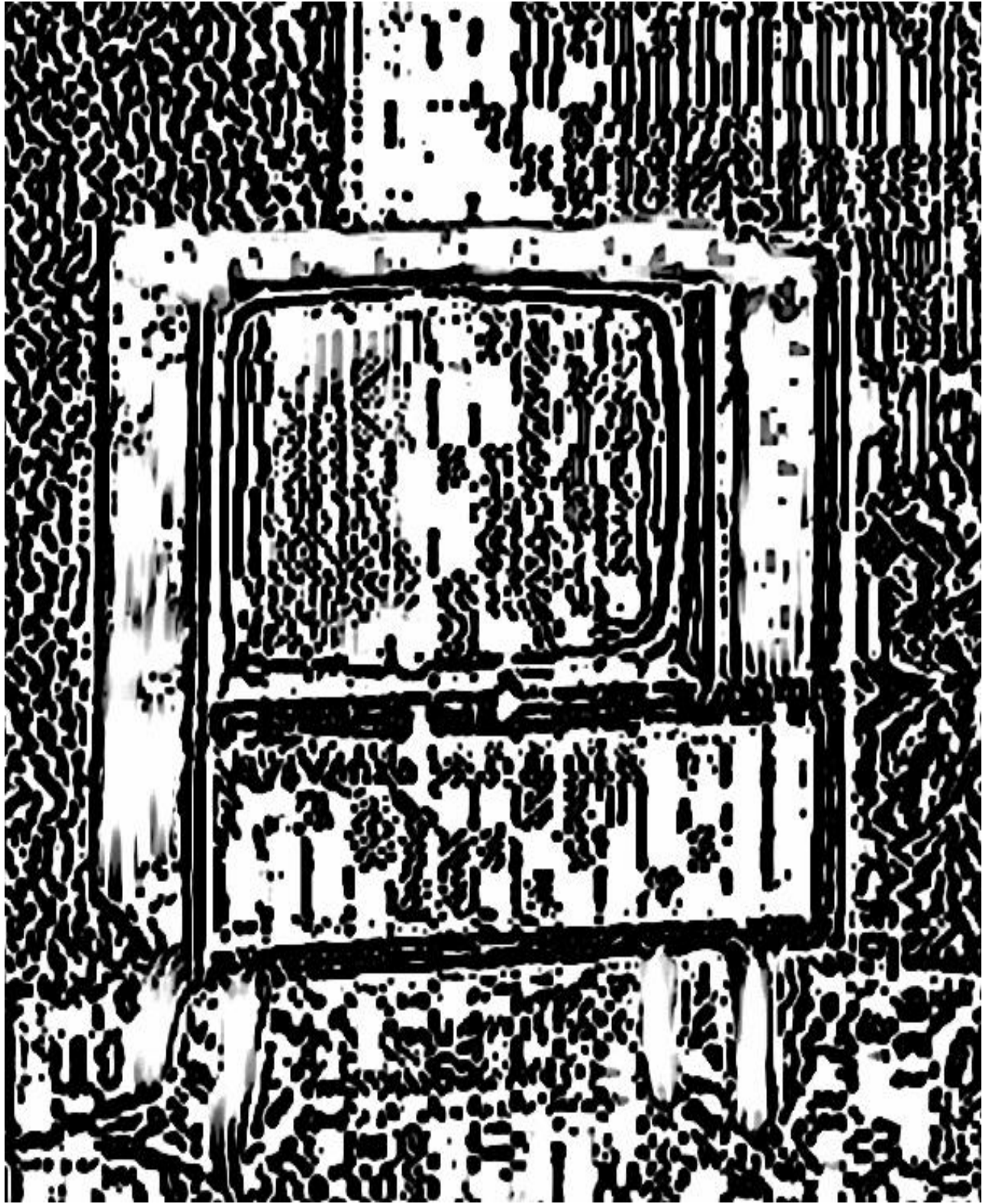


# **Displaced Snippets of Bayonne**



**Edward Drobinski**



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By

**Edward Drobinski**

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The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Comprehend? In fact they are so obviously fictitious that any attempt to assert otherwise would have to be the mercenary ploy of some lazy, non-productive crook or crooks, counseled, aided, and abetted by an otherwise unemployed chiseler or chiselers, as yet un-dismissed from the less than diligent bar. Any fancied apparent similarity to real persons is not intended by the author insofar as the author can conjure every possible archetype and their subdivisions upon subdivisions upon subdivisions ..... and if thought to be detected is either a coincidence or the product of your own sick and troubled imagination; perhaps most practically suggestive of an intensification in treatment and dosage.

