

SHAUNESSY AND A LITERARY DEATH



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And furthermore, well within the imagined constraints regarding the precise precision of impressiveness, all spurious and soon to be overstated rights are supposedly reserved in pragmatic futility, and are hereby ludicrously claimed as such; the result of the confines of the US law which provides a modicum of protection to written materiel; strongly encouraging duplication and plagiarism, especially in the lawless bastion called China. In the US this scurrilous activity is now disciplined through a righteous "Shame on you" from inconsequential writers with nothing worth writing as well as college professors on the US Federal Government dole with nothing worth writing. This wordy errata is only here, since it may appear as amateurish to leave this blurb out, in full realization that unpunished breaches, excepting the painful, red marks which live on slapped hands for as much time as a China BatPoo II virus, will invariably be the case.

This section is customarily mandated to say in sad ineffectiveness, as the writer is a bit of a wary traditionalist with no desire for punishment, thereby reticent to defy any pointless literary customs, that no part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means except those so authorized, including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the author, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in the course of writing a review; limited to one of the laudatory type. A sincere thanks is extended to those who have allowed this time-saving boilerplate to be copied under a spurious CCO license. So, there part of it is.

Continuing in the practical doctrine of accepting passivity, the characters and events in this book are fictitious. Understand? Entirely fictitious. As in untrue, fabricated, invented, made-up (not like in one of those Marilyn Manson "outrageous" struts done in the most unattractive black, leatherette corset known to man, (not the fault of the corset) when performing to a large audience, obviously not his own, that being some weinie awards show televised from Tuxedo Junction), false, pretended, fictional, conjured, and all those other words one calls liars. If you have been sufficiently cursed to have been previously subjected to any people with similarities, either the book's

characters, people you have wrongly construed to be analogous to the writer, or Marilyn Manson him or herself, you have the author's sincerest sympathies. Large charge. Right? However, if you are like any of them, the author invites you to socially distance yourself from him by six zip codes, at least until old Teddy (Lips) Adhominem Beelzebubus at the W.H.O. finds a remedy for some disease, the author most reasonably willing to settle for him not doing his Chinese by way of the remaining repressive elements in Africa best to exacerbate one.

In monochromatic addition and also in monochromatic fact these objectionable characters 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, if one is paying any attention to the flow of the materiel, spuriously alleges that he 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. China is merely a passing state of mind or a cheap something one might make one of those overpriced mall available chachkas out of.

I hope that you are one of those blessed with common sense, thereby being one who did not bother to read this professionally and thereby assumed and claimed "expert" semi-obligatory absurdity.

Portions have previously appeared in the following; New Yorker, Esquire, Playboy, New York Times, Ploughshares, Paris Review; and has been most appreciatively summarily rejected within the gloried holes of prestigious Horror Sleaze Trash (HST). Need the writer say more? Dumb question. I don't care. You choose to not believe it, but the author really does not believe that either. If necessary, expletive you with no mask.

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1 - CJW's Backhanded Smash



Zabriskie Point"; property of the author.

This rudely and perhaps presumptuous morsel commenced upon page 1185 of Connor James Wheaton's "Interterminal Gibbet Loop Capers." Written more or less, mostly an unfocussed less, as a goof on the "Politically Correct Police" absurd notions of propriety, as well as consciously ignoring the standards of the world of literature while simultaneously demonstrating that CJW thought he understood and was well-versed in the ultimately ignorant farce, our anti-hero, Connor was the most surprised of all at what followed. That is, if the dead know anything or continue to give the required, ethereal fart about such matters. "Interterminal Gibbet Loop Capers" proceeded to have had seven

