIPITANT
HIS KIND OF BEHAVIOR
IN OUR GUTS
GORGED AND KEPT
INNOCENT
SOME THINGS
SOME IS
GUTS
AND
HER
AN
DROPS
ON
HER

FROM JAMES
AND HIS EMPTY WIFE
KNOW THEY WON'T
I'VE TAKEN HER
S. HAS
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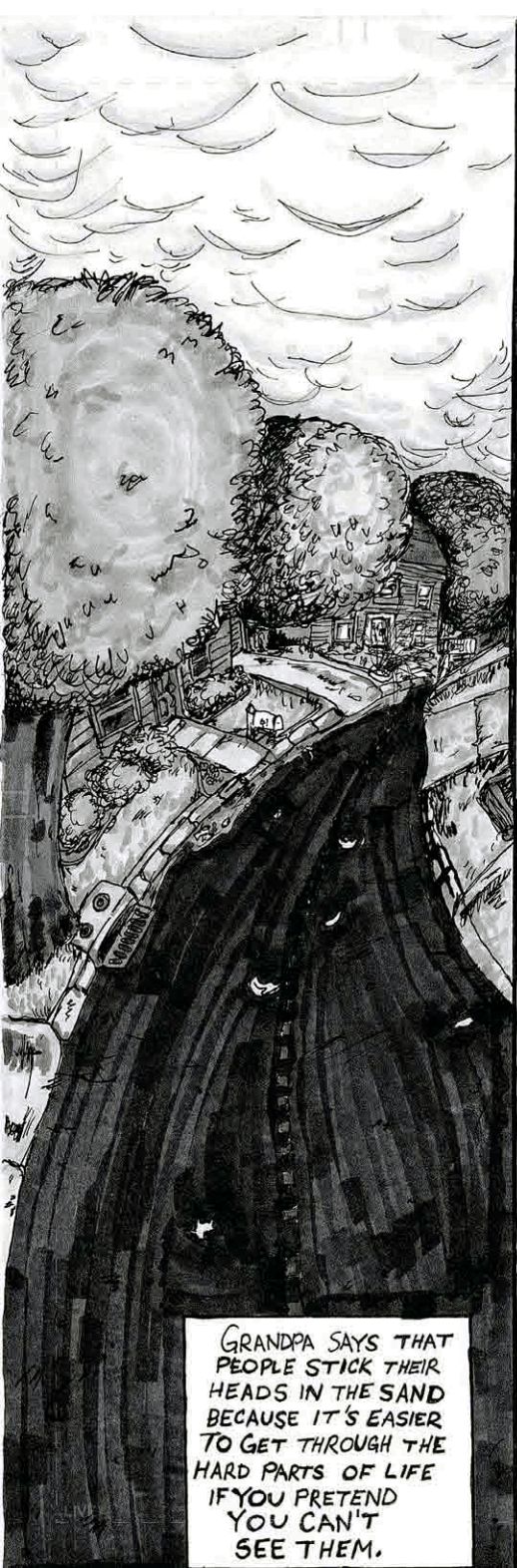
GENERATION
CAN'T HELP THEM.
STEPS, THIS GENERATION
EFFECTIVE, BUT
95% IS TROUBLE
SUBJECTS FOR
A NEW BELIEF
LORD AND
TAKEN FROM
STILL SOME
L NO 5
CARETTES
MONTHS
THIS IS, I
COMPREHEND
I IMAGINE
HEIGHTENED
AWARENESS
INVOLVED
MAYBE
AT THE




0 283022

AND THE MORE YOU LIVE LONGER THE MORE CERTAIN
become that I...
clear...
has
SECURE
I PER... M... THE... MORE CERTAIN
live long enough to complete
from the face of
carry on this
By other means
fast more
serv...
USNY

Feed with
F... P...
A... A... M... B...
A... A... M... B...



GRANDPA SAYS THAT
PEOPLE STICK THEIR
HEADS IN THE SAND
BECAUSE IT'S EASIER
TO GET THROUGH THE
HARD PARTS OF LIFE
IF YOU PRETEND
YOU CAN'T
SEE THEM.