Where the names of real places, corporations, institutions, and public figures may be projected onto made up stuff, they are intended to denote only such said made up stuff, not anything presently real as of the time of this entirely conjectural and metaphorical writing.

I hope that you are one of those blessed with common sense, thereby being one who did not bother to read this obligatory absurdity.

Portions have previously appeared in the following; non-contentious Goodreads based blogs and threads, Horror Sleaze Trash (HST), and e-mails addressed to my mother.

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### Preface Righteously in Your Yellow Corporate Smiley Face

Yeah; right in yo' face. .... I guess. Right in yo' tummy, anyway. It's difficult to tell in this advanced, removed, and almost simultaneously neutral and opinionated age lived in by those who pay a modicum of attention to media, some allegedly "social." No doubt some US based confusion emanates from the derived, Western European submission to an accepted, contagious, US Presidential position they would like to be viewed as surreptitiously antithetical to their interests. That being the proverbial farcical replay in modern clothing of an inverted act dating at least as far back as that chronicled in belated recognition of Machiavellian basics, lauded by the inconsequential devotees of passe, post-modern-types; ineffectively seeking to disdain that which is 18<sup>th</sup> century natural through their "new," repetitive, and anti-commercial formula; ostensibly unaware of their periodically stated lust for mass popularity, seems worthy of an investigation into possible collusion with a foreign power. .... Never mind. Silly me. Only liberal Democrats are allowed to call for an investigation of the swamp.

The "powerful" accomplish the most minimal aspects of their goals through the use of only their affiliated "Politically

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Correct Police" approved acceptable language, thereby appearing as "nice" to the voting capable uninformed, most of whom have attended some college. In addition to this impressive accomplishment of their constituency, and on their positive side, the most used bumper sticker slogans of this "radical" end of this "exclusive" contingent may well be the self-contradicting "Bigger is better" and "If you never heard of it, it has to be good." At the very least these slogans generated by those most accomplished at sloganeering are the best of unintended sources of humor for the few cursed to be accidentally aware of their absurd prognostications. .... Or maybe, their "sophisticated" joke is over my head.

Hmmnnn. The latter of the two catchy phrases is personally beneficial, so maybe it's not all that retarded. .... Apologies. I digress and I don't even have a horse in this race.

Cable TV distributed "News" is not so much the commonly regarded villain called "fake news," simply because it is neither fake nor is it news. The 24 hour news sources fill their allotted spaces with biased interpretations, biased opinions, and biased discussions provided by amenable, never-previously-heard-of-expert "guests" after having suffered through 15 minutes of the reporting of their carefully chosen events. They don't seem to have a plethora of choices in the matter. But, you, the viewer or reader does; though the odds are against you,



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as the liberal, socialistic programs still dominate the airways, obscenely disproportional to their percentage of adherents.

The original Frankenstein monster was also fueled by electricity. The only questions became how long the battery can hold its charge and how long it took for the villagers to collectively destroy it.

Ummnnnn. In yo' face, this spurious guesstimation is not what this book is intended to be about, and probably isn't. It is likely an accident, but this book merely manifested as one result of long put off writer apathy and ersatz embarrassment; one request for a "memoir," likely a "polite" throwaway; a dream suggestive of an incorrect recollection of what happened a half century ago; a 'New Age' defiant disinterest, the NA's a self-serving and calculated, contrary antithesis of another late-stage-hippie-misinterpretation, this one the deification of self, personally and partially learned through the pain abatement experienced by focusing on someone else rather than the overuse of an eternally renewable Xanax prescription; another fucked up journey through a fucked up place, resultant in writer's block married to both a desire for easy money and a participatory disinclination. Yadda fucking yadda. You fill in your own blanks.

One might suggest that this is basically an observation of a question of coincidence with an analogy, hopefully and

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mercifully incorrect at least in its implied interpretation, such as that gleaned from an auto's gear box. In the likely realm of Godard's "Alphaville," no longer particularly enthralled with the currently fashionable egalitarian and skill irrelevant postures, all is not art. Hierarchies of power or money, whether based upon birth, diligence, abilities, or the result of any other measuring device, are by definition unfairly fascist.