figure sales. Adding an ostensibly reversed insult to an ostensibly reversed injury, 85% of the derivatively clichéd, pedantic reviews were glowing as a brilliance only exceeded by the esoteric congregations of lightning bugs, which the unfortunate traveler seeks to avoid during the lightning bugs' weekend yard sales, no matter how neatly tabled and purveyor intrusively smiley in the paved, asphalt church lot. Perhaps making the youthful effort, thereby a short-listed candidate for the inevitably incorrectly seen as an unwanted naïve effort prize;; those reviewers who were actually paid a pittance, not much minding that in order to attempt to attach their unknown names, and write such things which followed the indie reviewers' lead, despite their hilarious, though obviously zero circumspection, disdain for indie writers. The pot does always call the kettle black. "Interterminal Gibbet Loop Capers" was placed on a number of All-Time Best 100 lists, the crowned darling of those Connor had sought to unceremoniously mock, as mildly and lovingly as he unceremoniously mocked himself, in search of the nirvana provided by an understanding partner, no sell-out audience wanted or pursued. This proved to reach no level of discernable avail; this overwhelmingly likely to be viewed as just another in a long string of personal failures which some long-winded wordsmiths, most adept in their needy, and thereby self-serving evaluations of "Interterminal Gibbet Loop

Capers" were bound to misinterpret as a rendering of their derivative "art" of persuasion lack.

Telle est la vie. Please feel free to substitute the short phrase of your thought to be equivalent choice. "F" words haven't raised an eyebrow since something like the days when your granny was a toddler. The writer used to care, but things have changed.

Unlike an international bat seasoned hor d'oeuvre, this excerpt requires context for those who have not read, or who have skimmed, the alleged "masterpiece" not intended to be the fodder of the many. But, as with most everything, no context is necessary for those who have been able to intuitively understand. Failing that, the second through sixteenth raters who perceive themselves as no one else does, as a remotely diligent entity through the common art of back cover blurb rehash in the name of minimalism; please feel free to proceed as you will or won't. It matters zilch. CJW would no longer care either way, celebrative in finding either approach a source of unrestrainable glee, like a winged, visitor from Asia with a targeted US destination.

A pause must pervade, more or less pregnant, but probably not anything more minute than a Gates' multi-colored-pixel bit. This

is not to be confused with Gately, according to both the latest CNN poll, the pregnancy aspect that is, and the testing machines which came from China which gave 50-50 results while holiday decorated, free of charge, with Chinese BatPoo, more or less reminiscent of that un-named tricky horse, which had traversed the desert. Decades later, the pause that is, convincingly said, as much as a pause can say anything, that this was to be the result of a \$7,500 American replication of a Hitlerian, Nazi, 'Manchurian Candidate' type of popular fiction with a programmable assassin and all of that stuff long pontificated about by Icke and Jones, when not in the presence of the entrancing Purple People Eaters and the 2018 Federal invasion of Texas. Never mind. Most mercifully, here at last is Connor.

"Thank you for allowing me the honor of being and coming before you; no innuendo intended; I think. Be assured that now that I have called your attention to it, that mini-puddle you think you see is either not really there, or is solely the result of a spillage caused by an Iranian gunboat, which they deny owning and controlling. I see that you find that not the least bit funny. Frankly, neither did I, but I figured that there was no reason to knock myself out to try conjuring a decent joke at these prices. Thank you and I most appreciate the silent smirks granted. I'd like to say that I understand, but I probably don't

and you'd only hate me if you thought that I pretended to. Not that that is of any interest to me or anyone other than a Chinaman trying to peddle some poorly constructed metal abomination through legally removed, through obviously complicit 'partner' AmawayOnSteroids.com, replete with screws that don't match the nuts; that a relatively insignificant problem for one whose decades long promise of yet-to-come profits remain yet-to-come, if one believes the published numbers. Thereby it works well as a business model to be deceptively-pumped-up like any steroid addicted hula hoop cheaply stapled at the seam, while existentially puny and entirely dependent upon that stuff. You know. That their economic existence is primarily dependent upon their ability to disclose and be remunerated for your gathered personal information, for which the government continues to lust and pay, merely places it within a long-term, well-defined, and played out genre of disrespected snitches with throats cut in jail; of laughable, apparent interest to those who are unable to recognize the same character redone and redux subsequent to a change in wardrobe.