GRANDPA SAYS
THAT PEOPLE THINK
THAT IF YOU CAN'T
SEE IT, IT CAN'T
HURT YOU, WHICH
IS STUPID.



HE SAYS THAT IF
YOU CAN'T SEE IT,
IT'LL PROBABLY HURT
YOU EVEN MORE. LIKE
THE HUM.

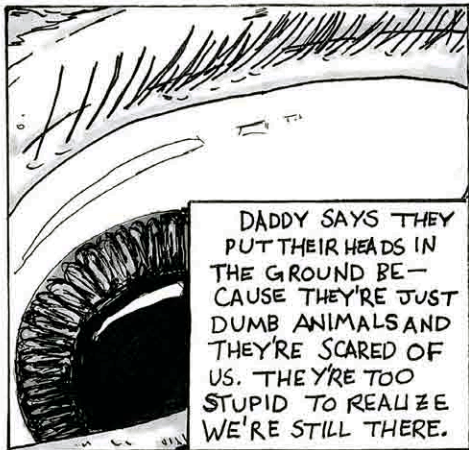


I DON'T GET
TO SEE GRAND-
PA ANYMORE.

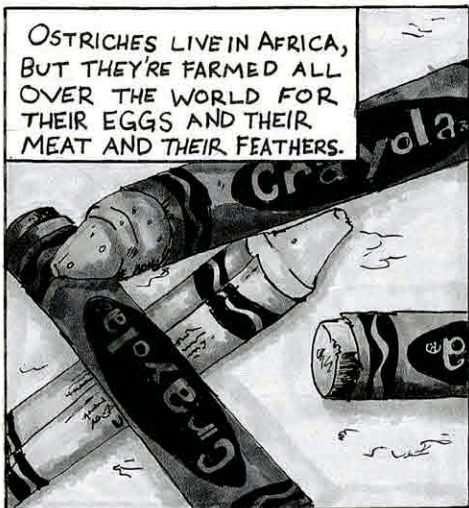
I SAW AN OSTRICH
AT THE ZOO ONCE.
THEY'RE PRETTY
UGLY.



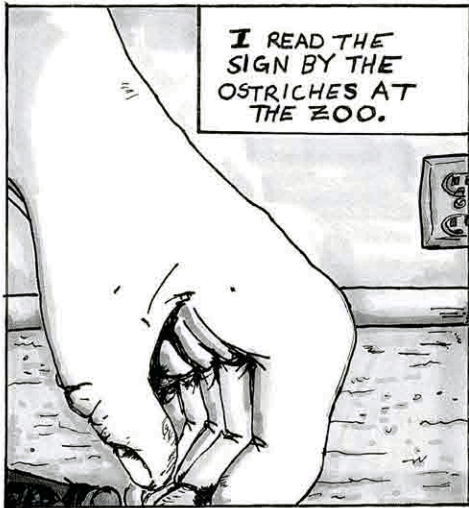
DADDY SAYS THEY
PUT THEIR HEADS IN
THE GROUND BE-
CAUSE THEY'RE JUST
DUMB ANIMALS AND
THEY'RE SCARED OF
US. THEY'RE TOO
STUPID TO REALIZE
WE'RE STILL THERE.



OSTRICHES LIVE IN AFRICA,
BUT THEY'RE FARMED ALL
OVER THE WORLD FOR
THEIR EGGS AND THEIR
MEAT AND THEIR FEATHERS.



I READ THE
SIGN BY THE
OSTRICHES AT
THE ZOO.



IT SAID THEY AREN'T
ACTUALLY PUTTING
THEIR HEADS IN THE
GROUND.



THEY'RE SWALLOW-
ING ROCKS TO HELP
DIGEST THEIR FOOD.

I ASKED DADDY
IF HE'D BUY ME
AN OSTRICH. HE
SAID THEY'RE UGLY
AND DANGEROUS.



I DON'T CARE THAT THEY'RE
UGLY. I THINK THEY'RE
NICE.



OSTRICH