It seems to be the right time to warn you Amazon preview readers just in case. Hehe. That's supposedly a joke, in that it is devoid of mis-communication and/or chrome injury, it was not a precursor of what is to come. The aforementioned has absolutely nothing to do with the rest of this book, especially if one is still an adherent of the Millennial doctrinaire revision which completely ignores any notion of a past.

Be warned. You may prefer a "New Age" yoga book; or maybe mail order yoga pants provided by NYSE bursting LuLuLemon. Please do your own thing, as that is best for all other than Charles Manson, and I really do not care. The apparent reverse is much more likely to be a socially acceptable, conversation stultifying, Oprah book of the month as it is a better rallying cry in being "outrageous" to your nerd high school teacher, a safe and fashionably, "provocative" delineation of your "unique" cunt. A few decades ago David Foster Wallace articulated the

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tiny phrase "petty rebellion." And he did it right on marginally mainstream TV. No lie.

Is a "fuck you" much too kind? I so crave the income attendant to a NY Times Top 10 level of sales.

**Footnote #1.** Please be advised that from this point on the writer has chosen to depart from one version of a proper manner of speech. Hereafter, he will revert to the improper manners of phrasing heard at his beginnings. I think that he just feels like doing that, though some confused people have accused him of having ulterior motives. **End of Footnote #1.**

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### #1- The Latest and Its Modest and Colorless Bang

Is it rude to be contemptuous of and uncomfortable with the "required," dumbed down condescensions to a "dumbed down" reading public, as that is seen by the mavens cranking out a low income in the literary world? ..... Who really cares?

One of my earliest memories is of the late afternoon when my Uncle Chesty exploded our television. Despite the lack of injuries, it was a precursor of inept terrorism, and was actually much bigger of a deal at the time than it would have been in the bombarded 21st century. Comparisons are problematic, not only because this would be impossible to do now utilizing state-of-the-art equipment.

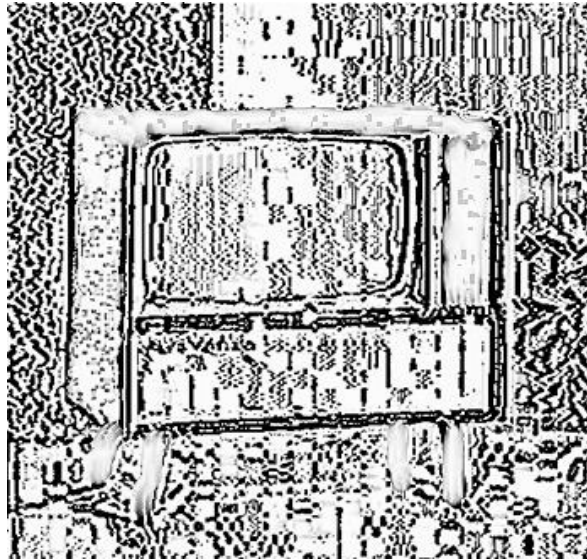
He was crouched at the back of the four legged floor model when I entered the room. I heard a faint noise much like that one usually doesn't detect when a particularly vociferous lightbulb blows and then saw a spiraling urn of thick black smoke playing on top of the TV. As it dissipated Uncle Chesty rose with a blackened face; his white bulged eyes saying something like; "Oh boy. Am I still alive?"

Having had the advantage of being a five year old who had already read a few books, I sensed that this was one of those tragic Hamletian times not designed for conversation. An

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internal monologue, often incorrectly referred to as an internal dialogue by the math deficient majority, was strongly suggested. So, I left the room, dived on the bed, put my face tightly in the pillow to muffle the sound, and proceeded to laugh my five-year-old ass off.



Our first exploded television; property of the author.

You might think my mirth inappropriate, inconsiderate or something else in that vein considered politically incorrect in the enlightened year of 2018. Please consider the fact that I had sufficient grace to leave the room before confining my vulgar display to the audience of one well-used pillow and find it absolutely impossible to keep a straight face when someone accidentally does something stupid; such as this.

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If you find that explanation to be unsatisfactory, you might prefer reading one of the "Democratically" written anti-Trump books. You'll find many titles to choose from, though they all say the same thing.