Welcome my fellow alcoholic friends. My name is Harold and I too am an alcoholic. Whoops. Quite presumptuous. Worse, quite the wrong meeting. Terribly, the wrong speech. Catastrophically, the wrong something. I think. You're the New Agers, sweet

suburban division. I am indefensibly remiss in not having made note of the burning incense, patina enhanced teddies, the Native American designs on colorful sweaters manufactured in Wuhan, and the lotus positions you have decorated the floor with. Peace and love, fellow travelers. Am I now correct? I hope so, as it means so much to me. To tell you the truth, I hope not. Aha. That explains your humor-challenged countenance with all the social skills of a flock of lock-glided insect suckers. I should have known. I really should have. My ignorant embarrassment at my failure is now and forever will be an infinite source of personal humility. Peace, "Whole Foods Market", and un-danceable flute music to you all. Further and to my un-retractable joy, many of you have commenced fondling your crystals, teddy bears, and animal familiars which strongly suggests a tolerant, non-judgemental yes. Thank you. Thank you, sincerely. However, pardon me for having been eternally crippled by a childhood surrounded by cruelty, abuse, poverty, and racism in ignorant, Atherton, California. I mean like these Athertonians don't even have an ocean view from their highest point, but act as if they have some sort of right to be offended, deleted, edited, maligned, and ignored by the weinies, grunts, and flunkies employed for chump change at the likes of FecesBook, LooTube, BarneyGoggle, Goofreads, and Twatter. I must say in as yet not overcome fear of rejection that you, yes you,

in the front wearing the pointed pixie hood jacket; you do have your familiar dipodomys under control. Do you not? Good. Thank you, sir. Please forgive my bad-childhood-induced deficiencies in matters of trust. I am confident, in the boldly demonstrative sense of one who wagers even money on a doped track shoo-in, that my daily ritual of yoga and transcendental meditation, followed by Upanishad reading will soon obliterate my horrible memories of constant, early hominid mistreatment, as that term is currently ill-defined. But that's another tangential issue best reserved for another time. Dammit! Dammit! Just dammit to hell! Neglect, inclusive of being afforded zero protection from the wolf pack, and overt cruelty, such as that of a friendly kitten tortured and slowly and painfully killed by a fearful, hominid gang led by a fat boy the group dared not oppose, with some sort of issue with his humongous, sad-ass; thereby soon healed through meditatively induced recognition of his observed hominid deficiencies. Faux optimism is your requirement. No?

Nonetheless and whatever, trouble on at least two fronts remain here in River City. No, no, no. You're fine. It's me. I'm certain. First and last proceeding up and down the sleep capable yoyo, thereby indirectly, as is still needed by one so damaged, not to thereby infer that said one is anything other than quite

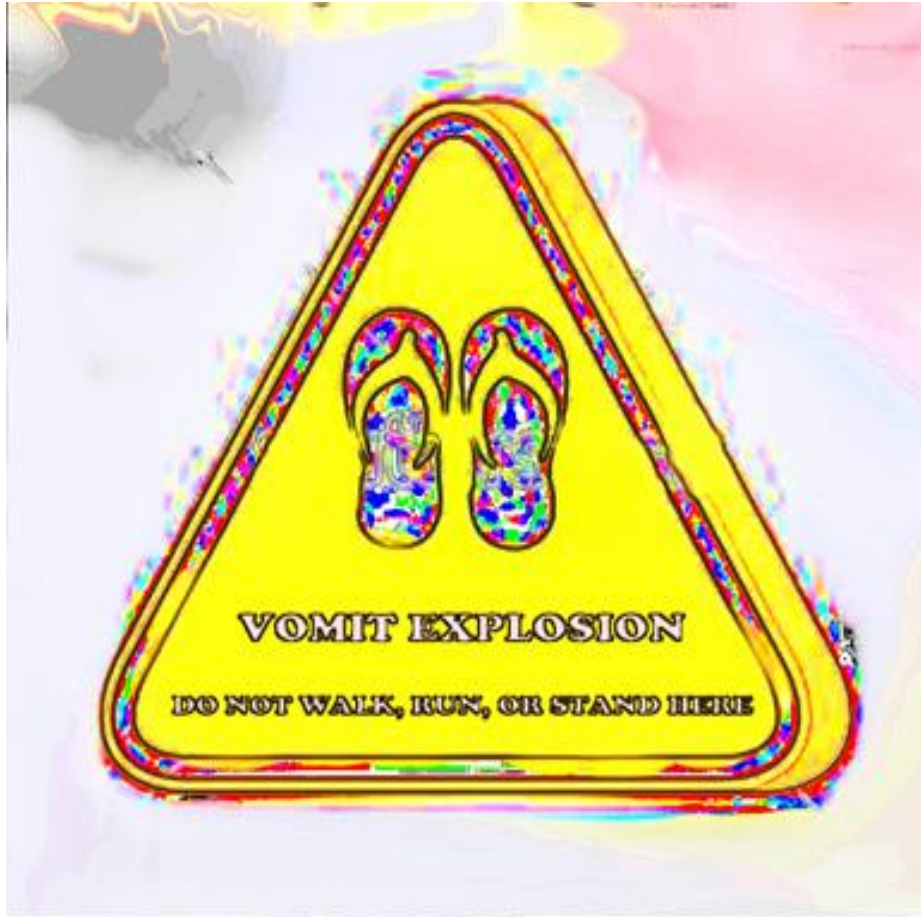
common in terms of experience, just deficient in coping skills, regarding that prior 'confession,' I'd truthfully like to point out that it is often expedient to say what is expected; the minutiae not worth the potential argument; and likely no one was paying any attention anyway. But, frankly I had some difficulties with admitting that I was an alcoholic when they couldn't define what one was. I mean like if one is asked if they are a kangaroo without the asker showing what a kangaroo is, one can guess risking that to be interpreted as lying, when it is actually the fault of the inquisitor for not defining terms.

Well, now that I've gotten that 33.3% out of the way, we all may be reminded that there are no coincidences; only conjunctions. I'd like to share my earliest memory with this enlightened and loving New Age group. I recall exiting the dark tunnel, to wondrously behold the bright expanses of a brand new Walmart superstore; one of those with crafting aides, auto parts, tires, rifles, and ammo. Soon after 'have-a-nice-daying' me, the aged, ostensible female, who was scrunched on her tiny bench right at the entry, pointed out the yellow sign which tripoddedly resided on our immediate floors, its message available both north and south. In large letters it said 'Vomit Explosion.' In smaller print it addended; 'Do not walk, run or stand here.' I proceeded

to consider the options offered. That resulted in a long and irrelevant story involving a rude person carrying a mop and bucket you wouldn't want to sit through, and one I'm even less inclined to tell. You might consider suffering through the Harper's version, available near your favorite check-out counter for only \$9.99. Huggy, huggy, and the huggiest of sincere warm hugs. Thank you Kristin. Thank you Hannah. Whoa, whoa, whoa there Sidney. Let's not cut into the time allotted for the divination, crystal gazing, channeling, astrology, visualizing, and Yanni. Next, you'll consider this some sort of ploy begging attention. Ha. That's merely what you'd like to think.

Also when you are next in Sedona, you might want to check out the Steiff teddy bears. They are outfitted with caps and shirts with every color in the rainbow, capable of complementing any sweater. Time is quite up. Bye-bye. It appears to be time to err on the safe side, and go."

- Connor James Wheaton from "Interterminal Gibbet Loop Capers" -



Yellow vomit sign/warning; property of the author.

2 - The Long Wait



Cop; property of the author.

Shaunessy and his much younger partner Striker sat in their parked patrol car at the curb. They were in front of the tan, stucco, one storied Southwestern styled house at 977 Camino de Tristeza. They saw periodic peeps through the drawn blinds. They had been dispatched there because of a call to the 911 operator. Under instruction from the Chief, they were waiting for the arrival of the Medical Examiner. Their investigation was instructed to be "coordinated."

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