You might also or otherwise consider me one of many of those feigning a chuckle-chuckle, sophisticated position, disdainful, uncaring, and oblivious to the joys one obtains from television. Not at all. MSNBC's "All In with Chris Hayes" has been a consistent source of personal enjoyment; the episode which pontificated upon Trump's collusion with Hurricane Florence, a personal favorite.

If sufficiently cursed to be one of the deprived Millennials, you might not know that in those early days of TV's they spent most of their time "on the blink," generating interference OJ would have paid Johnny Cochrane millions to run behind. When a bit more operative they often rolled like the waves in a pre-regurgitating drunkard's ceiling, or found some other way of being simplistically uncooperative.

If you already knew that, don't bother to read the previous paragraph. If you already did, the toughest of shits. This dispassionate, logical eruditions destined to be referred to by its five readers as a rant, is still probably under the auspices of the Amazon free preview. If you choose to bail now, it's

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between you and Bezos; and I have reason to believe that Jeff doesn't give a yuge shit one way or the other.

My young mind was unfortunately already tarnished with the cynical thought that it was an insidious indication of a conspiracy that even when blessed with the \$9.99 plus tax accuracy provided by "rabbit ears," they always just happened to be contrary when the well-loved, common, and popular humor of "I Love Lucy" and "The Honeymooners" were supposed to be on. Please compare and contrast that with the fact that all systems were always "go" whenever "Ozzie and Harriet" displayed the joys and psychologically healthy aspects of the wildly proliferating Levittowns; including but not limited to the enhanced greenery above the septic tanks in the increasingly automobile dependent, suburbanizing USA. The fix was in; but as far as I know, Arthur Godfrey only made it to radio; presenting a regionally based, cynics might say ridiculously biased, glorification of warm, Hurricane Florida; perhaps a pre-cursor to Alabama's state wide worship of the Crimson Tide. .... In an attempt to be fair and/or bitchy, one cannot help but wonder if there was any TV reception in Birmingham in those days. Just sayin' the obvious. No offense to backwater rubes intended.

On another non-conspiratorial, non-colluding, obvious basis, it seemed that there was only one form of advertising. "You will feel better; your pain will go away; you will become

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popular and cool; you will become a millionaire; and you will be uncontrollably attractive to the opposite sex, if you just buy our product." At that age I felt fine; was in no discomfort, never mind pain; didn't want to participate in any gross popularity contests; had no concept of money other than the roll sold for a few cents at the five and dime; and my only conceptual thoughts of females was a wonder why the silly creatures wore dresses. They seemed to impose so many types of problems while taking a seat and virtually prevented one from playing for the Yankees. A bit later, a school generated question surfaced. Why did they always have to sit on the other side of the room?

Some things never change; including my unanswered questions.

However, those of you Plato and Socrates challenged unfortunates, might also require being further informed about ancient times. TV's retailed for upwards of \$1,000 in those days, while people like my father were making about \$40 per week before taxes. The fact that most people didn't have them encouraged one's long lost "friends" to reacquaint themselves with one in possession in the comfort of the possessor's living room without prior announcement and with an expectation of being served a "happy meal." The friendless ones often huddled by the



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retail store windows where one was playing. Sporting events required no audio; and indeed are still often marred by it.

We only had a TV because two of Dad's brothers were cops assigned to the Supply-Evidence Room. They would often have items for sale well below retail. Ado, short for Adolph, the oldest, passed this one along for a mere smile accompanied by the future expectation of a favor.

It's difficult to pinpoint the date at which these types of understandings and conjectural reveries first manifested. They may well not have been there at age five. I don't know and could care less. But, I can assure you that at the time my sense of humor was not prompted by any sort of cruel disregard. What was going on in my young mind was that the smoke had cleared and it seemed very likely that 1945 Hiroshima was not going to replay in 1954 Bayonne, NJ. I wasn't going to miss having access to an electronic device which chose to crackle at me. Chesty looked like the negative of a Juggalo with about as many interesting things to say; and my Dad was soon going to provide some action unavailable on TV when he kicked Chesty's dumb ass.

You might recall my allusion near the beginning of the prior paragraph to "cruel disregard" and forgive me as it seems likely that this life sustaining attribute came much later in the costume of Jesuit college induced "benign neglect." Yeah, I know. They blamed Sartre.

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